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HEINRICH HEINE'S POETRY

TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS

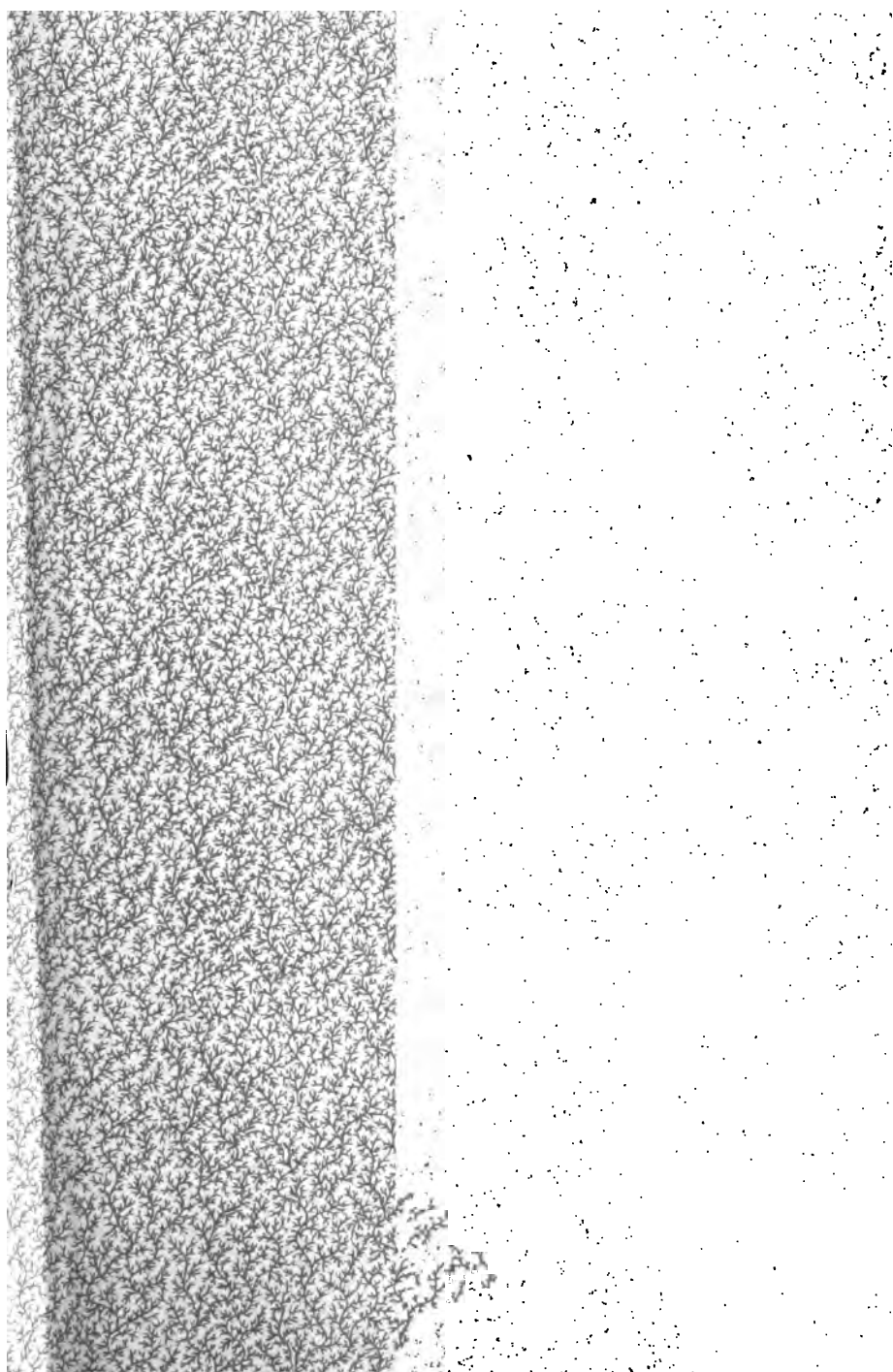
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HEINRICH HEINE'S LIFE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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HEINRICH HEINE'S LIFE TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS

Edited by

GUSTAV KARPELES

And Translated from the German by

ARTHUR DEXTER



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1893

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The editor of this book calls it an autobiography.

As Heine did not select the materials of which it is composed and join them in a volume to tell the story of his life, I have changed the title.

For the same reason I have felt at liberty to omit much that would not interest American readers.

The metrical portions of this translation are as literal as I could make them. To judge from any attempts I have ever seen, the melodious union of homely simplicity with wit and pathos, so characteristic of Heine's poetry, cannot be reproduced in English.

I have inserted three or four letters taken from "Heinrich Heine's Familienleben," edited by his nephew, Baron von Embden, and published in November, 1892. They are marked [E.].

A. D.

“ The style, the trains of thought, the transitions, the grotesque fancies, the queer expressions, in short the whole character of the German original is, as far as possible, repeated word for word in this translation. Beauties of thought, elegance, charm, and grace have been everywhere pitilessly sacrificed to literal truth. . . Though resolved to make you acquainted with the character of this exotic book, I did not much care to give it to you without abridgment. In the first place, because various passages rest on local or temporary allusions, quibbles on words, and such like particulars . . . ; and further, because various parts of it are aimed in a hostile spirit at persons unknown here.”

HEINE (page 218).



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I ONCE tried, my dear lady, to set forth as truly and honestly as possible the noteworthy events of my time, in so far as I was myself an observer or victim of them.

Of these notes, to which I had complacently given the title of "Memoirs," I was obliged to destroy nearly half—partly for painful family reasons, and partly through religious scruples.

I have since tried to fill up in some measure the blanks in the story ; though I fear that future considerations of propriety or a certain self-distrust may lead me to make a new *auto-da-fé* of my memoirs before I die ; and even what escapes the flames may very likely never see the light of day.

From all this you will easily see, my dear lady, that I cannot gratify your desire to read my memoirs and letters.

Still, being, as I have always been, a worshiper of your grace, I cannot absolutely disregard any wish of yours ; and will do my best to gratify in some measure the kind curiosity due to your sympathy with all that has befallen me.

With that view I have written the following pages ; and such biographical notes as would be of interest to you are herein fully set down. I have honestly written all that is important or characteristic ; and the mutual influence of outward events and inward feelings will furnish you with a true picture of my whole self.

It is all straight from my heart, and thou mayest view it in its native beauty. No stains are to be seen there, but only wounds—alas, from the hands of friends and not of enemies !

The night is still. Only the rain plashes on the roof, and the autumn wind moans drearily.

THE poor sick chamber is almost cheerful, and I sit at ease in my great chair. A fair form enters without raising the latch ; and thou layest thyself down on the cushions at my feet. Lean thy sweet head on my knee and listen ; but do not raise thine eyes.

I will tell thee the story of my life.

Should big drops fall on thy curly head, stir not ; it is not the rain dropping from the roof. Weep not. Only press my hand without a word.

BOOK FIRST.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.
1799-1819.



CHAPTER I.

Childhood.

ROUND my cradle played the last rays of the moonlight of the eighteenth and the first rosy dawn of the nineteenth centuries.

My mother relates how, during her pregnancy, she saw an apple hanging in a stranger's garden, but would not pluck it for fear her child might prove a thief. I have all my life had a secret longing for sweet apples—joined, however, with a respect for other people's property and a horror of theft.

As to the date of my birth, I will state that, according to my certificate of baptism, I was born on the 13th of December, 1799, and certainly at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

As all our family papers were lost by a fire in Hamburg, and as the date of my birth cannot be correctly stated in the Düsseldorf archives for reasons which I do not care to state, the above is the only authentic statement—more authentic, at any rate, than my mother's recollection; and her memory in her old age cannot supply the place of any paper that was destroyed.

Place and time are of some importance. I was born at the end of the skeptical eighteenth century, and in a town where, in my childhood, not only Frenchmen but French ideas were paramount—at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

Yes, madame, there was I born; and I insist upon it in case, after my death, seven towns—Schilda, Gotham, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstedt—should contend for the honor of being my birthplace. Düsseldorf is a town upon the Rhine, and sixteen thousand people live there,

while many hundred thousand more lie buried there. Among these are a good many of whom my mother says it were better they were yet living ; for instance, my grandfather and my uncle, the elder Herr von Geldern and Herr von Geldern the younger, both celebrated physicians who saved many people's lives, but had to die themselves after all. Good old Ursula too, who carried me in her arms when a child, lies buried there. And a rosebush grows on her grave—she loved the scent of roses in her lifetime, and her heart was as sweet as a rose. . .

'Twas when I was a little lad,
And still in petticoats was clad,
To the school went every day,
And learned my A B C to say.
I was the only boy among
The crowd that in that bird cage sung ;
While girls by dozens, sweet and fair,
Like little birds came piping there,
With pretty trills and joyous twitters
And painful learning of their letters.
Frau Hindermans in solemn pose,
With spectacles upon her nose,
(Or owl's beak, it were better said),
Sat in her chair and wagged her head ;
And in her hand the birchen rod,
With which she flogged the little brood ;
Each little, weeping, helpless maid,
For every wrong word that she said,
From the old woman got a whack
That made its mark in blue and black—
Ill used and shamed we ever see
The fairest in this world must be.

Wise old Canonicus, too, is buried there. Lord, how wretched he looked when I last saw him ! He was nothing but intellect and patches ; and day and night he kept on studying, as if afraid that the worms would not find ideas enough in his brain. And little Wilhelm lies there—and that was my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloisters,

and we were playing on that side of them where the Düsseldorf flows between stone walls, when I cried out, "Wilhelm, pull out that kitten that has fallen in." He jumped boldly on to the plank that lay across the stream, and pulled the kitten out of the water; but he fell in, and when they got him out he was soaking wet and dead. The kitten lived a long while. . .

The pearl for the one, the bier for the other,
So early I lost thee, O Wilhelm, my brother—
But the kitten, the kitten was rescued.

Boldly he climbed on the treacherous beam,
It broke, and he met with his death in the stream—
But the kitten, the kitten was rescued.

We followed the corpse, this sweet comrade of ours,
To the grave that was dug there beneath the mayflowers—
But the kitten, the kitten was rescued.

Ah, thou wert prudent, thou hast outrun
Life's tempest, and early thou shelter hast won—
But the kitten, the kitten was rescued.

Hast outrun it early, wert prudent, dear Will,
Ere sickness could come wert cured of all ill—
But the kitten, the kitten was rescued.

In these many long years how oft, little friend,
With envy and grief have I thought of thine end !—
But the kitten, the kitten was rescued.

Düsseldorf is very pretty; and to anyone who thinks of it from a distance and happens to have been born there it seems wonderfully attractive. I was born there, and feel as if I must go straight home again. And when I say go home I mean to the Volkerstrasse and the house where I was born. That house will be very famous some day; and I have sent word to the old woman who owns it not to sell it on any account. For the whole house she would hardly get as much as the fees will amount to which the maid will some day pick up from Englishwomen of rank in green veils, when she shows them the room where I first saw the light of day, and the corner where my father used to put me when I had been stealing

grapes, and the brown door on which mother taught me to form my letters in chalk. God ! Madame, if I became a celebrated writer it gave my mother trouble enough ! . . .

[TO HIS SISTER.]

My child, when we were children,
Two children small and gay,
We would creep into the hen-house,
And hide us in the hay.

We cackled like young cockerels,
And to everybody going
"Cock-a-doodle-doo !" we cried ;
And they thought the cocks were crowing.

We spread old bits of carpet
On some chests within the court ;
And there we lived together
In a house of the finest sort.

An old cat of our neighbor's
Often came to make a call ;
We made her bows and courtesies
And compliments and all.

We made very kind inquiries
About the health of our old friend ;
Since then we have had to put the same
To old cats without end.

We used to sit conversing
In a solemn, elderly way ;
Complaining how much better
Things had been in our day ;

How Love, Truth, and Religion
One hardly ever met ;
How coffee had grown very dear,
And money hard to get.

They all are gone—the little games
We played at in our youth,
And money, and the good old times,
And Religion, Love, and Truth.

But my renown yet sleeps in the quarries of Carrara. The paper laurel wreath that will be laid upon my brow has not yet filled the earth with its perfume ; and when Englishwomen of rank in green veils come to Düsseldorf they do not trouble themselves about the celebrated house, but go straight to the Marktplatz to look at the great, black, equestrian statue in the middle of it. It is supposed to represent the Elector Jan Wilhelm. He is all in black armor, and wears a long, full-bottomed wig. When a child I heard the story how the artist who cast this statue discovered to his horror, during the process, that his metal was running short ; so the good citizens of the town came running with their silver spoons to fill up the mold. I used to stand by the hour before the statue and puzzle my brains wondering how many silver spoons there were in it, and how many apple tarts might be bought with all that silver. For at that time I had a passion for apple tarts—such as I now feel for love, truth, liberty, and shrimp soup. And then, not far from the Elector's statue, at the corner of the theater, there generally stood a queer, dried-up fellow, with bandy legs and a white apron, and a basket slung from his shoulders full of delicious apple tarts, smoking hot, whose praises he was forever singing in treble tones : “ Fresh apple tarts, just from the oven ; do you good to smell 'em ! ”

Upon my word, when the tempter assailed me in later years he had the same treble tones ; and I should never have stayed twelve hours with Signora Giulietta if she had not put on just such a high voice, reminding me of apple tarts. And upon my word, too, apple tarts would never have had such charms for me if crooked old Hermann had not covered them with his white apron so mysteriously—’Tis those aprons that— But I am wandering from my subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue, which has silver spoons and no soup in its inside, and represents the Elector Jan Wilhelm.

He must have been a fine man, fond of the arts, and a clever fellow himself.

Princes were not so tormented in those times as they are now, and their crowns sat firm upon their heads ; and at night they pulled their nightcaps down over them, and slept soundly. And the people slept soundly at their feet ; and when they waked up in the morning they said, “ Good-morning, father.” And the princes answered, “ Good-morning, my dear children.”

But all at once things changed. One morning, when we

waked up in Düsseldorf and were just going to say, "Good morning, father," our father was gone, and the whole town was in a terrible quandary. People looked as if they were going to a funeral, and sneaked silently to the Market, to read the long proclamation on the door of the townhouse. It was a vile weather, but there stood Kilian, the lanky tailor, in the nankeen jacket he generally wore only in the house, and with his blue woolen stockings about his heels, showing his naked shanks, and his thin lips trembling as he read the proclamation to himself. An old invalid soldier of the Palatinate was reading it somewhat louder, and big tears were trickling down his brave, white mustache at every word. I took my stand by him and cried for company, and asked him what we were crying for. So he answered, "The Elector has abdicated. Then he read on; and at the words "your well-proved loyalty," "and release you from all duties toward me," he wept more than ever. It was strange to see an old man, with a faded uniform and scars on his soldierly face, weep so bitterly. While we were reading, the Electoral arms had been taken down from the townhouse; everything had an anxious, deserted look, as if an eclipse of the sun were coming; the town councilors wandered about in an aimless, listless fashion and even the mighty beadle looked as if he had nothing more to say, and stood quietly looking on, though mad Aloysius was standing on one leg, babbling the names of the French generals with a hundred foolish grimaces, and crooked Gumpertz was staggering drunk in the gutter, singing "*Ça ira ça ira!*"

So I went home and began to cry, saying, "The Elector has abdicated." My mother tried her best to comfort me but I knew what I knew, and would not be persuaded, but went crying to bed, and dreamed that the end of the world had come. The beautiful flower gardens and green fields were taken and rolled up like carpets; the beadle went up a tall ladder and took the sun down from heaven; while Kilian the tailor stood by, saying, "I must go home and put on my best clothes, for I am dead and shall be buried to-day." And it grew darker and darker; only a few stars were shining, and these were falling like the leaves in autumn. Little by little people disappeared; and I, poor child, wandered miserably about until I found myself by a willow hedge, near a deserted farmhouse, where a man was digging with a spade, while a horrible old woman stood by, with something like a man's head.

in her apron. It was the moon, and she laid it with anxious care in the open grave, while behind me stood the old invalid, weeping and spelling out the words, "The Elector has abdicated."

When I woke the sun was shining in at the window just as usual. There was a drumming in the street; and when I went into the parlor and said good-morning to my father, who had a sheet over his shoulders and was having his hair powdered, I heard the nimble-footed barber telling him just how they were to do homage to-day in the townhouse to the new Grand Duke Joachim; how he came of an excellent family, and was married to the Emperor Napoleon's sister, and was a very fine man, and wore his beautiful black hair in curls, and would shortly make his entry, and was sure to please all the women. Meanwhile the drums kept beating in the street; and I stepped to the door of our house, and saw the French troops march in—that famous band of gay fellows that went singing and clattering through the world: the bright, strong-faced grenadiers, with their bearskins and tricolored cockades, the shining bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of gayety and *point d'honneur*, and the mighty drum-major with his broad silver lace and the gold-headed staff which he could throw up to the first story, while his eyes went as high as the second story, where some pretty girls were sitting at the windows. I was delighted that some soldiers were billeted on us—my mother was not—and I hurried to the market place. There all was changed, as if the world had been repainted. A new shield was on the townhouse; its iron railings were hung with embroidered velvet hangings; French grenadiers were keeping guard; the old town councilors had put on new faces, were dressed in their Sunday clothes, assumed French airs, and gave each other *Bon jour*; women were peeping out of all the windows; curious citizens and gay troopers thronged the square; and I and some other children climbed upon the Elector's horse and looked down on the motley market place. Our neighbor's boy Pitter and long Kuntz came near breaking their necks; and it would have been better if they had, for the first ran away from his family afterward, enlisted, deserted, and was shot at Mavence; as for the other, he made some geographical explorations in strange pockets, and became an active member of a public hemp factory, burst the iron chain which bound him to this and to his native land, got safe over the water, and died in London from a tight cravat, which

slipped close when a royal official drew the plank from under his feet. Long Kuntz said there was to be no school on account of the homage ceremony. We had to wait a long while before this began.

At last the balcony of the townhouse was crowded with bright-colored men, flags, and trumpets ; and the burgomaster, in his well-known red coat, made a speech, which stretched to some length, like a bit of india rubber, or a nightcap with a stone in the top of it—and not the philosopher's stone, by any means. I understood several phrases of it : for example, that we were all to be made happy. And at the last word of it the trumpets blew, the flags waved, the drums beat, and people cheered ; and I cheered, but held fast all the while to the old Elector. It was well I did, for I became fairly giddy, and the people seemed standing on their heads as the world turned round, and the Elector's head, in its full-bottomed wig, nodded and whispered, "Cling to me." It was not until the cannonading began on the walls that I grew sober and clambered slowly down from the Elector's horse.

On my way home I saw mad Aloysius, still dancing on one leg and babbling the names of the French generals, and crooked Gumpertz, staggering drunk in the gutter, muttering, "*Ça ira, ça ira.*" And I told my mother we should all be made happy ; and so there was no school that day.

CHAPTER II.

School.

THE next day the world was all in order again, school kept as usual, and as usual we were learning by heart—the kings of Rome, dates, the nouns in *im*, the verba irregularia, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German grammar, mental arithmetic—my head swims at it now. Everything had to be learned by heart. Much of it stood me in good stead later. For if I had not learned the kings of Rome by heart I should not have cared whether Niebuhr did or did not prove that they never had existed. And if I had not known those dates how could I ever have found my way about Berlin—where the houses are as much alike as one drop of water or one grenadier is to another, and where you can never find out a friend if you do not have the number of his house in your head? So I say dates are very useful; and I know people who have nothing in their heads but a date or two by the help of which they have found out the right houses in Berlin, and become full professors. But all those dates gave me a deal of trouble at school. Reckoning was worse yet. I got on best with subtraction, in which there is one very practical rule: “4 from 3 I can’t, so I must borrow 1”—though in such cases I rather advise borrowing several groschen, as you never can tell.


As to Latin, madame, you have no idea how complicated it is. The Romans would never have had time to conquer the world if they had had to learn Latin first. Those lucky people knew from their cradles what nouns have the accusative in *im*. I had to commit them to memory by the sweat of my brow; but it is lucky I know them. For example, on the 20th of July, 1825, when I held a public disputation in Latin in the Aula at Göttingen—which was worth hearing, madame—if I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, some of the “Foxes” present might have noticed it, to my eternal shame. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, canabis, sinapis*—these words which have made such a noise in the

world have done so because they belong to a definite class, and yet are exceptions ; and therefore I feel a great respect for them ; and the thought that I have them at my fingers' ends if I should suddenly need them affords me, in many sad hours of my life, a deal of consolation and comfort. But the verba irregularia, madame, which differ from the verba regularia by being the occasion of many more floggings, are very tough. Under the dark arches of the Franciscan cloisters, near our schoolroom, there hung a gray, wooden figure of Christ on the cross, a terrible object that still comes to me in my dreams occasionally, and stares sadly at me with its wild, bloodshot eyes. I often stood before it and prayed : " O kind God, thou who wast thyself tortured, if it is possible to thee make me keep the verba irregularia in my head."

I will not say a word about Greek, for I should lose my temper. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so far wrong when they declared that Greek was an invention of the devil. God knows what misery I suffered with it. Hebrew went better, for I have always had a fondness for Jews, though they crucify my good name to this day. But I could not go as far in Hebrew as my watch did, which made a wide acquaintance among the pawnbrokers, and acquired many Jewish habits—refusing to go on the Sabbath, for example—and even learned to speak the holy tongue grammatically ; as I have heard with surprise in sleepless nights, when it ticked away very plainly : katal, katalta, katalti—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti, pikat, pik, pik.

Meanwhile I got on much better with the German language ; and it is no child's play. For we poor Germans, though we are already oppressed with military service, billetings, poll taxes, and a thousand other burdens, must needs load ourselves with Adelung's grammar, and plague each other with accusatives and datives. I learned a deal of German from old Professor Schallmeyer, a worthy clergyman, who took to me from my earliest childhood. But I also learned something of it from Professor Schramm, who wrote a book on Universal Peace, and in whose class room my schoolmates fought more than in any other.

First beginnings are plain indications of what is to come later. And in this connection I often remember a conversation I had with my mother, some eight years ago, when I went to Hamburg to see the venerable lady, then eighty years old. A strange remark escaped her while we were



talking of the school and my Catholic teachers, among whom I then learned there were many former members of the order of Jesuits. We spoke at length of our dear old Schallmeyer, who had been made rector of the Düsseldorf Lyceum in the French times. He also gave lectures on philosophy to the highest class, in which he explained without reserve the systems of Greek free thought, opposed as these were to the orthodox dogmas, as whose priest he himself used to officiate in full canonical robes at the altar. It is certainly worth noting and the fact will perhaps be admitted as a *circonstance atténuante* in my favor at the assizes in the Vale of Jehosaphat that I attended these philosophical lectures while still a mere boy. I owed this especial favor to the fact that the rector, as a great friend of our family, felt an interest in me—one of my uncles having been a fellow-student with him at Bonn and his college Pylades, while my grandfather had saved his life in a critical illness. On this account the old gentleman often talked with my mother of my education and future course in life ; and it was in such a conversation, as my mother told me afterward in Hamburg, that he advised her to devote me to the service of the Church, and send me to Rome to study theology in a Catholic seminary. Through his influential friends among prelates of the highest rank, the rector declared he could obtain for me some good position in the Church. When my mother told me this she expressed great regret that she had not followed the advice of the clever old gentleman, who had early understood my disposition, and perhaps knew best what spiritual and philosophical influences would be the fittest and healthiest for me. The old lady still repented having refused such a judicious proposal. But she was then full of dreams of high worldly dignities for me ; she was, moreover, a follower of Rousseau, and a confirmed deist ; and besides, she did not like to put on her oldest son the frock which she saw so ungracefully worn by many German priests. She did not know with what a different *chic* the Roman abbés wear it, and how coquettishly their shoulders carry the black robe which is the pious uniform of gallantry and wit in ever beautiful Rome.

Writing straight on in this way and mentioning whatever comes into my head has led me to this chatter about my school days ; and I will take the opportunity, madame, to show you how it was by no fault of mine that I learned so little geography that I could not afterward make my way in the world.

The fact is, the French had upset all the boundaries, and the countries were repainted every day ; those that had been blue suddenly turned green and many even became blood-red ; the natives of one country, according to the latest yearbook, got so mixed up with those of another that the devil himself could not keep track of them ; the products of the countries changed, and chicory and beets grew where hares and hunting squires had flourished ; peoples' characters were transformed—Germans grew lively, Frenchmen stopped paying compliments, Englishmen no longer threw money out of window, and Venetians lost their cunning. In short, it was no time to do much in the way of geography.

It is better with natural history, in which there are no great changes ; and there are distinct copperplates of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, etc. These remained so stamped upon my mind that I have often met men whom I thought I recognized as old acquaintances.

Mythology also flourished. I delighted in the gods who went about naked and ruled the world. I do not believe that any schoolboy in Rome ever knew more than I did about the main doctrines of the old faith—for example, the loves of Venus. But my great triumph was in the Abbé d'Aulnoi's class—a French *émigré*, who had written a heap of grammars, wore a red wig, and used to hop about in a wonderful way while expounding his "Art Poétique" and his "Histoire Allemande." He was the only man in the whole gymnasium who taught any German history.

He had made various French grammars and chrestomathies, with extracts from the French and German classcis, to be translated by his classes ; and for the highest of them had published an "Art Oratoire" and an "Art Poétique." The first was full of receipts for eloquence out of Quintilian, illustrated by examples from the sermons of Fléchier, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Bossuet, which I did not find over-tedious. But as to the other, which treated of the definition of poetry (*l'art de peindre par les images*)—the mere sweepings of the old school of Batteux—and French prosody, and the whole system of French meters—that was steep. I do not know anything more insipid than the metrical system of French poetry, this *art de peindre par les images*, as they define it—a vicious definition which probably accounts for their constantly falling into pictorial paraphrases.

So I think now ; and so as a child I thought then. And it

may readily be supposed that ill feeling broke out between me and the old fellow in the wig when I declared outright that it was quite impossible for me to write French verses. He vowed I had no soul for poetry, and called me a barbarian from the German woods. I still remember with horror that I had to turn the speech of Caiaphas to the Sanhedrim from the hexameters of Klopstock's "Messiah" into French alexandrines! It was a refinement of cruelty surpassing all the tortures of the Messiah himself, which even he would not have meekly endured. God forgive me! how I cursed the world, and foreign oppressors that wanted to cram their meters down our throats; and was almost ready to devour the French alive. I might have died for France—but make French verses? never, so long as I lived!

The quarrel was made up between the rector and my mother. She was, in fact, none too well pleased to have me learn to make even French verses. She had a dread I should become a poet, the worst thing, she always said, that could happen to me. The ideas then attached to the word poet were, to be sure, not too respectable, as he was supposed to be a poor ragged devil ready to throw off a copy of occasional verses for a couple of thalers, and sure to end his days in the hospital.

French has difficulties of its own, as its study includes billeting, drumming, a deal of *apprendre par cœur*, with special care not to be a *bête allemande*. It cost me many a scolding. I remember as if it were yesterday what I suffered about *la religion*. At least six times I was asked, "Henry, what is *der Glaube* in French?" And six times I answered through my tears, "*Le crédit*." For the seventh time the examiner, black with rage, cried, "It is *la religion*"; and down came a shower of blows, which set all my comrades laughing. I declare, madame, that from that day I have never been able to say the word *religion* without feeling my back turn blue with fear and my cheeks red with shame. And as a matter of fact, *le crédit* has done more for me in life than *la religion*.

The spirit of the language is an important thing to learn, and there is nothing like drumming for teaching that. *Parbleu!* what a lot I owed to the French drummer who was quartered on us so long, and who had the face of a devil and a heart like an angel's. His face was small and mobile, with a fearful black mustache, under which his red lips curved proudly, while his eyes shot fiery glances on every side. Little fellow as I was I was forever chained to his side, helping


him polish his buttons and chalk his white waistcoat—for M. Le Grand was not indifferent to pleasing the eye. I followed him to guard, roll call, and parade; there was nothing but rattling of arms and fun—*Les jours de fête sont passés*. M. Le Grand spoke only a little broken German, only essential words, such as *brod, kuss, ehre* [bread, kiss, honor]; but he could express himself perfectly on the drum. For example, when I did not know what the word *liberté* meant he beat the Marseillaise, and I understood.

In the same way he taught me the story of the late events. It is true I could not follow the words; but as he drummed away all the time I knew what he meant to say. This is really the best method of instruction. You comprehend the story of the storming of the Bastille, the taking of the Tuilleries, etc., if you know how the drums beat while it all happened.

Whether drumming is an inborn talent, or whether I cultivated it in my early years, I certainly have it in every limb and in my feet and hands; and it often comes out against my will. In Berlin I was once in Councilor Schmalz's class in international law. It was a drowsy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench hearing less and less; my head had gone to sleep. All of a sudden I was waked by the noise of my own feet, which had kept awake, and had apparently heard something quite opposed to international law, and insulting to all constitutional ideas. As they really understood more of the government of the world than the councilor, for all his big Juno eyes, and could not put their humble opinion into words, my feet began to drum, and got me into disgrace.

Those infernal thoughtless feet! They got me into another scrape when I was for a while attending the lectures of Professor Saalfeld at Göttingen. He was as usual jerking himself from side to side in his desk, and getting very warm in trying to belittle the Emperor Napoleon. But no, poor feet! I cannot blame you for drumming that time, and should not have minded if you had in your simplicity taken active steps to express yourselves more frankly. How could I, Le Grand's pupil, hear the emperor abused? The emperor! The emperor! The emperor! The great emperor!

When I think of the great emperor, all seems bright and golden; a long linden walk stretches before me in full bloom, nightingales are singing in the leafy branches, the cascade is roaring, flowers are blooming in the round beds, and dreamily nodding their beautiful heads, while I in some wonderful



way exchange thoughts with them. The painted tulips greet me with proud condescension ; the sensitive lilies give me a sad and gentle nod ; the drunken red roses smile at me from a distance ; the violets breathe a sigh. I had no acquaintance at that time with myrtles or laurels, for they had no bright flowers to charm me ; but the reseda and I, who have since had a quarrel, were on intimate terms. I am speaking of the Düsseldorf court garden, where I often lay on the grass, and eagerly listened, as M. Le Grand told of the great emperor's feats of battle, and drummed the marches that were played during those feats, so that I heard and saw it all. M. Le Grand drummed till he almost broke my ear drums.

But what were my feelings when I saw him with my own blessed eyes—himself, hosannah ! the emperor !

It was in the avenue of the court garden in Düsseldorf. As I made my way through the gaping crowd I was thinking of the deeds and battles that M. Le Grand had drummed for me, and my heart was beating the "General's March." I was also thinking of the police regulation that no one should ride in that alley under penalty of a fine of five thalers. The emperor and his staff came riding along ; the trembling trees bowed down as he passed ; the sunbeams peeped with timid curiosity through the green leaves ; and in the blue heaven above a golden star was brightly shining. The emperor wore his simple green uniform and the world-renowned little three-cornered hat. He was on a small white horse, that moved proudly and surely under him. The emperor rode with a careless, firm seat, holding the reins in one hand and gently stroking his horse's neck with the other. He rode calmly along the alley. No policeman interfered with him ; behind him came his staff on their snorting chargers, covered with gold and jewels ; the drums rolled, the trumpets blew ; mad Aloysius came to my side and screeched out his generals' names ; drunken old Gumpertz was grumbling close by, and the people cried with a thousand tongues, "Long live the emperor !"

CHAPTER III.

My Mother.

My mother had lofty, ambitious schemes for me, and all the plans for my education were made with reference to them. She played the principal part in the development of my mind ; she settled the course of my studies, and her plans for my education began before my birth. I followed every wish she expressed ; and must confess she was responsible for the fruitlessness of most of my attempts and efforts in public positions, which went against my nature. This last had far more to do in determining my future than outward events.

The star of our fate is in ourselves. My mother was for a time dazzled by the glories of the Empire, and when the daughter of an iron manufacturer near us, who was a great friend of my mother's and had become a duchess, wrote that her husband [Marshal Soult] had won many victories, and would shortly be promoted to be a king—oh ! then my mother dreamed of the brightest gold epaulets or the most splendid court uniform for me in the service of the emperor. So I must pursue the studies most appropriate to such a career, and although reasonable attention was paid at the school to mathematics, and the worthy Professor Brewer was steadily putting me through geometry, statics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, etc., and I was floundering in logarithms and algebra, I must have private lessons in all those branches that would fit me to be a great strategist, or, if needful, the administrator of a conquered province.

With the fall of the Empire my mother had to abandon all dreams of any such brilliant career for me.

She is now eighty-seven, and her faculties are unimpaired by age. She has never pretended to control my opinions, and has been all indulgence and love.

Her faith was an uncompromising deism, well suited to her prevailing turn of mind. She was a follower of Rousseau, had read his "Émile," had nursed her own children, and education was her hobby. She had been well educated herself, and

had shared the studies of a brother who became a celebrated physician, and died young. While still a mere girl she used to read aloud to her father Latin dissertations and other learned writings, and often surprised the old man by her questions. Her reason and feelings were thoroughly sound, and I did not inherit from her my taste for the fantastic and romantic. As I have said, she disapproved of poetry, took away a novel if she saw it in my hands, never allowed me to visit the theater or join in popular games, kept watch on my acquaintance, scolded the maids if they told ghost stories before me, and in a word did all she could to preserve me from all superstition and poetry.

She was frugal, but only in her own expenses; for the pleasure of others she could be lavish, and as she did not covet money, but only set a due value on it, she spent it freely, and often surprised me by her liberal charity. What sacrifices she made for her son, not only directing his studies, but, when the times grew harder, furnishing him the means of pursuing them! When I went to the university my father's affairs had fallen into a very bad state; and my mother sold some jewels, a necklace and earrings of great value, to provide the cost of my first four college years. I was not the first of our family either to devour precious stones and drink pearls at the university. My mother's father, as she told me, had the same experience. The jewels which adorned his deceased mother's prayer book had to pay for his maintenance at the university. For his father, old Lazarus de Geldern, had fallen into great poverty through a lawsuit with a married sister about an inheritance, though his father had left him a fortune about which an old great-aunt of mine used to tell wonderful stories.

It was like a tale from the Arabian Nights to my childish ears when the old lady spoke about the great palaces, and Persian carpets, and heavy gold and silver services which the good man, who had stood high at the Elector's court, lost in so sad a fashion. The great hotel in the Rheinstrasse was his town house; the existing hospital in the Neustadt had also been his, and a castle near Gravenberg. And at last he had hardly where to lay his head.

In fact—I do not know exactly what I was thinking about; pictures of my childhood float dimly through my mind; I was thinking of my mother's castle, and its neglected garden, with

the beautiful marble statue lying in the green grass—I say my mother's "castle," but I beg you, for mercy's sake, not to fancy anything splendid or fine. It is merely because I have got used to the phrase. My father always said the word "the castle" with emphasis and a peculiar smile. I learned the meaning of the smile later when I made a trip to the castle with my mother, somewhere about my twelfth year. It was my first journey. We traveled a whole day through a thick wood, whose gloomy shadows I have never forgotten, and toward evening stopped at a gate leading into a wide meadow. We had to wait near half an hour before the lad came from a mud cottage hard by, unhasped the bar, and let us in. I call him a lad, because old Martha always spoke of her forty-year-old nephew as "the lad."

Our servant, who had often heard of "the castle," looked astounded when the lad brought us to the small, broken-down building, where the late master had lived. He was almost confounded when my mother ordered him to bring the beds in. How could he guess there would be no beds to be found in "the castle"? So he had either not heard her order to take the beds with us or had treated it as unnecessary trouble.

The little house, of only one story, had in its best days only five habitable rooms, and was now a sad picture of neglect. Broken furniture, torn wall papers, not a single whole window-pane, the floors broken in many places—everywhere the trace of the presence of wanton soldiers. "The boys billeted here had great times," said the lad, with a silly smile. My mother signed to him to leave us alone; and while he and Johann were busy together I went to look at the garden. This also wore a sad look of decay. The great trees were maimed or broken down, and rank weeds were growing over their trunks. Straggling borders of box here and there showed where the walks had been. Here and there a statue was still standing, having generally lost its head, or at least its nose. I remember a Diana whose lower half was drolly overgrown with ivy, and a goddess of plenty whose horn was filled with foul-smelling weeds. One statue had escaped, God knows how, the malice of time and men. Someone had indeed thrown her from her pedestal into the long grass; but she lay there unharmed, a marble goddess with beautiful Grecian features and deep-parted breasts—a revelation of Greek beauty in the tall grass. I was almost frightened at sight of her. I felt a strange, dizzy shyness, and a secret uneasiness soon made me avoid her gaze.

When I got back to my mother she was standing at the window, deep in thought, her head resting on her right hand, while the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. I had never seen her weep so. She hastened to give me a tender embrace, and express her sorrow that, through Johann's carelessness, I should not have a good bed. "Old Martha is very ill," said she, "and cannot give you her bed, dear child. But Johann shall bring the cushions from the carriage, and lay them so that you can sleep on them, and shall give you his cloak for a blanket. I will sleep here on the straw. This was my dear father's room; it looked better then. Leave me alone." And the tears fell faster from her eyes.

Was it my strange bed or the stirring of my heart which would not let me sleep? The moon shone so brightly through the broken windows, she seemed to draw me out into the clear summer night. I turned from side to side on my couch, closed my eyes and opened them again; but all the while I thought of the beautiful statue I had seen lying in the grass. I could not understand the shyness that had come over me at sight of her. I was ashamed of such a childish feeling, and whispered to myself, "I will kiss you in the morning, you beautiful marble face, in the corner of your mouth where your lips meet in such a sweet dimple." An uneasy feeling such as I had never felt ran through all my limbs; I could not overcome the strange impulse, and sprang boldly from my couch, crying, "What do I care? I will kiss you now, my beauty!" Softly, lest my mother should hear me, I left the house—with all the more ease as, although there was a fine shield above the doorway, there was no door—and hurried through the neglected shrubbery of the garden. There was no sound to be heard; all lay still and solemn in the moonlight. The shadows of the branches seemed riveted to the ground. In the green grass the fair goddess lay motionless; no stony death, but a quiet sleep seemed to enchain her lovely limbs; and as I approached I was almost afraid the lightest noise might rouse her from her slumber. I held my breath as I bent over to gaze in her lovely face; an anxious terror would have persuaded me to flee, but a boyish desire urged me on. My heart beat as if I were bent on murder; and I kissed the lovely goddess with an ardor, a tenderness, and despair that I have never since thrown into a kiss. Nor can I ever forget the fearful, sweet emotion that stirred my soul when my mouth felt the refreshing coldness of those marble lips.

CHAPTER IV.

Kíth and Kín.

NEXT to my mother my education was especially attended to by my uncle Simon de Geldern. He has been dead these twenty years. He was a strange fellow, of a queer and rather ridiculous appearance ; a comfortable looking little man, with a palish, strong face, and a nose of Grecian outline a third longer than the Greeks usually wore their noses.

It was said that his nose had been of the usual size in his youth, and had grown so indecently long only through a bad habit he had of pulling it. When we children asked him if this was true he scolded us for our impertinent question, and pulled his nose.

He dressed in the old French style, with knee breeches and white silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a long, old-fashioned cue, which wagged from one shoulder to the other as the little man trotted along the street, and cut various capers, as if it were making fun of its owner.

When my good uncle was in a deep study or reading the paper I was often seized with a mischievous impulse to take a sly hold of it and pull it like a door bell ; whereat he was greatly enraged, and wrung his hands over these youngsters who had no respect for things earthly or divine, and would end by laying hands on everything sacred.

But if his appearance was not calculated to inspire much respect, he was worthy of all esteem, and his heart was the best and truest heart I have met with on earth. There was a sense of honor about the man that reminded you of the punctilio of the old Spanish drama, and in his love of truth he was like one of its heroes. He had never occasion to be the "Physician of his own honor," but was a "Constant Prince" of a true and knightly pattern—though he did not spout lines of four trochees, nor aspire to a glorious death ; and instead of a knight's mantle wore a shabby swallow-tail coat.

No ascetic enemy of amusement, he would join in merry-makings at fairs, and sit in mine host Rasia's common room

devouring little birds with juniper sauce ; but he would give up all the little birds and pleasures in life if his notions of what is good and true demanded the sacrifice. And he did it all so simply, nay, almost timidly, that no one saw the martyr hidden in this grotesque figure.

From a worldly point of view his life was a failure. Simon de Geldern had studied the humanities (*humaniora*) at the Jesuits' College ; and when his parents' death left him free to choose his course in life he did not profit by it to seek at a foreign university the means of earning a living, but chose to make his home in Düsseldorf, in "Noah's Ark," as the little house he inherited from his father was called, from the brightly painted carving to be seen over its door.

Here he devoted himself with restless energy to literary trifles, and foibles such as bibliomania, and, above all, to authorship, which he practiced in the newspapers and obscure writings of the time : though he not only wrote but even thought with much labor.

Perhaps his rage for writing may have sprung from a strong desire to be useful to his fellow-men. He entered into all the questions of the day ; and the reading of papers and pamphlets was a perfect mania with him, fostered by the fact that his father and brother had been physicians. The old women could not be persuaded that the son of the old doctor who had so often attended them had not inherited his father's remedies ; and when they got ill they brought bottles of their water to him, begging him with tears to look and tell them what ailed them. When disturbed in his study after this fashion the old man flew into a rage, wished the old women and their bottles to the devil, and drove them off as far as he could.

This uncle it was who directed my education in a great degree ; and I owe him unending thanks for it. Widely as his views differed from mine, and wearisome as his literary efforts were, they may have awakened in my breast the love of literary pursuits.

He wrote a formal official style, learned at the Jesuits' College, where Latin was the chief thing ; and found it hard to reconcile himself to my offhand manner, which seemed to him too light, trivial, and irreverent. But his zeal in affording me the means of literary advancement was of great use to me.

When I was still a boy he presented me with his finest and costliest books, made me free of his library, rich in classic authors and the pamphlets of the day, and allowed me to

rummage the chests in the garret of Noah's Ark, where my grandfather's books and writings lay stored.

What joy filled my boyish heart when I was permitted to spend whole days in that great room under the roof. It was not a nice place ; and its only tenant, a great Angora cat, was not over-clean, as she occasionally brushed with her tail some of the dust and cobwebs from the heaps of old rubbish piled up there.

But my heart was so young, and the sun streamed so brightly through the little window, that all seemed bathed in a fantastic light ; the old cat was a princess, who would presently be set free from the spell that bound her, and reappear in her former beauty and splendor, while the garret would change into a palace, as such things happen in fairy tales.

But the good old days of fairy tales are gone. Cats remain cats ; and the garret of Noah's Ark remained a dusty lumber room, a hospital for incurable household goods, a *salpêtrière* for old furniture that had fallen into the last stages of decrepitude, and was not thrown out of doors from a sentimental regard for the pious memories that clustered round it.

There was a rotten, broken-down cradle in which my mother had been rocked ; and now lying in it, my grandfather's state wig, quite out of fashion, and with a look of having lost its mind through age. A rusty court sword of his, too, and half a pair of tongs and other invalided fire irons hung on the wall. On a crazy shelf stood my grandmother's parrot, stuffed and stripped of most of its feathers, no longer green, but ashy gray, and with a weird look in its one remaining glass eye.

Here, too, was a great, green porcelain pug, hollow and with a part of his hinder parts gone. The cat seemed to have a great respect for this piece of Japanese or Chinese art, and made devout bows to it, as if she were saying her prayers to a supernatural being. Cats are so superstitious.

In one corner lay an old flute that had once belonged to my mother. She used to play on it when quite a girl, and chose this garret for her music room, that her old father might not be disturbed by the music—or perhaps lest he should be jealous of her wasting time over such sentimentalities. The cat had taken the flute for her favorite plaything, dragging it round the floor by the faded pink ribbon still tied round it.

Among the antiquities were globes and wonderful orreries, alembics and retorts, souvenirs of researches in astrology and alchemy.

In the chests, under my grandfather's books, were many papers relating to these pursuits. Most of the books were old medical pamphlets. There was no lack of philosophers either ; and near the judicious Cartesius lay the fancies of Paracelsus, von Helmont, and Agrippa von Nettesheim, of whose "*Philosophia Occulta*" I here first caught sight. My boyish fancy was tickled by his dedicatory epistle to the Abbot Trithem, and the latter's acknowledgment, wherein the old charlatan's bombastic compliments were returned with interest by his friend.

The best and most valuable find I made in the dusty chests was a notebook in the hand of a brother of my grandfather, whom they called the Chevalier, or the Orientalist, and of whom my aunts were forever talking. This great-uncle, who was also a Simon de Geldern, must have been a rare character. He gained the nickname of "the Orientalist" from having traveled much in the East, and after his return always wearing the Oriental dress. He seems to have remained longest in the coast settlements in Northern Africa, especially in Morocco, where he learned from a Portuguese the trade of an armorer, and did a flourishing business. He made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and in a convulsion of prayer upon Mount Moriah had a vision. What did he see? That he never revealed. An independent tribe of Bedouins, not professing Islamism, but a sort of free Mosaic worship, and having its headquarters in an unknown oasis of the North African desert, chose him as their leader or sheik. These warlike people lived at enmity with all the neighboring natives, and were a terror to caravans. In European phrase, my sainted great-uncle, the pious visionary of the holy Mount Moriah, became a robber chief. In those fair lands he acquired the skill in horse breeding and riding which gained him so much reputation after his return home.

In the various courts he so long frequented, he shone by his beauty and stately presence, as well as the richness of his Oriental costume, which had an especial attraction for women. His pretended skill in the black art gave him great influence ; and no one dared breathe a word against the powerful necromancer in the ears of his high protectors. The spirit of intrigue feared the spirits of the Cabala. Nothing but his own arrogance could have ruined him ; and my old aunts used to shake their gray heads mysteriously when they whispered of gallant adventures, in which "the Orientalist" and a lady of

high rank figured, the discovery of which forced him to leave with all haste the court and country. Only by flight, and with the loss of all his valuables, did he avoid certain death, and he owed his escape to his well-known skill as a rider.

After this adventure, he seems to have found a safe though humble place of refuge in England. I gather this from a pamphlet of my great uncle's printed in London, which I once found in the library at Düsseldorf, when I had one day happened to climb up to the highest shelf. It was an oratorio in French verse, called "Moses upon Horeb," and probably referred to the vision already mentioned. The preface was in English, and dated at London. The verses, like all French verses, were lukewarm water in rhyme; but the English prose of the preface betrayed the discontent of a proud man in straitened circumstances.

A hard riddle to read was this same great uncle. He had a strange career, such as was possible only in the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century. He was half a dreamer, engaged in the propaganda of a Utopia of cosmopolitan improvement, half a free lance, bursting through or leaping over the rotten barriers of a rotten society. At any rate he was a man.

His charlatanism, which there is no denying, was of no ordinary kind. He was no common charlatan, pulling out teeth for peasants at a fair; he walked proudly in the palaces of the great, and boldly wrenched out their back teeth, as the knight Huon de Bordeaux did for the Sultan of Babylon. There is no working without noise, says the proverb; and to live is work, like anything else.

And what remarkable man is not a bit of a charlatan? The charlatans of modesty, with their meek self-conceit, are the meanest of all. He who would influence men must have some ingredient of charlatanism about him. The end justifies the means.

Be this as it may, the great uncle prodigiously developed the boy's imagination. All that was told of him made an indelible impression on my young mind; and I was so wrapped up in his wanderings and adventures, that in broad daylight there often came over me an uncanny feeling that I was myself my great uncle deceased, and my life a mere sequel to that of him who had died so many long years ago!

At night I went back to those times in my dreams. My life was like a great newspaper, where the upper part contains

the present, the sayings and doings of the day—while below is spread out the poetic past in a series of romantic *feuilletons*. In my dreams I was identified with my great uncle, and yet had a fearful feeling that I was someone else belonging to another time. In places and events of which I had no previous knowledge, I moved with a sure foot and quiet mind. Men in brilliant colors and unfamiliar garments, with strange haggard faces, appeared to me ; and I greeted them as old acquaintances. I understood their wild language though it was quite new to me ; and, to my wonder, I replied in the same tongue, gesticulated with a vehemence quite foreign to my nature, and said things entirely at variance with my usual moods of thought.

This strange state lasted for a full year ; and some traces of it remained after I had regained full possession of my single identity. Many idiosyncrasies and unfortunate sympathies, and antipathies foreign to my nature, many actions entirely contrary to my own ideas, I recognize as the results of that dream life in which I was my great-uncle. When I am guilty of faults for which I cannot account, I set them down to the account of my Oriental double. I once spoke to my father of this hypothesis, in excuse for some slight error, and he observed merrily that he hoped my uncle had not signed any drafts that I should have to pay some day. No such Eastern drafts have ever been presented to me ; and I have had quite enough trouble with my own Western ones.

Our forefathers leave us worse debts to pay than money debts. Each generation is a sequel to the last, and must answer for its deeds. The Scripture says, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Each age as it comes upon the stage is responsible for the last, and all mankind must pay the debts of those that have gone before them.

Instead of looking for examples, I will take my own personal experience, and give an instance where the most harmless facts were made by my enemies the ground of malevolent insinuation. Observing that in my biographical recollections I often speak of my mother's family, and say nothing of my father's kith and kin, they must needs point to this as a shameful case of undue prominence and unworthy reticence—attributing to me the same motives that were laid to the charge of my late colleague Wolfgang Goethe.

It is true, to be sure, that in his memoirs there are frequent


complacent references to his paternal grandfather, who as the grave Herr Schultheiss presided in the town hall in Frankfort ; while of his grandfather on the mother's side, a worthy repairing tailor, who tucked up his legs on a work-bench in the Bockenheimer Gasse and darned the republic's breeches, he says not a word.

It is no business of mine to defend Goethe for thus ignoring one of his grandfathers ; but in my own case I must correct the ill-natured and widely repeated insinuation ; for it is not my fault if I have said nothing in my writings of my paternal grandfather. The reason is simple ; I never found out much about him to tell. My late father came to my native town of Düsseldorf as a stranger, and had no relatives there—none of those old aunts and cousins, who are the female bards, daily singing with epic monotony the old family legends to the younger generation, with an accompaniment of trumpet tones from their noses, instead of the Scottish bag-pipe. My young mind received only impressions of the deeds of the clans on my mother's side ; but to all that the old Bräunles and Brunhildes related I listened attentively.

My father himself was a very silent man ; and when, as a little boy, passing weekdays in the old Franciscan cloisters and Sundays at home, I once took occasion to ask him who my grandfather was, he answered, half laughing and half vexed, "Your grandfather was a little Jew, and had a long beard."

Next day I went to school and, finding my comrades all assembled, I hastened to impart to them the important news that my grandfather had been a little Jew with a long beard. I had hardly told the fact, when it flew from mouth to mouth, in all sorts of tones, and an accompaniment of all sorts of animal noises. The boys jumped on to the benches and tables, pulled the blackboards down from the walls, threw them and the inkstands on to the floor, with shouts of laughter, bleatings, gruntings, yelpings, and crowings—a fiendish concert, with one burden, "His grandfather was a little Jew with a long beard."

The class-tutor, hearing the noise, came in with rage in his countenance, and inquired who had stirred up this riot. As usual, each one tried to excuse himself ; and the end of it was that poor I was convicted of having done it all by telling about my grandfather, and was soundly flogged in consequence.



It was the first flogging I ever got ; and I made the philosophical reflection that the good Lord, who made rods grow, took care that whoever wielded them should tire himself by so doing—otherwise floggings would be unbearable. The stick with which I was beaten was a rattan of a light yellow color ; and the stripes left on my back were dark blue. I have never forgotten this.

Nor have I forgotten the name of the teacher who beat me so unmercifully ; it was Father Dickerscheit. He was soon after dismissed from the school, for reasons which I have not forgotten, but will not set down. The liberals have so often unjustly accused the priesthood that they can afford to forgive an unworthy brother for a crime which sprang from a natural, or rather an unnatural, impulse.

With the name of the man who gave me my first flogging, I recall the occasion of it, namely my unfortunate genealogical confession ; and the association is still so strong that, whenever I hear of a little Jew with a long beard, I feel creeps down my back. "The scalded cat fears cold water," says the proverb ; and it will readily be believed that I never afterward felt any great desire to make a nearer acquaintance with such a doubtful grandfather, or to give a description of my family tree to a large audience, when it had been so badly received by a small one.

I will not entirely pass by my paternal grandmother, though I have little to say of her. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and the only daughter of a Hamburg banker, known far and wide for his wealth ; which leads me to suppose that the little Jew, who carried her off from her father's house to his humble home in Hanover, must have possessed some qualities besides his long beard, and been a worthy man. He died early, leaving a widow with six children, all young boys. She went back to Hamburg, and there she died at no great age.

In my uncle Salomon Heine's bedroom I once saw a portrait of my grandmother. The painter, who aspired to Rembrandt-like effect of light and shade, had given her a black, nun-like headdress, an almost equally severe dark costume, and put in an almost pitch-black background ; so that her round face with its double chin stood out like a full moon on a black sky. The features, which still showed the traces of great beauty, were at once gentle and strong ; and the delicacy of the complexion gave the face an expression of peculiar refine-

ment. If the painter had put a large diamond cross on the breast, it would certainly have passed for a portrait of the lady abbess of some noble Protestant convent.

So far as I know, only two of my grandmother's children inherited any remarkable beauty—namely, my father and my uncle Salomon Heine, the late head of the Hamburg banking house of that name.

My father's beauty had a certain weakness and want of character that was almost feminine. His brother was of a more manly beauty; and in fact he was a man of great strength of character, which appeared in his formal, regular, and almost forbidding features. His children were all, without exception, enchantingly beautiful, but were cut off in their prime; so that of this garland of beauty but two now survive, the present head of the banking house and his sister.

I loved all these children dearly, and their mother also, so fair and so soon taken away; and many a tear I shed for them. I have at this moment to shake my cap and bells to banish the sad thoughts they inspire.

I have said there was something effeminate in my father's beauty. But I do not mean to impute to him any want of manliness. He showed plenty of this in his youth, and I am a living proof of it myself; nor is it unbecoming in me to say. I refer only to his outward features, which were soft and gently rounded, not hard and severe. There was a lack of firmness in them, and a certain want of decision. He grew fat in later years, and cannot have been slender even in his youth.

This was apparent in his portrait, afterward lost in a fire at my mother's house, which represented him as a youth of eighteen or nineteen, in a red uniform, his hair in powder and worn in a bag behind. It was luckily in pastel; and I say "luckily," because that vehicle is capable of representing, far better than oils with their varnished surface, the bloom which we observe on the faces of those wearing powder and which effectually masks any want of firmness. In this portrait the artist, by the contrast of the powdered hair and the white cravat, had given a higher tone to the face, so that it stood out more boldly. The scarlet coat also, so unpleasant in oils, had a good effect, and toned down the high color of the face.

Its type of beauty was unlike both the pure and strong ideal of Greek art, and the spiritual and dreamy, yet animal beauty of the Renaissance; and had rather the character of an age

without much character, which preferred the elegant, pretty, and coquettish to the beautiful—an age that pushed insipidity almost to poetry—the sweet and highly ornamented style of the *rococo*, the age of hair-bags as it has been called. Had this portrait been of a smaller size, it might have been a work of the celebrated Watteau, destined to be surrounded with bright gems and gilding and figure on the fan of Mme. de Pompadour.

It may be worth mentioning that my father, even in his later years, remained true to the old French fashion of powder, and to the time of his death was powdered every day—though he had the handsomest hair that can be conceived. It was light, almost golden, and as fine as Chinese floss silk.

No doubt he would have gladly continued to wear a bag, but the law of fashion was absolute. So he hit upon an expedient that conciliated everything. He sacrificed the form, the black *sachet*; but always wore the long locks of hair turned up like a chignon, and fastened on top of his head with a little comb. It was hardly noticeable, thanks to the fineness of his hair and to the powder; and my father thus escaped apostacy from the old doctrine of the bag, and, like so many crypto-orthodox, conformed only outwardly to the inexorable spirit of the times.

The red uniform in which he was painted was a relic of his Hanoverian service. At the beginning of the French Revolution, he found himself one of the followers of Prince Ernest of Cumberland; and made the campaign of Flanders and Brabant with him as commissary, or rather what the French call an *officier de bouche*, and the Prussians a *mehlwurm*. The youngster's real position however was that of a favorite of the prince, a *Brummel au petit pied* and without a striped cravat; and he met at last the fate of such playthings of the favor of princes. As long as he lived, my father was persuaded that the prince, afterward King of Hanover, had not forgotten him; and could never understand why the prince did not send for him and never inquired about him, when he could not have known that his favorite was not in need of help from him.

Many habits of which my mother gradually reformed him had been contracted by my father in those campaigning times. For instance, he was readily induced to play high, and was a protector of the dramatic art, or rather of its priestesses; and horses and hounds were his passion. When he moved to Düsseldorf, where he became a merchant for love of my

mother, he brought with him twelve superb horses. He gave them up, however, at the desire of his young wife, who persuaded him that this four-footed capital consumed a great deal of hay and paid no interest.

She had harder work to get rid of the head groom—a big hulking fellow, who hung about the stables and played cards with any chance acquaintances he could pick up. He finally took himself off, with a gold repeater of my father's and some other valuables. When she had got free of this good-for-nothing, my mother dismissed my father's hounds, excepting one exceedingly ugly brute named Joli. He found favor in her eyes, because, though worthless in hunting, he promised to make a good watch dog. He used to lie in the vacant place of my father's old *calèche*; and my father and he exchanged meaning looks whenever they met. "Ah, poor old Joli!" my father would say; and Joli answered with a sad wag of his tail. I believe the dog was a humbug; and once, in a fit of ill humor, when his favorite made a great howling over a kick, my father vowed the scamp was making believe. At last he grew mangy, and such a walking magazine of fleas that he had to be drowned—to which my father made no objection. Men sacrifice their fourfooted favorites with the same indifference princes show for their twofooted ones.

From his campaigning times also dates my father's boundless love for the calling of, or rather for playing at, soldiering; his delight at the gay, idle life, where a gold and scarlet outside hides the emptiness within, and vanity masquerades as courage. In the surroundings of his youth there was no real military zeal or desire for fame—to say nothing of heroism. The important things were guard-mounting, jingling accouterments, and the close-fitting uniform which is so becoming to a fine figure.

How delighted my father was when the Burghers' Guard was established in Düsseldorf; and, as an officer of it, he could wear the handsome dark blue uniform, with sky blue velvet facings, and march past our house at the head of his column. He would most courteously salute my mother, standing blushing at the window, the feather in his three-cornered hat fluttering bravely, and his epaulets glancing merrily in the sun.

And better yet, when his turn came as commanding officer of the Grand Guard to look after the safety of the city. On those days, Rüdeshheimer and Assmannshäuser of the best

years flowed freely for the Grand Guard—and all at the charge of the commander, whose liberality his fellow guardsmen, tag, rag, and bobtail, could not find words enough to praise. His popularity with them was fully as great as Napoleon's with the Old Guard. He, to be sure, found other ways of intoxicating his guard. My father's was very bold, especially when called upon to charge a battery of bottles of the largest caliber. It was a different sort of heroism from that of the Old Guard—for instead of dying and never surrendering, this Guard continued to live, and was forced to "give up" very often.

As to the safety of the city, it was no doubt well looked after on the nights when my father was in command. He was careful to send out patrols, who went singing and jingling through the streets in all directions. On one occasion it happened that two of these met, and each tried to arrest the other as roisterers and disturbers of the peace. Luckily my fellow countrymen are harmless, goodnatured folk, and amiable in their cups—*ils ont le vin bon*—and no harm came of it. Both sides surrendered.

An exuberant love of life was a leading trait in my father's disposition ; he loved pleasure, was cheerful and lighthearted. It was ever holiday in his breast, and if no better music could be found, the fiddles were always playing a jig ; the sun was always shining, and all was gay. A mind free from care, forgetting yesterday and careless of to-morrow.

This disposition was in curious contrast with the gravity of his strong countenance, and his bearing and motions. A stranger, seeing for the first time that stern countenance with its powdered locks and solemn air, might have taken him for one of the seven wise men of Greece. Nearer acquaintance proved him neither a Thales nor a Pittacus, deep in problems of cosmogony. This gravity was not affected ; but reminded one of those antique bas-reliefs, where a laughing child holds a great tragic mask before his face.

He was in truth a great child, with a childish simplicity, which over-solemn folk might mistake for weakness, but often showed itself capable of wise intuitions. His mind seemed to have feelers, by which he arrived at conclusions which wiser people reached by reflection. He thought more with his heart than his head, and had the warmest heart that can be conceived. The smile, that often played round his lips in strange contrast to the gravity I have spoken of, was the swift reflec-

tion of his kind soul. Even his voice, though manly and resonant, had something childlike in it—I had almost said like the woodnote of a redbreast—and when he spoke, it went straight to the heart, as if it need not pass through the ear.

He spoke the dialect of Hanover, where, and in the neighborhood to the south, the best German is spoken. From my childhood it was a good lesson for me to hear good German from my father's lips, while in our town they talked the horrid jargon of the lower Rhine—which is still bearable in Düsseldorf, but becomes terrible in Cologne. Cologne is the Tuscan of a classical bad German that sounds, and almost smells, like breaking rotten eggs.

In the Düsseldorf dialect an approach can be observed to the croaking of the Dutch marshes. I will not deny that the Dutch language may have beauties of its own; but I confess that I have no ear for them. It may be that our German is, as patriotic linguists in the Netherlands declare, only a corrupted Dutch. It may be.

And this reminds me of a cosmopolitan zoölogist, who considered apes the progenitors of the human race. According to him, men are cultivated, overcultivated, apes. If apes could speak they would doubtless declare men merely degenerate apes, and humanity a corrupted apehood—as the Dutch think that German is a corrupted Dutch,

I say, if apes could speak; but I am not persuaded they cannot. The negroes of Senegal stoutly maintain that apes are people, just as much as we are—only cleverer, as they do not speak for fear of being recognized as people, and made to work; and play their monkey-tricks only to persuade the rulers of the earth that they are not worthy of being taxed as we others are.

Such an absence of vanity gives me a high opinion of these folk, who keep a dumb incognito, and no doubt chuckle over our simplicity. They live free in their woods, holding fast to their natural condition. They may well believe that men are degenerate apes.

Our ancestors may have had the same idea in the eighteenth century; and, instinctively recognizing that our polished overcivilization was merely varnished corruption and that it was necessary to go back to nature, they strove to draw nearer to the archetype, primitive apehood. They did their best; and as the one thing they needed to be perfect apes was a tail, they fastened one to their heads. The fashion of bags is then a

plain sign of earnest endeavor, and no mere freak of frivolity—but I shake my bells in vain; their noise will not drown the grief I feel when I think of my father.

He was of all on earth the one I loved best. He has been dead now for twenty-five years. I never thought I should lose him, and even now can hardly believe I have lost him. It is so hard to persuade yourself of the death of people whom you really love. But they do not die—they live in us and dwell in our hearts.

There is never a night that I do not think of my father; and when I wake in the morning, I often fancy I hear the sound of his voice, like the echo of a dream. And then I feel as if I must hurry on my clothes and go to my father in the great room, as I did when I was a boy.

My father always rose early, and sat down to his work, winter and summer alike; and I generally found him at his writing table, where, without looking up, he held out his hand for me to kiss. A handsome, well formed, elegant hand, which he always washed with almond meal. I see it now—I see the blue veins in that marble-white hand. The scent of the almonds rises in my nose, and my eyes are wet.

Sometimes there was more than a kiss of the hand, and my father took me between his knees and kissed my forehead. One morning, he put his arms round me with unwonted tenderness, and said, "I had a nice dream about you last night, and am pleased with you, dear Harry." As he spoke the words, a smile played round his lips, that seemed to say, "If Harry misbehaves in reality, I will have pleasant dreams about him, and love him."

Harry is the familiar name of Englishmen called Henry, and so corresponds to my Christian name Heinrich. The nicknames of the latter in my home-dialect are all ugly, almost contemptuous, as, for example, Heinz, Heinzchen, Hinz. The house-sprite is often called Heinzchen; and the cat with the seven-leagued boots in the nursery story, and, worse than all, the cat in the folk-song, are "Hinze."

But it was not to avoid any such difficulty, but in compliment to one of his best friends in England, that my father anglicized my name. Mr. Harry was my father's correspondent in Liverpool; and he knew the best manufacturers of velveteen, an article of commerce very dear to my father, from ambition rather than interest. For, although he declared that he could make a great deal of money out of the article, it

was a doubtful success ; and my father would, I believe, have spent money, if necessary, to sell better and more velveteen than his rivals. For he had no business talent, though he was always at his accounts ; and business was an amusement with him, as children play at being soldiers or cooks.

It was enough for him if he could only be busy. Velveteen was his hobby ; and he was happy when the great pack-wagons were unladen, and the whole floor filled with the Jew traders of the neighborhood, his best customers, who not only bought most velveteen, but thought more highly of it than other people.

Now, as my father's friend who knew most about buying velveteen was named Harry, I inherited his name, and was called Harry by the family and friends and neighbors.

I like to be called so now, though the name was the cause of sad annoyance to me—perhaps the greatest annoyance I suffered in my childhood. It is only now, when I am no longer among the living, and all vanity is dead within me, that I can speak of this freely.

On my arrival here in Paris, my German name Heinrich was translated into Henri, and I had to get used to it and even adopt it here, for the word Heinrich is unpleasant to French ears, and Frenchmen consult their own convenience in everything. They have not even learned to pronounce the name Henri Heine properly ; and most people call me M. Enri Enn, while many run it all together as Enrienne, and some call me Un rien.

This sometimes annoys me in literature, but it has some advantages. For instance, among my worthy compatriots who come to Paris there are some who want to abuse me ; but, as they pronounce my name in the German fashion, it never occurs to the French that the miscreant they are railing at, who poisons the fountains of innocence, is no other than their friend M. Enrienne ; and the worthy souls give the reins to their virtuous zeal all in vain. The French do not know that I am in question ; and virtue from over the Rhine shoots its pellets of calumny to no purpose.

But there is something unpleasant in having one's name mispronounced. Some people are made very angry by it. I sometimes amused myself by asking old Cherubini if it was true that the Emperor Napoleon always called him Sherubini, and not Kerubini—although the emperor knew Italian well enough to know that *ch* is pronounced like *k*. The great

maestro used to sputter with rage at the question in a very comical way.

I have never felt so myself.

Heinrich, Harry, Henri—they all sound pleasantly from pretty lips. Best of all is Signor Enrico. That was my name in those clear blue summer nights spangled with stars, in the noble and unfortunate land which is the home of beauty, and the birthplace of Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, Giacomo Rossini, and the Princess Christiana Belgiojoso.

As the state of my health forbids all hope of my ever living in society, which in fact no longer exists for me, I have cast off the fetters of personal vanity that weigh upon all who go about in the world. And so I can speak with a free heart of the annoyance connected with my name of Harry, which embittered and empoisoned the fairest days of my youth.

The circumstances were as follows: In my native town there was a man called "Mud Michael," because he went through the streets every morning with a cart to which an ass was harnessed, stopping before each house to take up the rubbish thrown out by the servants, and carry it out of town to the dirt field. The man's looks fitted his business, and the ass, who looked like his master, stood still before the house or moved on, according to the tone in which Michael called out to him, "Harree!"

Was that his name, or a mere cry? I do not know; but I do know this—that the resemblance of the sound with my name Harry brought on me a terrible amount of teasing from my schoolfellows and the neighbor's children. They annoyed me by calling to me in just the same tones that Mud Michael used in bawling to his donkey; and if I got angry, the rascals looked as innocent as possible, and begged me, in order to avoid all mistake, to show them how my name and the jack-ass's ought to be pronounced; vowed they could not understand why Michael usually drawled the first syllable and cut the second short—while at other times, it was just the opposite, and the cry sounded just like my name. And as the boys mixed everything up in the most senseless fashion, confounding me with the ass and the ass with me, the result was a wild *cog-à-l'âne*, which made the others laugh and drove me to tears. When I complained to my mother, she only told me to be diligent and learn as fast as I could; and then people would never take me for an ass.

But it was a continual trial to me that my name and the

mangy long-eared beast's should be the same. The big boys hailed me as they passed with "Harree;" and the little ones echoed the cry from a safe distance. In school the same thing went on with refined cruelty. If any mention was made of an ass, they all leered at me till I grew red. It is incredible how ingenious schoolboys are in seizing on any means of tormenting.

One would ask another, "What is the difference between Balaam's ass and a zebra?" The answer was that one spoke Hebrew and the other zebrew. Then came the question, "What is the difference between Mud Michael's ass and his namesake?" with the impudent answer, "I don't see any." I wanted to fight about it but was persuaded to keep the peace; and my friend Dietrich, who could draw lovely pictures of saints and was afterward a famous painter, comforted me on one occasion by the promise of a picture. He painted a Saint Michael for me; but the rascal, to make fun of me, gave the archangel Mud Michael's features, mounted him on his donkey and made him spearing a dead cat instead of a dragon.

The fairhaired, gentle, girlish Franz too, whom I loved dearly, once deceived me; for he put his arms round me, leaned his cheek against mine, and after holding me in a long embrace suddenly roared in my ear, "Harree!" and ran off, making the whole length of the cloisters ring with the hateful cry.

I fared worse yet with the neighboring children of the lower classes, such as we called "Haluts" in Düsseldorf—a word that the curious etymologist will probably derive from the helots of Sparta. One of these Haluts, was little Jupp—that is Joseph; but I must give his father's name also—Flader—that he may not be confounded with Jupp Rörsch, who was a nice little fellow of our quarter, and who, I hear, is now employed in the post office at Bonn. Jupp Flader always carried a long fishing pole, and gave me a cut with it when we met. He used also to throw horse buns at me, picking them up in the street, warm from nature's bakery. And he never failed to add a fatal "Harree," in all sorts of tones.

This horrible child was the grandson of old Frau Flader, one of my father's pensioners. She was as kindly as he was ill-natured—a picture of poverty, pitiable but not repulsive. She was, I should judge, past eighty, with a broad flabby face and sad eyes, and spoke in a faint, plaintive voice; but she said very little when she came begging—which always moves one's pity.

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My father always gave her a seat when she came to get her month's money on his days for distributing alms. Of these I only remember the ones that occurred in winter, early in the morning, before it was light. My father sat by a table, with little packets of money of various sizes before him. Instead of the silver candlestick and wax candles which he ordinarily used, and which his thoughtful heart would not let him display before these poor people, there stood on the table two tallow candles in copper candlesticks, whose red flames and black charred wicks cast a sad light over the assembled crowd.

They were of all ages, and stretched back in a line as far as the outer room. One after another came up to take his package, and many of them got two; the large package held my father's private gift; the small one, the alms from the poorbox. I sat on a high stool by my father, and handed him the packages; for my father wanted me to learn how money should be given in charity, and he was a most admirable example.

There are many with hearts in the right place who do not know how to give; it takes time for the feelings to find the road to the pocket; good intentions are as slow as the snail-post in arriving at good deeds. But there was a railroad from my father's heart to his pocket. It is easy to see that such a railroad would not make a man's fortune. The Northern or the Lyons roads pay better dividends.

Most of my father's clients were women, and very old; and even in later years, when things had begun to go badly, he had a long list of female pensioners. They lay in wait for him in his daily walks; so that he had a body guard of old women, like the late sainted Robespierre.

Among them were a good many old sluts who did not come through want but from a real attachment to him and his friendly ways. For he was politeness personified to young and old; and old women, who take such offense if they are slighted, are the most thankful creatures for attention or consideration. Those who like to be paid in flattery will find they give it most ungrudgingly; while many a pert young girl will hardly give a nod in return for any attention.

As handsome men, whose specialty it is to be handsome, feel a real need of flattery, without much caring whether the incense comes from rosy or from faded lips, if it only be strong enough, it will be believed that my dear father drove a flourishing business with these old ladies—though he was innocent of counting the profits beforehand. It was wonderful how

strong a dose of incense they sometimes offered him, and how well he could bear it—thanks to his happy temperament, certainly not to his credulity. He knew perfectly well that he was being flattered : but he knew that flattery, like sugar, is always sweet. He was like the child who said to his mother, “Now coax me a little ; a little bit too much, you know.”

My father's relations with these women had their serious side. He was their adviser in everything ; and it was wonderful that a man who could never give himself good counsel could advise others so well when they were in trouble. He looked at the whole case ; and when the distressed client had persuaded him that things were going worse and worse with her, he had a phrase, which I have often heard from his lips, “then we must tap another barrel.” Meaning that one should not persist in a hopeless course, but try something else, in some other direction—stave in the head of the cask, if you cannot get anything but a few drops of sour wine out of it, and “tap another barrel.” Instead of which men are too apt to lie under the dribbling spigot with their mouths open, and wait in hopes it will run sweeter and faster.

When old Hanne declared that her business had failed her and she could not get a morsel to eat—nor, what she minded more, a drop to drink—he first gave her a thaler, and then thought the matter over.

Old Hanne had been an excellent midwife ; but of late she had begun to drink a little, and take a deal of snuff ; and she generally had a drop on her nose, which sometimes fell and stained the clean sheets. So the old woman lost all her customers.

When he had thought the matter over, my father said : “We must tap a new barrel—and it had better be a barrel of brandy. I advise you to take some place near the harbor, where the sailors hang about, and open a little liquor shop.” The ex-midwife took his advice, and set up a drinking place near the quay ; and did so well that she would have made a little fortune, if she had not been her own best customer. I have often seen her standing in front of her shop, her red nose in the air, a living sign that proved irresistible to many a sailor.

One of the sweetest things about my father was the politeness he showed to all, rich and poor. I used to notice, on these alms-days, that with every packet he gave the poor creatures a polite word or two. It was a lesson to me ; and a great many men, of well-known benevolence, who throw their

alms at people's heads as if they meant to crack their skulls, might have learned a lesson from my father's politeness. He always asked after the health of the poorest beggar ; and was so accustomed to use the phrase, "I have the honor," that he often said the words as he showed some saucy trull the door.

He was most civil to old Flader, always giving her a seat, and indeed she was so weak in the legs that she could but just get along with two canes. The last time that she came for her month's money, she was so shaky that her grandson Jupp had to help her along. He gave me a strange look when he saw me at the table by my father. The old woman received a large private packet in addition to the small one, and burst out with a torrent of good wishes and tears.

It is terrible to see an old woman weep so bitterly, and I could have cried myself, as she no doubt saw. She could not say often enough what a sweet boy I was, and vowed she would pray to the Virgin that I might never be hungry and have to beg for my bread.

My father was rather vexed at the words ; but the old woman meant well. She looked at me in a rather ghostly fashion, though gently and kindly ; and said to her grandson, "Run and kiss the good little boy's hand." Jupp obeyed, though with rather a sour face ; and his kiss stung me like a viper. I cannot tell why I did it ; but I pulled all the coppers I had out of my pocket, and handed them over to Jupp, who counted them over one by one with a sheepish air and put them coolly into his trousers' pocket.

Old Flader died soon after ; but Jupp must be alive, unless he has been hanged. The hateful boy did not alter his ways. I met him in the street the very next morning, with his long pole. He gave me a slash with it, flung some horse buns at me, and screamed out the fatal "Harree !"—and so loud, and so exactly in Mud Michael's tone, that the donkey, who happened to be in the next street, took it for his master's voice and answered with a joyous hee-haw. As I say the old woman died shortly after, with the reputation of being a witch ; which she certainly was not, though our Zippel stoutly maintained the theory.

Zippel, properly Sibylle, was a woman who was not very old, and had been my first nurse, and afterward remained with us. She happened to be in the room on the morning of the scene I have described, when old Flader had praised me so highly. When Zippel heard it, it roused the old superstition in her

that it is unlucky for a child to hear such praises, for he will surely be ill or meet with some misfortune. She took the most approved means to guard me from such evil consequences; and, springing to my side, spat thrice on my head.

But this was only a temporary anointing. The knowing ones believe that the charm of a witch's praises can be taken off by no one but another witch; and Zippel determined to go that very afternoon to a woman who was well known to her as a witch, and had, as I afterward learned, done her many good turns by the forbidden black art. With her thumb wet with spittle this witch stroked the top of my head, and cut some hairs from it; then stroked me again in various places, muttering some nonsenical abracadabra; and so, for all I know, I was consecrated to the devil's priesthood, from my early youth.

At any rate this woman, with whom I kept up an acquaintance, afterward, when I was grown up, initiated me into the black art. And if I was not made a witch, I know what witchery is, and also what is no witchcraft.

This woman was called the Mistress, or the Göchin, as she was born in Goch, where her deceased husband, who followed the infamous trade of executioner, had his domicile, but was summoned from far and near to carry out the sentence of the law. People knew he had bequeathed many secrets to his widow, and she knew how to make the most of them.

Her best customers were the tapsters, to whom she sold dead men's fingers, supposed to have been left by her husband. These came from thieves who had been hanged, and had the virtue of giving a good flavor to a cask of beer, and making it hold out longer. If the finger of a hanged man, especially if he were innocent, was suspended by a thread in the cask, the beer was not only better, but twice or even four times as much could be drawn from it as from ordinary casks of the size. Enlightened tapsters pursue a more rational plan to increase their beer; but it is apt to weaken it.

The Mistress had also consolation for the tender-hearted—supplying them with love potions, which in her rage for charlatan Latin of the most aggravated kind she called philtrariums. The man who gave his girl the potion she called the philtrarius, and the woman the philtrariata.

When, as sometimes happened, the philtrarium failed to operate, and even produced a contrary effect, the Mistress saved the reputation of her art by declaring that she had mis-



understood the philtarius, and thought he wanted to be cured of his love.

The advice she gave with her philters was of more value than the potions themselves ; as for instance, always to have a piece of gold in your pocket, as gold is healthy, and brings luck to lovers. Who does not remember honest Iago's words to Rodrigo ? " Put money in thy purse."

Our Zippel was great friends with the Mistress ; and if she no longer went to her for love charms, still had frequent recourse to her art when she wanted to be revenged on a successful rival who had married some old love of hers.

"THE SUN BRINGS LIGHT AT LAST !"

That was the burden of the song
My nurse was ever singing :
" The sun brings light at last ! "—each note
Clear as a bugle ringing.

It was the tale of a murderer bold,
Whose life was revel and glee,
Till they found him once in the gay greenwood,
Hanged on a willow tree.

They hanged him there, and upon the stem
They nailed his sentence fast,
Those sturdy knaves of the woodland court :
" The sun brings light at last ! "

The sun had led them over the hills,
As they tracked him far and fast ;
And Otilia sighed with her latest breath :
" The sun brings light at last ! "

The song comes back to me, and my nurse
Comes back too, gray and old ;
I see once more her kind brown face,
With many a wrinkle and fold.

For she was born in Münster town ;
And for winter evenings long,
Full many a story of ghosts she had,
And many an old folk-song.

And my heart would beat, when my good old nurse
Of the king's fair daughter told,
Who sat alone on the wide, wide heath,
With her hair like shining gold.

.
I held my breath to catch each word
Of the story she loved to sing,
With her low, sweet voice, of good Redbeard,
And how he was once our king ;

And how she knew he did not die,
Whatever the wise folk say ;
But lives high up on the mountain-top,
With his warriors brave and gay.

.
She sang full low, and she sang full sweet
Those tales of days long past—
And my heart beat high, and echoed the words,
“ The sun brings light at last ! ”



CHAPTER V.

Pale Josepha.

It was no witchcraft that sometimes led me to seek the Göchin. I kept up an acquaintance with her ; and I must have been some sixteen years old when I began to go to her house oftener than before, drawn by a spell stronger than all her dog Latin philtrariums. She had a niece who was hardly sixteen, but had suddenly shot up to a slim height that made her look older. Her rapid growth accounted for her leanness. She had the slender waist we see in the West Indian quadroons ; and as she did not wear corsets and a dozen petticoats, her clinging garments were like the wet drapery of a statue. No marble statue could vie with her in beauty, as every rhythmical motion revealed the graces of her form and, I may say, the music of her soul. Not one of the daughters of Niobe had more nobly chiseled features ; and her skin was of an ever varying fair hue. Her great dark eyes looked out as if they had asked you a riddle and were calmly waiting for an answer : while her mouth, with its small curved lips and somewhat long, but snow white teeth, seemed saying " You are dull, and will never guess it."

Her hair was red, deep red, and fell on her shoulders in long locks, so that she could tie it under her chin—and when she did so, it looked as if her head had been cut off, and the red blood were flowing in streams.

" Red Sefchen," as the Göchin's fair niece Josepha was generally called, had a voice whose tones were usually veiled ; but under the excitement of passion it had a metallic ring that affected me, especially because it was wonderfully like my own. When she spoke I was sometimes startled, and thought I was hearing myself speak ; and her singing reminded me of dreams in which I have heard myself sing in the same tone and style.

She knew many folk-songs, and my fancy for them was perhaps awakened by her ; she certainly had a great influence on the awakening poet. So that the first poems of my " Visions,"

which I wrote soon after, took a somber and sinister tone from the phantom which threw its gory shadow across my young life.

Among Josepha's folk-songs was one she learned of Zippel, who had often sung it to me in my childhood ; so that I remember two verses of it, which I will quote, as I do not find it in any of the existing collections of folk-songs. It ran thus—the cruel *Tragig* being the first speaker :

“ Otilia mine, Otilia dear,
Thou wouldst not be the last one here—
Say, wilt thou hang on the lofty tree?
Or wilt thou swim in the ocean blue?
Or wilt thou kiss the shining sword,
The gift of our ever blessed Lord ? ”

Whereupon Otilia answers :

“ I will not hang on the lofty tree,
I will not swim in ocean blue ;
But I will kiss the shining sword,
The gift of our ever blessed Lord.”

Once, when Red Sefchen was singing this song, and came to the last line of this verse, I saw she was deeply moved ; and my own feelings were so stirred that I burst into tears. We fell weeping into each other's arms, and remained for a full hour without exchanging a single word, the tears running down our cheeks, gazing on each other through a mist of tears.

I begged her to copy off the song for me, and she did so ; but wrote it not in ink but in her blood. I lost this red autograph afterward, but the lines are fixed in my memory for ever.

The Göchin's husband was the brother of Sefchen's father, who also had been an executioner ; but as he died early, the Göchin took the little child home. But when her husband died soon after, and she moved to Düsseldorf, she gave the child to the grandfather, also an executioner, who lived in Westphalia.

There, in the “ free house,” as the headsman's is called, Sefchen lived till her fourteenth year, when her grandfather died and the Göchin again took the orphaned child.

Through the stain on her birth Sefchen led a lonely life, and was cut off from all companionship in her grandfather's free

house. Hence her sensitive shrinking from all strangers, her secret reveries, her sturdy defiance, and insolent, untamable obstinacy.

Strange! Even in her dreams, she told me, she never was living with people, but dreamed only of animals.

In that lonely free house she had no companions but her grandfather's old books; and though he taught her to read and write, he was sparing of speech. He and his aids were often absent for days at a time; and the child was left alone in the free house, which stood in a retired place in the woods near the gallows. No one was in the house but three old women with nodding heads, who sat at their whirring spinning wheels, coughing, snarling at each other, and drinking brandy.

Especially on winter nights, when the wind moaned through the old oaks and the blazing chimney roared so strangely, poor Sefchen felt lonely in the deserted house. They dreaded visits from thieves—not living ones, but dead and hanged ones, who came down from the gallows, and tapped at the low window to be let in to warm themselves. They made awful mouths with their frozen faces. The only way to send them off was to fetch one of the headsman's swords from the armory, and threaten them with that; then they whirled off like a great gust of wind. They often came for something more than to warm themselves at the fire, and wanted to steal back the fingers that the headsman had stolen from them. And if the door was not fast bolted, they played their old thievish pranks, dead as they were, and stole the sheets from the presses and beds. One of the old women, who once caught a dead thief in the act, ran after him and seized the fluttering sheet by one corner, just as the thief had reached the gallows, and was going to climb to the top.

On the days when the grandfather was getting ready to carry out some great sentence, his colleagues from the towns roundabout came to visit him; and then there was boiling and baking, stuffing and guzzling—but little talking and no singing. Their drinking-cups were of silver; but the despised "free-master" and his aids never got anything at the tavern they frequented but a flagon with a wooden cover, while the other guests had mugs with pewter tops. In many places the glass that the headsman had used was broken. No man spoke to him, or would even brush against him. This contempt extended to all his kindred; so that the families of headsman married only among themselves.

When Sefchen was about eight years old, she told me, on one fine autumn day, an unusually large party of guests arrived at the farmhouse, though no execution or other sentence was to be carried out. They were more than a dozen, almost all very old men with gray or bald heads; and under their red cloaks they had their long swords, and their finest, though very old-fashioned, clothes. They had come, as they said, to spend the day; and the midday meal set before them was of the best that the kitchen and cellar could furnish.

They were the oldest executioners from all the most distant parts, and had not met for a long time. There was a great shaking of hands, but little speech, and that often in a language of unintelligible signs—and they amused themselves after their own fashion, that is *moult tristement*, as Froissart says of the English at their feast after the battle of Poitiers.

When night fell, the master turned his servants out of doors; and bade the old women bring three dozen flasks of the best wine from the cellar, and set them on the stone table that stood before the semicircle of old oaks. He ordered the iron stands for the pine torches to be carried out there, and finally sent the three old women out of the house on some pretext. He even threw a horse-blanket over the watch-dog's kennel, where the planks did not quite join, and saw that he was fast chained up.

The grandfather let Red Sefchen stay in the house, and bade her scour bright the great silver goblet with the sea gods and their dolphins and conch shells, and put it on the same stone table; then, with some embarrassment, he told her to go at once to her room and to bed.

Red Sefchen dutifully cleaned the Neptune cup, and set it on the table by the flasks of wine, but did not go to bed; she was so curious that she hid behind a bush near the oaks, where she could not hear much, but could see all that happened.

The strangers, with her grandfather at their head, came solemnly, two and two, and sat themselves down on the wooden blocks round the stone table; and the pine torches cast a sinister light on their stern and earnest faces.

For a long time they sat in silence, or only muttering to themselves as if in prayer. Then her grandfather filled the goblet with wine; and each one drank it off, and filled it again, and passed it to his neighbor; and after each draft they shook hands heartily.

Then the grandfather made a speech, of which Sefchen could not hear much, and understood nothing. But it was apparently on some sad topic, for the big drops fell from the old man's eyes, and the other old men wept bitterly; and it was dreadful to see these men, who looked as hard and weather-beaten as the stone faces round a church door, with tears running from their stony eyes, and sobbing like children.

Meanwhile the moon looked sadly down from a cloudy and starless sky, and the little listener's heart was ready to burst with pity. She felt most for one little old man who wept more than anyone, and complained so loudly that his words came clearly to her ears, as he cried out again and again: "O God! O God! The misery is too long; a man cannot bear it longer. O God! you are unjust; aye, unjust!" His friends could hardly quiet him.

At last all rose from their seats, and cast off their red mantles; each took his long sword under his arm, and two by two they walked to a tree, under which a spade lay ready, and with it one of them quickly dug a deep grave. Then Sefchen's grandfather drew near; but he had not put aside his cloak like the others; and from beneath it he drew a package, narrow, but a good Brabant ell in length, wrapped in a sheet. This he laid with great care in the grave, and hastily filled it up.

Poor Sefchen could no longer bear to stay in her hiding-place; when she saw this secret burial, her hair rose on her head, and terror drove her from the spot. She ran to her chamber, and hid beneath the bedclothes; and at last fell asleep.

The next morning all this seemed like a dream to Sefchen; but the freshly dug earth beneath the tree showed her that it was real. She wondered for a long time what it could be that was buried there—a child? an animal? a treasure? But she told no one of the night's doings, and as years went by it began to fade from her memory.

When her grandfather died five years after, and the Göchin came to take the girl back with her to Düsseldorf, she ventured to open her heart to her aunt. She seemed neither surprised nor shocked at the strange story, but greatly rejoiced; and told her that it was no child nor beast nor treasure that had been buried, but her grandfather's old sword of justice, with which he had beheaded a hundred poor sinners; and that it was the custom for the headsman,

when he had performed a hundred executions with one sword, to use or keep it no longer; for such a sword was not like other swords, but had acquired a soul through its long years of service, and must finally be laid to rest in a grave like a mortal being.

And many believed that such swords grew cruel by shedding so much blood, and longed for more, and could be heard in the closet where they hung, impatiently moving and rattling; and some were as cunning and malicious as we are; and put a spell on anyone who handled them, so that he would wound his best friend. One brother had wounded another thus, in the Göchin's own family. But the Göchin added that with one of these hundred-death swords you could work most wonderful spells; and she did not fail that very night to dig up the buried sword from under the tree; and kept it ever after with other magical things in her store-closet.

On one occasion when she was not at home, I begged Sefchen to show me this curiosity. She readily consented; and going into the closet brought out a huge sword, which she whirled skillfully through the air, in spite of her slender arms, singing all the while in a mocking tone:

“Wilt thou kiss the shining sword,
The gift of our ever blessed Lord?”

I answered her in the same tone: “I will not kiss the shining sword, the gift of our ever blessed Lord—I will kiss Red Sefchen!” And as she could not defend herself, for fear of wounding me with the fatal sword, she had to submit when I threw my arms round her slender waist, and gave her a hearty kiss on the proud lips. So, in spite of the great sword that had beheaded a hundred poor rogues, and in spite of the infamy that fell on anyone who touched one of the despised race, I kissed the fair daughter of the headsman.

I kissed her, not altogether because I fancied her, but also from my scorn of the old society and its blind prejudices; and then were kindled within me the first sparks of two passions to which my latter life has been devoted—a love of fair women and a love for the French Revolution, the modern *furor francese*, which seized on me in my struggle with the soldiers of the Middle Ages.

I will not minutely relate my loves with Josepha. But I will confess this much, that it was but a prelude to the greater

tragedies of my riper years. It was thus Romeo felt toward Rosalind before he met Juliet.

In love as well as in the Catholic religion there are preliminary purgatorial fires, in which a man gets used to being roasted before getting into the real everlasting hell.

Hell! Ought we to call love anything so impolite? Well, if you like, I will compare it to heaven. Unfortunately, you can never tell just when love begins to be more like heaven or hell; so that one hardly knows whether the angel who is by our side is a devil in disguise, or the devil is a disguised angel.

To speak the truth, what a terrible disease the love for women is! No inoculation is of any use. Wise and learned physicians prescribe change of place, and think that absence from the enchantress will break the enchantment. The homeopathic doctrine that woman cures us of woman is perhaps the most effective.

You will have noticed, dear reader, that the inoculation of love, which my mother tried in my childhood, is of no great service. It was written that I should suffer more than other mortals from that terrible evil, palpitations of the heart; and my heart has so many badly healed scars that it looks like a mask of Mirabeau's face, or the façade of the Palais Mazarin after the glorious days of July, or like the reputation of the greatest tragic actress.

Is there then no cure for the fatal infirmity? A psychologist has lately declared that a man can overcome it, if he will apply appropriate remedies at the beginning of the attack. The prescription reminds me of the simple old prayer book, which contains prayers against all sorts of evils; among others, one several pages long, which a slater must recite when overcome by dizziness and in danger of falling from a roof.

It is just as foolish to advise a lovesick man to fly from the sight of his adored one, and seek a cure in solitude and the bosom of nature. Alas, in that green bosom he will find nothing but weariness; and he would do better, if he has any energy left, to seek other and whiter bosoms, where he will find, if not rest, a healing unrest—for woman is the best antidote to woman. To be sure, this is driving out Satan with Beelzebub, and in such cases the remedy is often worse than the disease. But there is always a chance; and in a hopeless love affair a change of the innamorata is the wisest plan, and, as my father would say, we must tap a new barrel.

Let us go back to my dear father, to whom some kind old motherly soul had denounced my frequent visits to the Göchen and my fancy for Red Sefchen. The denunciation had no other effect than to give my father a chance of showing his kind politeness. For Sefchen soon told me that a very distinguished looking man in powder, accompanied by another, had met her on the promenade : and when the other whispered a word in his ear, had given her a friendly glance and raised his hat as he passed her.

From the description I recognized my dear, good father.

He did not show the same forbearance, when someone repeated to him some light remarks on religious subjects that had escaped me. I was charged with atheism ; and my father gave me a lecture which was the longest I ever heard from him, and ran as follows :

“ My dear son, your mother lets you study philosophy with Professor Schallmeyer. That is her affair. For my part, I do not like philosophy, which is nothing but superstition ; I am a merchant, and need all my head for my business. Be as much of a philosopher as you like ; but I beg you not to express your opinions openly, for it will injure me in business if my customers hear I have a son who does not believe in God. The Jews, especially, will not buy any velveteen of me ; and they are worthy people, pay promptly, and are right in holding to their religion. I am your father, and so older and wiser than you ; so you can take my word for it when I say that atheism is a great sin.”

I have really always had a prejudice in favor of Catholicism, dating from my youth, and inspired by the amiability of Catholic priests. One of them was a friend of my father's, and taught philosophy in our school. As I was accustomed to see free thought and Catholicism united, I thought of the ceremonies only for their beauty, and the pleasant associations of my youth which they recalled, and never as anything hostile to the development of a man's intellectual growth. One recollection of my young days is connected with them. When my parents left the small house in which we had lived, my father bought one of the finest houses in Düsseldorf, to which was attached the onus of furnishing an altar for all processions ; and he took a pride in making the altar as fine and rich as possible. The days when we set out the proces-

sion altar were always holidays for me. But this only lasted till the Prussians came to Düsseldorf, for they deprived us of the right.

I reverence the worthy Herr Schallmeyer, now deceased—in his day a catholic priest and Rector of the Düsseldorf Gymnasium—as the first to cultivate my mind and heart. I was under his special instruction as a scholar of the Gymnasium, and went through all its classes. I remained in this republic of letters, until, in the second war against the French, the whole first class left the Gymnasium, and most of the scholars, and I among them, offered their services to our country, which profited little by the offer, as the peace of Paris was signed shortly afterward.

CHAPTER VI.

My First Books.

STRANGE ! “The Life and Adventures of the Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, by Miguel de Cervantes” was the first book I read, when I had reached an intelligent age, and had a fair acquaintance with my letters. I well remember the time when I stole out of the house in the early morning, and hurried to the Court Garden to read “Don Quixote” undisturbed. It was a lovely day in May. The blooming spring lay in the still light of morning, and listened to the voice of the nightingale, as she sang a flattering song of promise, so sweet, so persuasive and melting, that the shy buds opened, the bold grass and fragrant sunbeams kissed each other, and tree and flower trembled with rapture. I sat down on a mossy stone bench in the Alley of Sighs, as it is called, near the waterfall, and my young heart rejoiced at the brave knight’s doughty deeds. In my childish good faith I took it all for true ; and when fate played the poor knight a laughable trick, I felt that it was the part of a hero to bear scorn as well as bodily wounds, and pitied him as much for one as the other. I was a child, and had not yet learned to know the irony God has planted in the world, which the great author has depicted in his world of fiction ; and wept bitter tears when the worthy knight gained nothing but ridicule and blows for his magnanimous deeds. And as I, not being much skilled in reading, pronounced all the words aloud, the birds and trees, the stream and flowers heard it all ; and as these innocent creatures of nature knew as little of the world as children, they thought it was all true, and wept with me over the poor knight’s woes—a venerable oak sobbed, and the waterfall shook its white beard, deploring the wickedness of the world. We felt the knight’s heroism none the less worthy of admiration because the lion turned his back on him, without showing any desire to fight ; and found his feats of arms all the more admirable, the weaker and more fragile his frame,

the rottener the armor that covered it, and the sorrier the nag that bore him. We despised the low rabble that laid violent hands on him—and still more the high-born rabble in jewels and silks, of elegant speech and ducal rank, who could make sport of a man so far above them in intellect and greatness of soul. Dulcinea's knight rose higher in my estimation as I read farther in the wonderful book, which I did every day in the same garden ; so that by the autumn I had come to the end of the story—and I shall never forget the day when I read of the pitiful duel in which the knight was so shamefully defeated.

It was a gloomy day ; gray clouds drifted over the sky, the yellow leaves dropped sadly from the trees, tears stood on the last flowers whose faded heads drooped low, the nightingales had long ago ceased their song—the transitoriness of life stared at me on every side—and my heart was ready to burst, as I read how the gallant knight lay stunned and wounded on the ground, and through his closed visor, as if from out of the grave, said to his conqueror, “ Dulcinea Del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth. It is not fit that my weakness should discredit this truth. Push, sir knight, push on your lance ! ”

Alas ! This shining knight of the white moon, who had overthrown the bravest and most courteous man in the world, was a disguised barber !

This was long ago—since that how many things have happened ! All that seemed so noble—the knights with their chivalrous and catholic deeds, hacking and stabbing each other in the lofty tourney, the gentle squires and modest dames, the Northland heroes and the Minnesingers, the monks and nuns, ancestral tombs and sad forebodings, bells tolling for those who had renounced all joy in life, the universal voice of woe—what bitter disgust I have learned to feel for them all ! It was not always so. How often have I sat among the ruins of the castle of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, repeating to myself that sweetest of all Uhland's songs :

“ The fair young shepherd wandered near
The castle of the king.
The lady from the battlements
Looked down and longed full sore.

She called to him in sweetest tone :
" Ah, might I but come down to thee !
How dazzling white the little lambs,
How red the flowers' bloom ! "

The gentle youth his answer made :
" And if thou camest down,
How dazzling red thy little cheeks,
How white thy rounded arms ! "

And as in uncomplaining woe
Each morn he wandered by,
He gazed until above him there
His gentle love appeared.

And loud he called in friendly tone :
" Good-morrow, princess fair ! "
Her gentle answer echoed back :
" Thanks, gentle shepherd mine ! "

Winter had fled and spring had come,
Flowers bloomed all around ;
The shepherd near the castle drew,
But she was seen no more.

He cried aloud, in mournful tone :
" Good-morrow, princess fair ! "
A spirit voice on high replied :
" Farewell, oh, shepherd mine ! "

As I sat among the ruins of the old castle, and repeated this song, I could sometimes hear how the Nixies in the Rhine that flows hard by mocked my words, sighing and moaning in the waves with comic pathos, " A spirit voice on high replied, Farewell, oh, shepherd mine ! "

But I did not allow myself to be disturbed by any such pranks of the water-sprites, though they made sport of the finest parts of Uhland's songs. I modestly supposed they were tittering at me, especially when evening drew on, and I spoke the lines a little louder, to drive off a secret creeping that the old ruins gave me. There was a story that a headless lady walked there by night. I often thought I heard the rustling of her silk dress sweeping by, and my heart beat. At that time I was under the spell of Uhland's poetry. Many springs

have bloomed since then, but their charm has faded ; for, ah ! I no longer believe the nightingale's sweet falsehoods—that flatterer of the spring ; I know how soon its glory fades ; and when I gaze on the tender buds, I see them, in my fancy, blooming red, fading, and scattered by the winds. In all, I see winter in disguise.

But still in my bosom burns the glowing love that rises above the whole earth, and mounts adventurously to the yawning depths of heaven only to be thrust back by the cold stars ; and sinks again to the little earth, where it has to confess, with sighs and cries of pleasure, that there is nothing fairer and better than human hearts. Love is inspiration, the godlike art, be its actions foolish or be they wise. And the child did not shed the tears in vain which flowed for the foolish knight's woes ; nor the youth, when later he wept, on many a night in his room, for the death of the holy champions of liberty—for King Agis of Sparta, for Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, for Jesus of Jerusalem, and for Robespierre and Saint-Just of Paris.

CHAPTER VII.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main.

My mother now began to dream of a brilliant future for me in another direction.

The house of Rothschild, with the head of which my father was on confidential terms, was then just beginning its course of fabulous success. Other princes of finance and banking had also risen about us ; and my mother judged that the hour had sounded when a clever head for business might lead a man to great things, and place him on the pinnacle of worldly prosperity. She resolved that I should become a money power ; and so I must acquire foreign languages, especially English, geography, bookkeeping—in a word, every sort of knowledge useful in trade by sea or land.

My father left me for some time in Frankfort, in the year 1815. To get some acquaintance with exchange and colonial trade, I was placed in the counting house of one of my father's bankers, and the warehouse of a wholesale grocer ; the first of which visits lasted three weeks and the latter four, during which I learned how bills of exchange are drawn and how nutmegs look.

A well-known merchant with whom I was to be an *apprenti millionnaire*, declared I had no talent for business ; and I laughed and confessed he was right.

I lived two months in Frankfort, and, as I have said, remained but three weeks in the banker's office. This was probably the foundation of a deliberate invention I once read in a German paper that I was for two whole years in the service of a banker at Frankfort. God knows I would willingly have been a banker ; it was my dearest wish ; but I could not bring it about. I soon saw that bankers were destined to rule the world.

It was after Christmas in the year 1815 after the birth of Christ, that the name of Börne first fell upon my ear. My father had taken me with him to the Frankfort fair, to show me something of the world—which improves one. I was delighted with the comedy that offered itself to my eyes. In the

booths in the upper part of the Zeil I saw wax figures, wild beasts, and wonders of nature and art. My father pointed out the great magazines, Christian and Jewish, where you could buy things for ten per cent. less than the cost of manufacture, and always get cheated. He also showed me the Council House, the Römer, where German kings were bought for ten per cent. below the cost of manufacture. The article finally fell off very much. One day my father took me into the reading room of a Δ -lodge, or a \square -lodge where he often supped, drank coffee, played cards, and performed other masonic rites. While I was deep in the newspapers a young man sitting next to me whispered in my ear. "That is Dr. Börne, who writes criticisms on the actors."

I looked up and saw a man, who walked back and forth through the rooms several times, looking for a paper, and then went out of the door. Short as the time was that he had stayed the whole appearance of the man was stamped on my memory, and I could draw a picture of him to-day with diplomatic accuracy. He wore a brand-new tight-fitting coat, and his linen was of dazzling whiteness; but wore his clothes not like a dandy, but with a careless ease, not to say a forbidding indifference, that plainly showed he had not passed much time before the mirror over the knot of his white cravat; and had put on his coat as the tailor brought it home, without looking very closely whether it were too large or too small.

He looked neither tall nor short, thin nor stout; his face was neither red nor pale, but of a sort of reddish pallor or faded red; and what was most noticeable in it was an air of repelling distinction, a certain disdain, such as we find in men who feel above their position, yet doubt if others recognize the fact. It was not the mysterious majesty we discover in the faces of kings or men of genius, who preserve their incognito in the midst of the crowd—but rather the revolutionary, more or less titanic dissatisfaction, that is found in the faces of pretenders of all kinds. His carriage, his gestures, his walk, had in them something sure, determined, full of character. Are remarkable men wrapped in the invisible halo of their souls? Does our spirit divine in them a glory we cannot see with the eyes of the flesh? The moral thunder-storms in such rare men may have an electrical influence on the young, unblunted natures that come near them, as material storms affect cats. The flash of this man's eye affected me, I cannot say

exactly how ; but I have never forgotten the emotion, nor Dr. Börne the dramatic critic.

Yes, he was a dramatic critic, and exercised his powers on the heroes of the boards. My college friend Dieffenbach, when we were fellow-students at Bonn, whenever he met a dog or a cat, straightway cut off his tail, out of pure love of cutting—which made us all very angry with him when the poor brutes howled terribly. But we afterward forgave him heartily ; for this love of cutting made him the best surgeon in Germany. So Börne first tried his hand on the players, and conceited youths. On account of the more valuable services which, as the great political surgeon, he afterward rendered by keen criticisms, we must pardon many a youthful excess practiced on the Heigels, Weidners, Ursprungs, and similar innocent animals.

A MEMORY.

What wilt thou with me, sad, fond, vision vain ?
I feel thy breath, and now thy form I see !
Thou turn'st on me a look of patient pain ;
I know thee, and alas ! thou knowest me.

I am a sick man now, and every limb
Is tired of life, my heart has ceased to glow,
Beat down by sorrow, wrapped in sadness dim ;
How changed from when I met thee years ago !

In pride of strength, from my own country far
I wandered, by a hopeless fancy driven ;
I would have crushed the earth, and torn each star
Down from its pathway in the dome of heaven.

Frankfort, thou holdest many a fool and knave,
Yet I do love thee for what thou hast done ;
Germania owes thee many a monarch brave
And the chief bard, and I, my gentle one.

Along the Zeil I walked, the well-built Zeil ;
It was high fair-time, dear to trading Jew ;
A many-colored crowd surged round me, while
I marked, as in a dream, the busy crew.

And there was she ! With secret, sweet surprise,
I gazed upon that figure sweeping light,
The soft brown glances of her heavenly eyes,
That drew me to them with a curious might.

And through the market and the streets she passed,
And reached an alley, narrow, poor, and mean—
The sweet face turned, one beaming smile she cast,
And slipped into the house—I hastened in.

She was so lovely ! lovelier than e'er
The goddess rising from the ocean seemed.
Perchance this was the being wondrous fair,
For whom in boyhood's days I yearned and dreamed !

And yet I knew it not ! Shrouded in night
Was all my soul, a spell was round me wrought.
Perchance, the long-sought phantom of delight
I held within my arms—I knew it not !

And fairer yet I saw her in her woe,
After three days had fled, of which each one
Fled like a dream upon her breast of snow—
Then the old, hopeless fancy drove me on.

But she with gesture full of wild despair,
And cries of woe, her hands in sorrow wrung ;
Then falling to the earth, with loosened hair,
About my knees her clinging arms she flung.

Ah, God ! A lock of hair about my spur
Had twined itself—I saw her bleeding pain,
Yet tore myself away. So lost I her,
My poor child, I should never see again !

The hopeless fancy long has fled—the face
Of the poor child pursues where'er I go.
Where strayest thou, in what cold, desert place?
I gave thee up to poverty and woe !

CHAPTER VIII.

Hamburg.

[TO FRANZ VON ZUCCALMAGLIO.]

I AM drawn to the North by a golden star ;
Adieu, my brother, think of me from far !
Be true, be true, unto Poesy !
Never banish that sweet little bride from thee !
Keep in thy heart, as a shield from wrong,
Our dear and beautiful German tongue !
And if e'er thou comest to Northern land,
List, when thou touchest the northern strand ;
List for a ringing sound that creeps
From afar, and over the wide wave sweeps,
And it well may be, thy listening ear
A well-known singer's song shall hear.
Then take thou up thy lyre again,
And send me good news across the main :
How with thee, my beloved poet, it goes,
And with all my loved ones how it goes ;
And how it goes with the fairest of all,
And the youths whose hearts leap up at her call,
If she kindles all hearts, as she kindles mine,
The blooming rose on the blooming Rhine !
Of the Fatherland give me tidings new,
If it still be the land where love is true,
If the old God still in Germany dwell,
And men no more serve the devil from hell.
And when thy melodies sweetly ring,
And joyous fables once more shall bring
Over the waves, to the distant strand,
Thy bard shall rejoice in the Northern land.

The town of Hamburg is a good town—clean, solid houses.
Infamous Macbeth does not reign here, but here reigns Banquo.
Banquo's ghost reigns over all this little Free town, whose ap-

parent ruler is a high and mighty Senate. It is truly a free state, and there is the greatest political freedom. The citizens can do what they please ; and the high and mighty Senate can do as it pleases. It is a republic. If Lafayette had not had the luck to find Louis Philippe, he would certainly have recommended the Hamburg senators and councilors to his Frenchmen. Hamburg is the best of republics. Its customs are English [or angelic—a pun], and its food is heavenly. Truly, there are dishes to be eaten between the Wandramen and the Dreckwall streets that are not dreamt of in our philosophy. The Hamburgers are good people and eat well. They have all sorts of opinions on religion, politics, and science ; but their judgment is unanimous in the matter of eating. Hamburg was built by Charlemagne, and is inhabited by 80,000 small people who would not change with Charlemagne, who is buried at Aix-la-Chapelle. The population of Hamburg may amount to 100,000 ; I do not know precisely, though I walked for days through the streets looking at the people. No doubt I overlooked some men, for my attention was chiefly taken up by the women. I found these by no means slender, rather inclined to be corpulent on the contrary ; but enchantingly pretty, and generally of a certain pleasantly sensuous type that I found not disagreeable. If they are not much given to sentiment or romantic love, and do not understand much about a heartfelt passion, it is not their fault but Cupid's—the little god often laying his sharpest dart in his bow, and then, either through mischief or mischance, aiming too low, and instead of the heart, transfixing the stomachs of the fair ladies of Hamburg. As to the men, I generally found them short and thickset, with cold, intelligent eyes, low foreheads, flabby red cheeks, well-developed feeding apparatus, hats apparently nailed on their heads, and both hands in their pockets, as if they were just on the point of asking "How much is it?"

HAMBURG, July 6, 1816.

To Christian Sethe, Düsseldorf:

Yes, I will write to my friend Christian. To be sure, it is not the most appropriate time for it. My heart is in a curious state of agitation, and I must take care that no word escapes me that would betray my innermost feelings. I am well ; am my own master, and all alone, and so contented and happy and

proud, and looking down on everybody as a parcel of dwarfs, and enjoying the sensation. Christian, you know my bragga-docio vein. So—

When the hour is come, I feel my heart swell,
And my bosom is under the magical spell ;
Quick, give me the pen ! Let me paint in a line
The sweetness and grace of my charmer divine !

Oh, curse the bombast ! I believe my muse has played me false by sending me off to the north, and staying behind herself. She too is a woman. Or is she frightened away by my business pursuits ? It is a fact ; this is a nest of commercial debauchery. Many a German poet has sung himself into a consumption here.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! In four weeks I shall see Molly. With her, my muse will come back ! I have not seen her for these two years. Old heart, why dost thou rejoice and beat so high ?

HAMBURG, October 27, 1816.

She loves me *not* ! You must speak the *last* word low, dear Christian, very low. Eternal heaven is in the first words—in the last one, eternal hell. Could you but look for a moment in your poor friend's face, and see how pale he looks, and wild, and frantic, your righteous indignation at his long silence would vanish at once ; better yet, could you cast a glance into his inmost soul,—you would love me more than ever. You know, Christian, that from the moment I first saw you I was involuntarily drawn to you, and you were unaccountably dear to me. I must have told you this long ago. How often have I seen in your face, and above all in your eyes, *something* which in a mysterious way repelled me and then drew me back to you—so that I seemed to recognize in the same glance kind affection and the bitterest, scornful, icy contempt. Do you know, I have seen the same puzzling something in Molly's glances. And this perplexes me. For though I have the surest, most undoubted proofs that she loved me—proofs that the Rector Schallmeyer would not hesitate to pronounce logical, and build his own system upon—my poor heart will not give in and say *concedo*, but cries, "What care I for your logic ? I have a logic of my own." I have seen her again.

The devil take my soul,
The hangman take my life,
As long as I may choose
For myself a lovely wife.

Ha ! Does not that make you shudder, Christian ? Shudder away ; I am shuddering myself. Burn this letter. God have mercy on my poor soul. I did not write this ; a pale fellow sat in my chair and wrote it. That is because it is midnight. O God ! A madman cannot sin. See, Christian ; only your friend could raise his eyes to the Most High. (Do you recognize him in that ?) It really seems as if it would be his perdition. But you can hardly imagine, dear Christian, how noble and sweet my perdition looks. *Aut Cæsar aut nihil* was always my motto. All for all.

I am a crazy chessplayer. I have lost the queen at the first move, but I play on, and play on, for the queen. Shall I still play on ?

Keep me, O God, under thy sure protection from the cunning, evil might of the hour. To bear a burning longing in my heart for years, and far from her, is like the pains of hell, and draws cries of hellish anguish from me. But to be near *her*, and yet for never ending weeks to long in vain for the sole blessing on earth, a look from her—O Christian, the purest and most pious heart would break out in wild and frantic blasphemies.

And it is heart-sickening that *she* so bitterly despises my beautiful songs, which I sang only for her, and ridicules me for them. But you may be assured that in spite of this, the muse is dearer to me than ever. She has proved a true and consoling friend, a secret joy, and I love her from my soul.

I write many verses, for I have plenty of time, and the "enormous business operations" do not occupy me much. I do not know whether my later poems are better than the others ; but they certainly are softer and sweeter, like honeyed woe. I am thinking of printing them soon—but it may be months yet. But here is the trouble : as they are mere love-songs they will terribly disgrace me as a business man ; I cannot make you thoroughly understand this, as you do not know the ruling spirit of the place.

I live quite alone here ; you will readily believe this from what I have written above. My uncle lives in the country.

There is a deal of display and ceremony out there ; and the free-and-easy poet makes sad blunders in etiquette.

The great (???) Heine's nephew is everywhere well received and treated ; pretty girls make eyes at him ; their fichus rise and fall with a gentle motion, and their mothers indulge in calculations, but—but—keep off ! I am all the company that I need.

And what sort of a fellow I keep company with, Christian knows better than I.

Uncle wants me away. Father complains I am doing nothing, in spite of all he has laid out on me. But, *côûte que coute* I will stay here.

CHAPTER IX.

Amalie Beine.

In the wondrous-lovely month of May,
When all the buds were swelling,
Then deep down within my heart
The springs of love were welling.

In the wondrous-lovely month of May,
When birds were in full song,
I told her that for love of her
My heart did yearn and long.

The rose and the lily, the sun and the dove,
I loved them all with a rapture of love.
I love them no longer, I love alone
My pet, my darling, my dainty, my own,
The spring from which all true love flows—
She is dove and sun and lily and rose.

When I look into thine eyes,
Every woe and sorrow flies.
When on thy lips I print a kiss,
I am filled with perfect bliss.

When I lean upon thy breast,
O'er me comes a heavenly rest ;
But when thou say'st " I love thee so !"
My bitter tears unbidden flow.

Lay thy cheek against my cheek,
Let our tears together flow !
Press thy heart fast to my heart,
Till the flames united glow !

Then, when the torrent of our tears
Pours on the raging fire,
And when my arm shall clasp thee close,
I shall die of love's desire !

I will plunge my soul
Into the lily's cup ;
The lilies shall chime and breathe
A song of my dearest love.

The song will tremble and live,
Like the kiss of her lips,
Which once she gave to me
In an hour wondrous sweet.

Upon the wings of melody
My heart's delight I will bear
To the far-off streams of the Ganges,
To a spot of beauty rare.

There lies a blooming garden,
Beneath the moonlight clear ;
The lotus flowers are waiting
For their little sister dear.

The violets titter and gossip,
And look at the stars above ;
Each rose in the ear of her lover
Whispers her story of love.

The gazelles, in their innocent cunning,
Listen and pass with a bound ;
And the waves of the sacred river
On the distant shore resound.

There we will lie in the shadow,
Under the palm by the stream,
And drink deep of rest and passion,
And dream a heavenly dream.

The lotus flower is affrighted
By the glory of the sun,
And, with head down drooping,
Dreaming awaits the night.

The moon, who is her lover,
Awakes her with its light,
And she uncovers with a smile
Her lovely flower-face.

She blooms and blushes and glows,
And silent looks on high,
And fragrant weeps and trembles
With love and the pangs of love.

You love me not, you love me not ;
Oh, that's a trifling thing ;
Only let me look into your eyes,
And I'm happy as a king.

You hate me, yes indeed you do,
So your rosy lips declare ;
Turn round and let me kiss them, child,
And then I shall not care.

Dearest, thou to-day must say :
Art thou not a vision vain,
Such as, in sleepy summer day,
Springs from out the poet's brain ?

But no—those lips that sweetly smiled,
The eyes wherein such magic gleamed,
Such a loving, darling child
Never yet a poet dreamed.

Basilisks and vampires cruel,
Dragons fell and monsters dire—
Fabled beasts like these are fuel
Fit to feed the poet's fire.

But thee and all thy roguish ways,
The downcast lips, that hardly seem
To give consent to primest gaze—
Of these could poet never dream.

Like to the daughter of ocean's foam
Shines my love in beauty's sheen ;
And she is the chosen one
Who shall be a stranger's bride.

Heart, my heart, thou long enduring,
Make no moan for her betrayal ;
Bear it, bear it, and forgive it—
All the pretty fool has done.

I'll make no moan, though my heart break, my own,
Albeit long-lost love ! I'll make no moan.
What though thou shinest bright with diamond light,
No ray shall ever pierce thy heart's dark night.

Long since in dreams I saw thee as thou art,
And saw the night that dwells within thy heart,
And saw the serpents on thy heart that feed,
And saw, my love, that thou art poor indeed.

There is a tooting and fiddling,
The trumpets loudly bray ;
And in the merry marriage-dance
My darling leads the way.

The kettle-drums are rattling,
The bassoon gives a drone—
While the angels up above us
Can only sob and groan.

If the flowers knew, the little flowers,
How deep is my heart's wound,
They would weep together with me,
To soothe my pain.

And if the nightingales but knew
How sick I am and sad,
They would joyously pour forth
Healing melody.

And if all my wretchedness
The little gold stars knew,
They would come down from on high
And speak consoling words.

But all these cannot know it ;
One only knows my woe ;
She herself has rent in twain,
Rent in twain my heart.

Though unto thee many have spoken,
And each could a story unfold,
Yet that which my poor heart has broken
Not one to thee ever has told.

They are ready enough to think evil,
Shake their heads, and profess themselves grieved,
And declare that I must be the devil
And thou too hast all this believed.

But the very worst thing in the matter
Is something they never have guessed
The worst and the silliest secret
I keep safely hid in my breast.

The linden was blooming, the nightingale singing,
The sun was laughing in pleasure and glee,
When thou gav'st me a kiss, and flung'st thine arms round me,
And strainedst me close to thy swelling breast.


The leaves were falling, the ravens croaking,
The sun looked down with a mournful gleam,
Then we said to each other an icy "Farewell,"
And politely thou mad'st me the politest of courtesies.

Long years thou hast cherished me truly,
And all that thou hast thou hast proffered,
And sweet consolation hast offered,
When fortune oppressed me unduly.

Thee oft for a morsel I thanked,
An occasional thaler thou'st sent me,
And even a shirt or two lent me,
And my journeys have always been franked.

So, darling, may God keep thee ever
From heat and from cold safely guarded ;
But as to thy being rewarded
For all thou hast done for me—never !

The world is so fair and the heavens so blue,
The breezes are blowing so gentle and mild,
The flowers are nodding in the green field,
And sparkling and glistening with morning dew,



And all men are joyous wherever I turn
Yet would I were lying in my grave,
And clasping my dead love close to my heart.

A pine tree stands deserted
On the barren northern height ;
It slumbers, by the ice and snow
Wrapped in a mantle white.

It is dreaming of a palm tree
In the far off morning land,
Deserted and grieving in silence,
By the cliffs and burning sand.

They have tortured me and teased me,
Till they turned me blue and white,
Some with their affection,
Others with their spite.

They poisoned every drop I drank,
They poisoned every bite,
Some with their affection,
Others with their spite.

But she who teased, grieved, angered me,
Far more than all the rest,
Had not a single spark of hate
Nor love, within her breast.

When two loves are parted,
Hand presses hand.
They weep broken-hearted,
And sigh without end.

We shed not a tear-drop,
Nor sighed " Oh ! " or " Aye ! "
The weeping and sighing
They came by and by.

At the four cross-roads is buried
He who himself has slain ;
Where grows a little flower blue
Men call Poor Sinners' Weed.

At four cross-roads I stood and sighed,
The night was cold and drear ;
In the moonlight slowly waving,
Stood the Poor Sinners' Weed.

Fair cradle of my sorrows,
Fair tomb of my repose,
Fair town, we now must sever,
" Farewell " I say to thee,

Farewell, thou hallowed threshold,
Where dwells my little love ;
Farewell, forever, hallowed spot,
Where first she met my gaze.

Oh, had I never seen her,
Her, my heart's beauteous queen,
Then never had it come to pass
That I so sad should be.

I would not vex thy gentle heart,
And ne'er implored thy love ;
I only asked to live unknown,
There where thou drewest breath.

But thou thyself hast banished me,
Thy lips spoke bitter words :
Madness riots in my brain,
And my heart is sick and sore.

A pilgrim's staff must prop my limbs,
As I wander faint and slow,
Until I lay my weary head
In a cold grave afar.

All the old and mournful ditties,
The horrid dreams that banish sleep,
To-day all these I mean to bury ;
Bring a coffin wide and deep.

I have much to lay within it,
Though as yet I say not what ;
But the coffin must be larger
Than Heidelberg's enormous vat.

A mighty bier must be made ready,
Built of timbers stout and strong ;
Let them make it even longer
Than Mayence's bridge is long.

Give me too a dozen giants,
Mightier in limb and bone
Than St. Christopher the Blessed,
In the High Church of Cologne.

They shall carry forth the coffin,
And sink it deep within the sea ;
'Tis meet for such a mighty coffin,
That the grave should mighty be.

Shall I tell you why the coffin
Must be huge beyond belief ?
All my loves to-day I bury,
And with them bury all my grief.

Young and light-hearted was I in my dream—
The house that on the mountain used to stand
Is there, and by the path along the stream
My cousin fair and I walk hand in hand.

The dainty slender figure ! And the sweet
Sea-green eyes, roguish as a water-sprite !
She trips along upon her little feet,
A thing of strength and beauty, firm and light.

And when she speaks, the tone is frank and true
 As if her inmost soul it would disclose ;
 And many a sentence, wise and thoughtful too,
 Falls from two lips that seem a new-blown rose.

These are no pangs of love that o'er me steal,
 No frenzied dream ; my pulses tranquil flow ;
 Yet by her side a strange unrest I feel,
 As her fair hand I kiss, with head bent low.

And then, I think, I plucked a flower small,
 And gave it her, and spoke in accents free :
 " Marry me, cousin, best beloved of all,
 That, like thee, I may good and happy be."

I never knew what she in answer said,
 For I awoke—and once again was here—
 A sick man, lying on a sick man's bed,
 In torture, as I have lain many a year.

[The following poem must be referred to this period, though published much later.]

"DIE WAHLVERLOBTEN."

[*The Elective Betrothed.*]

Thou cryest, look'st on me, and tryest
 To think that for my grief thou cryest—
 Thou know'st not, woman, thine own woe
 Draws from thine eyes the tears that flow.

Oh, say, if never o'er thy soul
 A sad, foreboding thought there stole,
 To warn thee that the Fates' decree
 Must part forever thee and me ?
 United—joy for us below ;
 Parted—our sun must set in woe.



'Twas writ in the great book above
That we must one another love.
Thy place was on my breast, that so
Thou might'st have learned thyself to know ;
Freed from the plants of common race,
Oh, flower, borne in my embrace
Up to a higher life with me—
I would have given a soul to thee.

Now that the riddles all are read,
The sand from out the hour glass fled—
Oh, weep not, for it so must be—
Alone thou witherest, and I flee.
Thou witherest ere thou didst blow,
Art quenched ere ever thou didst glow ;
Thou diest, feelest the hand of death,
Ere thou hast drawn one living breath.

I know it now. By God ! thou art
She whom I loved. How sore the smart
When, in the moment when we know,
The hour strikes which bids us go !
And "Welcome" sounds but as a way
To say "Farewell." We part to-day
Forever. In the heights of heaven
No hope to meet again is given.
Thy beauty in the dust is prone ;
Thou liest crushed and overthrown.
Far other is the poet's lot ;
To death e'en Death can doom him not ;
The crash of worlds shall pass us by,
Living in land of song for aye,
In Avalon, where fairies dwell—
Fair corpse, forever fare thee well !

CHAPTER X.

The First Voyage.

It was on a beautiful spring day that I first left the town of Hamburg. I can see now the golden sunlight playing on the tarry sides of the ships, and hear the sailors' joyous, long drawn out Heave-ho! A harbor in springtime has something which just fits with the humor of a youth going out for the first time into the world, venturing for the first time on the great sea of life—his thoughts all bright colored, his sails swelled with confidence—Heave-ho! But ere long storms gather, the horizon grows dark, the tempest roars, the timbers creak, waves dash the rudder in pieces, and the poor bark is thrown on to the rocks of romance or stranded on shallow prosaic sands—or it may be that, maimed and battered, not even the anchor of hope remaining, she crawls back to the old harbor to lie a poor wreck, dismantled little by little as the days go by.

Some men are more like steamboats than common vessels. They bear a hidden fire in their bosoms, and rush on against wind and weather—their smoky flag streams like the black plume of a specter horseman, their wheels are giant spurs dashed into the ribs of the waves, and the unruly, foaming element must bend to their will like a courser. But the boiler often bursts, and we are devoured by the fire within us.

But I will abandon all metaphors, and get aboard a real ship sailing from Hamburg to Amsterdam. It was a Swedish vessel, carrying bar-iron, as well as the hero of these pages; and, as return freight, probably took stockfish to Hamburg or owls to Athens.

The banks of the Elbe are lovely, especially below Altona, about Rainville. Klopstock lies buried not far away. I do not know a spot where a dead poet could better lie buried. For a live poet to live there is harder. How often I sought thy grave, bard of the Messiah, who sangest the sufferings of Jesus with such moving truth! But thou hast lived in the Königstrasse behind the Jungfernstieg, long enough to know how prophets are crucified.

On the second day we came to Cuxhaven, which is a colony of Hamburg. The residents are employees of the republic, and lead a pleasant life. If they are freezing in winter, they have blankets sent them from Hamburg, and lemonade in the hot summer days. A wise and grave senator resides there as proconsul. His salary is twenty thousand marks, and he rules over fifty thousand souls. There are sea baths there, which have the advantage over other sea baths of being also Elbe baths. A great dike with a walk on the top leads to Ritzebüttel, which belongs to Cuxhaven.

I shall never forget this first sea voyage. My old great-aunt had told me so many stories of water nymphs that all came back to me now. I could sit on deck for hours, recalling the old stories ; and when the waves murmured I seemed to hear my great-aunt's voice. If I turned my eyes, I saw her sitting before me, with her one remaining tooth, and her lips fast moving as she told the story of the Flying Dutchman.

I should have liked to see the mermaids, sitting on the white rocks combing their green hair ; but I only heard their songs.

However hard I looked down into the clear water, I could not see the buried cities, where men far, far down, live watery lives, transformed into some fishlike shape. They say the salmon and old roach sit at the windows dressed like ladies, fanning themselves and looking down into the streets, where shellfish swim by in councilors' robes, while coquettish young herrings stare at them through their eyeglasses, and crabs and lobsters and suchlike common crustaceans wallow about. But I could not look deep enough, and only heard the bells ringing below us.

In the night I saw a great ship with swelling sails of a blood red pass by, like a black giant in a scarlet cloak.. Was it the Flying Dutchman?

BOOK SECOND

STUDENT YEARS.

1819.-1825.



CHAPTER I.

Bonn.

Soon after this came a great commercial crisis, my father and many of our friends lost their property, the business bubble burst more suddenly and disastrously than the imperial one, and my mother had to find a new career for me.

She thought I had better study law. She had observed how, long ago in England, and also in France and constitutional Germany, the legal profession had taken the lead in all things ; and especially that advocates, by reason of their practice in public speaking, played the important parts, and reached the highest places in the state. My mother was quite right. As in the newly erected University at Bonn the law faculty embraced the most celebrated professors, my mother sent me straight to Bonn, where I sat at the feet of Mackeldey and Welcker, and fed on the manna of their learning.

In the year 1819, I attended in one and the same semester four courses, in which German antiquities of the remotest times were taught, viz. (1) The history of the German language, by Schlegel, who for nearly three months developed the strangest theories of the origin of the Germans ; (2) The "Germania" of Tacitus, by Arndt, who sought in the old German forests those virtues he missed in the modern salons ; (3) State laws of Germany, by Hullmann, whose historical views are vague, to say the least ; and (4), The Primitive Ages in Germany, by Radloff, who had only got as far as Sesostris, when the semester came to an end.

A German poet in those days was a man who wore a torn and shabby coat ; wrote baptismal or wedding odes for a thaler apiece ; when good society frowned on him consoled himself with good drink and sometimes lay in the gutter of an evening, caressed by the pitying beams of Luna. As they grew old, these men fell into lower depths of poverty, but a poverty

free from all care, except as to where the most schnapps could be got for the least money.

Even I had entertained these ideas of a German poet. How great was my wonder when, as a young man, in 1819, I went to the University of Bonn, and there had the honor of seeing face to face that poetic genius, A. W. Schlegel. With the exception of Napoleon, he was the first great man I had seen, and I shall never forget the lofty spectacle. I can feel to-day the holy tremor that ran through my soul, when I stood before his desk and heard him speak. I wore a blue pilot-cloth coat, a red cap, long fair hair and no gloves. Herr Schlegel wore kid gloves, and was dressed in the latest Parisian style; he breathed a perfume of good company and *eau de mille fleurs*, and was grace and elegance personified. When he spoke of the Lord Chancellor of England, he added "my friend"; by his side was a footman, in the baronial Schlegel livery, to snuff the wax candles in their silver candlesticks; and a glass of sugar and water stood within the wonderful man's reach. Liveried servants! Waxlights! Silver candlestick! My friend the Lord High Chancellor of England! Kid gloves! Sugar and water! What unheard-of things in a German professor's lecture! All this splendor dazzled us young fellows, not a little—especially me; and I wrote three odes on Herr Schlegel. . .

I.

The fellest snake—the dagger-stab of doubt;
The fellest poison—doubt of our own strength;
I felt these gnaw the marrow of my life;
I was a tender twig, whose props were failing.

Then hadst thou pity on the tender twig,
And round thy hopeful words thou badst it twine;
To thee be thanks, high master, if hereafter
The tender shoot should ever bear a flower.

Oh, mayst thou sometimes yet keep watchful guard,
Till, grown into a tree, it deck the garden
Of that kind fairy that chose thee for her child.

From my old nurse I learned that garden's story;
There sweet mysterious sounds are ever ringing,
The flowers all talking, and the trees all singing.

II.

In a hoop petticoat, bedecked with flowers,
And patches stuck upon her painted cheeks,
With pointed shoes most curiously embroidered,
With high piled hair, and strangled waspish waist,

So was the shameful muse rigged and bedizened,
That came to clasp thee in her lewd embrace.
But from her path thou turnedst thee aside,
To wander forth, by some dim instinct guided.

There in the wilds thou cam'st upon a castle,
Wherein there lay, like form of purest marble,
A lovely maid in magic slumber buried.

But at thy greeting the strong spell was broken,
Germania's stately muse awoke, and smiling
She sank into thine arms with love o'erpowered.

III.

With that which is thine own not satisfied,
Thou covetest the Niebelungen treasure,
Seekest rich wonders from the banks of Thames,
And boldly pluckest flowers from Tagus' side.

From out the Tiber thou hast jewels rescued,
The Seine must to thy merit tribute pay,
Thou pressest onward yet to Bramah's realms,
And wouldst bring pearls from out the far-off Ganges.

Oh, greedy man, I bid thee rest contented
With that which unto few was ever given ;
Turn thee to spending now and not to hoarding.
And with the treasures, that with zeal untiring
Thou hast from north and south heaped up together,
Enrich the scholar now, thy glad inheritor.

BONN, 15th July, 1820.

To Fritz V. Beugheim :

I was right glad, dear Fritz, to get a letter from you. I am pleased to learn from it that you are well ; but see with sor-

row that you who once loved to rhyme *musen* with *busen*, now mean to tear yourself quite away from the *busen* [bosom] of the *musen* [muses]. I too, and for the sake of fair bosoms, neglected the muses. You see how I was punished by poetical barrenness last winter, which so enraged me that I fancied myself forever abandoned by the muses, and could not even write a song in complaint of it. But old Schlegel, who knows how to deal with women, has reconciled the angry fair ones with me.

I could tell you many pleasant things about my relations with Schlegel. He was delighted with my poetry, and pleasantly surprised at its originality. I am too conceited to wonder at this. The oftener I meet him, the more I see what a great head he has, and that it can be said of him,

Graces invisible press around him,
To learn new charms from him.

His first question always is; how the publication of my poems is coming on; and he seems anxious for it. You, too, dear Fritz, ask me about this. Unfortunately, by reason of the many corrections I have made by Schlegel's advice, I have still a great many old poems to copy out and many new poems and metrical translations from the English to add. I succeed very well with these last, which will show my poetical dexterity. Enough of self-praise.

You cannot imagine, dear Fritz, how often and how fondly I think of you. Especially as I am now living a *sad, sick and lonely* life. In the present state of things, to seek new friendships is a dubious and senseless thing; and as to my old friends, I seem no longer to please them.

Steinmann, a Jew, a poet, Prince Wittgenstein, and his intendant are all my present society. During the holidays, I shall stay here and grind, but in October I mean to run off to Göttingen, and on my way back I will stop at Hamm to see you.

That is one of the friendly roses, so sparsely strewn in the path of my life.

Oh, my dear Fritz, the thorns are every moment pricking me; but they cannot wound me, as once they did. I see now that men are fools when they complain of great sorrows. Sorrows are not great. It is the breast that harbors them that is too narrow.

NIGHT ON THE DRACHENFELS.

By midnight we had reached the castle height ;
A wood-fire burned beneath its ramparts gray ;
And where the joyous students round it lay,
Germania's war songs echoed through the night.

We drank her health in Rhenish cups filled high ;
While castle ghosts watched on the towers steep,
And specter knights about us seemed to creep,
While the fog maidens mistily swept by.

From the high tower's wall a hollow groan,
And rattling stones and the owl's dismal moan,
Came on the raging breath of north wind old.

Such was the night, dear friend, I had to pass
Upon the Drachenfels—and then alas !
I went home with a horrid cough and cold.

[TO J. B. ROUSSEAU.]

Thy friendly greeting bids me bare my breast,
And all its secret chambers open fling ;
The air is stirred, as by an angel's wing,
And welcome visions rise of home and rest.

Once more I see the Rhine's blue waters flow,
Towers and Alps mirrored on its surface clear ;
The golden grapes swing in each vineyard near ;
The pickers clamber up from row to row.

Oh, could I come to thee, truest of all,
That holdest fast to me, even as clings,
The ivy green upon a ruined wall—

Oh, could I come to thee, friend true and dear,
List to thy lays, while loud the redbreast sings,
With the Rhine's billows gently murmuring near.

CHAPTER II.

Little Veronica.

WHETHER it be the monotonous stroke of the oars, or the motion of the boat, or the scent of the river-banks that is so pleasant, certain it is that the saddest traveler is wonderfully soothed when he finds himself gliding on a summer evening over the clear, sweet waters of the Rhine in a light skiff. Good-hearted Father Rhine cannot bear to see his children weep ; but dries their tears, rocks them in his arms, tells them his prettiest stories, and promises them his richest treasures—possibly even the Nibelungen treasure.

Oh, it is a fair land, full of love and sunshine. The blue stream reflects the banks, with their ruined castles and woods and antique towns. Of a summer evening the town folk sit before the house door, chattering fast while they drink out of great tankards—how the wine promises well, thank God ! and how the courts ought to be open to everybody, and how Marie Antoinette was guillotined with perfect composure, and how the monopoly raises the price of tobacco, and how all men are equal.

I never cared for such talk, but preferred to sit with the girls in the arched window, laughed because they laughed, and let them slap my face with flowers ; and then pretended to be very angry till they told me their secrets or some wonderful story or other. Pretty Gertrude was crazy with delight when I sat down by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose ; and when she fell on my neck once I thought she would take fire and burn up in my arms. The fair Katherine was overflowing with affection when she spoke to me, and her eyes were of a blue pure and deep as I never saw in a human being or an animal, and seldom in a flower ; it was pleasant to look into them, and gave one many sweet thoughts. But beautiful Hedwig loved me ; for when I drew near, she hung her head till the black locks fell over her blushing face, and her bright eyes were like stars shining in the dark heavens. Her bashful lips uttered no word, and I could find nothing to

say to her. I coughed, and she trembled. She often got her sister to beg me not to climb about the rocks so carelessly, and not to bathe in the Rhine when I was heated with waltzing or drinking. I often overheard her earnest prayer before the Virgin that stood in a niche in the hall, decked out with gold leaf and lighted by a lamp that was always burning. I distinctly heard her pray to God's mother, "to keep him from climbing, drinking, and bathing." I should have certainly fallen in love with the beautiful girl, had she been indifferent; but I was indifferent to her because I knew she loved me.

The pretty Joan was a cousin of the three sisters, and I was fond of sitting by her. She knew many beautiful legends; and when she pointed out of the window with her white hand at the mountains, where all she was telling me had happened, my mind was fascinated; the old knights rose out of the ruined castles and stood before my eyes, slashing away at each other's iron suits; the Lorelei stood on the mountain peak and sent down her sweet, fatal song, and the Rhine murmured in quiet, soothing, yet strangely tantalizing tones; and the beautiful Joanna gave me a look so strange, so loving, so mysteriously sad—as if she were a part of all she related. She was a slim, pale girl, of a pensive nature; she was mortally ill; her eyes were as clear as truth itself, her lips were curved, and there was a whole history in her face—but a holy history—Was it a love story? I know not, and had not the courage to ask her. When I had looked at her for a while I was calm and cheerful, as if it were Sunday in my heart, and angels were praising God there.

In these good hours I told her stories of my childhood, and she listened earnestly; and, strange! when I could not recall names, she reminded me of them. When I asked her in wonder how she knew these names, she answered with a smile that she had heard them from the birds who had built their nests on the moldings outside of her window; and would have persuaded me that they were the very birds that as a child I had bought with my pocket money from hardhearted peasant children, and set free. But I believe she knew everything, because she was so pale, and died so soon after. She knew when she should die, and wished me to leave Andernach the day before. When we parted, she gave me both her hands—they were white, sweet hands, and pure as the host—and said, "You are good, but if you are ever bad, think of little dead Veronica."

Did the chattering birds teach her this name also? I had often racked my brain for hours trying to remember the dear name.


Now that I have it, my earliest childhood will bloom again in my memory. I am again a child, playing with other children in the Schlossplatz at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

It was a bright frosty autumn day, when a young man, who had the air of a student, was slowly walking in the alley of the Hofgarten at Düsseldorf—often kicking up in a boyish way the leaves that strewed the ground, and often looking sadly up at the dry trees, where a few golden leaves were still hanging. When he thus looked upward, he recalled the words of Glaukos;

“Like to the leaves in the wood, so are mankind’s generations;
Now the wind strews them on earth, and presently others
Hang on the budding trees, when comes the new life of
springtime;
So generations of men: one grows when another has
vanished.”

In earlier days the young man had looked on these trees with far different feelings; for he was then a boy, and was looking for birds’ nest, and lady-birds, which he loved to watch humming gayly over the bright world, and rejoicing over a juicy leaflet, a dewdrop, or the warm rays of the sun, or the sweet scent of the herbs. The boy’s heart was as light as the fluttering insects. But now his heart had grown older, the sun no longer shone within it, its flowers had faded, and the sweet dream of love had fled—nothing was left in the poor heart but courage and grief. To speak the sad truth—that heart was mine.

On that day I had come back to my native town, but did not mean to pass the night there; for I longed to be at Godesberg, to sit at my sweet friend’s feet, and tell her of little Veronica. I had been to the dear graves. Of living friends I had found only an uncle and an aunt. If I saw a few familiar faces in the street, none knew me, and the town itself looked at me with a strange eye. Many houses had been painted over, strange faces looked from the windows, shabby sparrows flew round the chimneys—all was as dead,



yet as fresh, as lettuce grown in a churchyard. Only the old Elector knew me ; he stood in his old place, but seemed to have grown thinner. As he stood in the center of the market, he had seen all the evils of the times ; and one cannot fatten on such sights. I was in a dream ; and I thought of the stories of enchanted cities, and hurried out through the gate for fear of waking too soon. I missed many a tree in the Hofgarten ; many were decaying, and the four great poplars that used to look like green giants had grown small. Some pretty girls were walking about in gay colors like bright tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were little bulbs ; for, ah ! they were the children of our neighbors, with whom I had played at " Princess in the Tower." But the fair maidens I had known as blushing rosebuds were now faded roses ; and on many fair brows whose proud beauty had entranced me, old Saturn had traced deep wrinkles with his scythe. Now for the first time, but, ah ! far too late, I found out the meaning of the looks they used to cast on the youth. In the meanwhile I had seen in foreign parts many stars of the same order in fair eyes. I was greatly moved when a man took off his hat to me, whom I had known rich and respectable and who had since sunk into beggary. How we see in all things that when a man begins to fall, he falls as if by Newton's law, faster and faster into misery. One man seemed quite unchanged—the little baron, who danced along the path of the Hofgarten as smart as ever, one hand holding his left coattail high in air, while he flourished his slender cane in the other. It was still the same friendly little face, its bloom somewhat concentrated in the nose ; still the same little sugar-loaf hat, still the same little cue, except that a few white hairs strayed out of it where black hairs used to be. Cheerful as he looked, however, I knew that the poor baron had had a great deal of trouble ; his face would have denied it, but the white hairs betrayed him behind his back. And even they would have denied it, and wagged with piteous cheerfulness.

I was not tired ; but I had a mind to sit once more on the wooden seat whereon I had once carved my girl's name. I could hardly find it, so many others had since been carved there. Ah ! I had once fallen asleep on this bench, and dreamed of joy and love. " Dreams are bubbles." The old games too, came back to me, and the old, beautiful stories. But a false new game and a hateful new story thrust themselves for-

ward—and it was the story of two poor souls that were false to one another, and at last grew so false that they broke faith with God. It is a sad story, and if one had nothing better to do he might weep over it. O God ! The world was once so fair, the birds sang hymns in thy praise, and little Veronica looked at me with quiet eyes as we sat by the marble statue in the Schlossplatz. On one side stands the old weather-beaten castle, which is haunted at night by a lady in black without a head, who wanders about with long rustling garments. On the other side is a high white building, in whose upper rooms pictures shine brightly from their golden frames ; while below are thousands of volumes, at which little Veronica and I would stare when good Ursula lifted us up to the great windows. Later, when I was a big boy, I clambered every day up the ladders, and took down the topmost books, and read until I was afraid of nothing, at least of no women without heads, and grew so learned that I forgot all the old games and pictures and stories and little Veronica, and even her very name.

As we walked on, the child played with a flower she held in her hand ; it was a sprig of mignonette. Suddenly she put it to her lips, and then handed it to me. When I came home for the holidays the next year little Veronica was dead. And since then, in spite of all the vacillations of my heart, her memory has never died. Why? how? Is it not strange, mysterious? When I think of this story, a sad feeling, like the memory of a great misfortune, comes over me.

While I was sitting on the bench in the Hofgarten and dreaming of the past, I heard behind me the confused sound of voices, bewailing the fate of the poor Frenchmen, who had been taken in the Russian war and sent as prisoners to Siberia. and there detained for several years after peace was declared, and had but now returned. Raising my eyes, I beheld these charity-children of Fame. Bare want stared through every rent in their tattered uniforms ; deep, plaintive eyes looked from their wasted faces ; but, sore, tired, and mostly lame as they were, they had a sort of martial stride ; and, strangely enough, a drummer with his drum staggered at their head. With an inward shudder, I thought of the tale of the soldiers who, fallen in battle by day, rise from the field at night, and

with the drum at their head march onward to their native land.

And truly the poor French drummer looked as if he had risen, half moldering, from the grave. He was a mere shadow in a dirty ragged capote, a dead, yellow face, with a great mustache hanging sadly over the shriveled lips; his eyes were like burnt-out coals, with hardly a spark still living—yet by one of these sparks I recognized M. Le Grand.

He knew me too, and drew me down upon the grass; and there we sat, as we used to do in the old times, when he taught me French and modern history on the drum. It was the same old drum; and I could not but wonder how he had saved it from the greed of the Russians. He began to drum in his old way, without speaking a word. But though his lips were pressed sadly together, his eyes spoke all the more plainly, as they sparkled with triumph, while he drummed the old marches. The poplars near by trembled as he rattled out "March of the Red Guillotine." As of old, he drummed the struggle for liberty, the battles, the deeds of the emperor; and it seemed as if the drum were a living creature, rejoicing to utter its inward delight. Once more I heard the cannon's roar, the whistle of the bullets, the crash of battle; I saw the Guards brave in death, I saw the waving flags, I saw the emperor on his horse. But a sad tone crept into the joyous notes, the drum-beats gave forth cries wherein the wildest triumph and the deepest woe were strangely mingled—it was a triumphal march and a dead march in one. Le Grand's eyes stared like a ghost's, and I saw in them a great white field of snow strewn with corpses. It was the battle of Moscow.

I would never have believed that the stiff old drum could give such melancholy cries as M. Le Grand now drew from it. It was like drumming tears, and they sounded lower and lower, and sighs came from Le Grand's bosom like sad echoes. He grew weaker and more ghostlike; his hands shook with cold; he sat as in a dream, drumming in the air, and listening as if to far-off voices. And then at last he turned on me a deep, deep imploring look—I understood him—and then his head fell forward upon his drum.

M. Le Grand never drummed again in this world. Nor did his drum ever give out another sound. Never should it serve an enemy of liberty to beat a slavish tattoo. I had understood Le Grand's last imploring look; I drew the dagger from my cane, and thrust it through the head of the drum.

Madame, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how, after Le Grand's death, I went to Godesberg.

When I reached Godesberg I sat down again at my fair friend's feet; a brown dachshund stretched himself at my side; and both of us looked up into her eyes.

I and the brown dachshund lay still at the beautiful woman's feet and looked and listened. She sat beside an old gray soldier—a knightly figure, with a scar across his stern brow. They talked of the seven towns which lay bathed in the evening light, and the blue Rhine, flowing by us full and calm. What did we care for the seven towns and the sunset, and the blue Rhine and the white-sailed boats upon it, and the music that rose from one of the boats, and the blockhead of a student, singing in such a melting and sweet tone—I and the brown dog? We looked in her eyes and looked at her face, shining forth from her black hair like the moon among dark clouds. They were noble Greek features, with proudly curved lips, round which played sadness and holiness and a childlike humor; and when she spoke her words were somewhat deep-breathed, almost like sighs, and then again suddenly bursting forth in ringing tones; and when she spoke, and her words fell like a rain of flowers from her lovely lips—oh, then the evening light spread over my soul, the memories of my childhood echoed through me, and over all, like tinkling bells, I heard the voice of little Veronica. I took my fair friend's hand and put it to my eyes—till the ringing ceased in my soul. Then up I sprang and laughed, the dog barked, and the old general's brow grew sterner; so I sat down again and took her hand once more, and told her of little Veronica.

Madame, you cannot think how pretty little Veronica looked as she lay in her coffin. The lighted candles standing round her cast their glimmer over the white, smiling face, and over the red roses and the rustling gold leaf which decked her little head and shroud. Good Ursula had led me to the silent chamber in the evening; and when I saw the little body and the lights and the flowers on the table I thought for a moment it was the fair waxen image of an angel. Then I knew the dear face, and, laughing, asked why little Veronica was so still. And Ursula said, "Because she is dead."

And when she said, Because she is dead——



No, I will not tell the story to-day ; it would take too long ; and I must first speak of the lame magpie that used to go limping round the Schlossplatz, and was three hundred years old—and I should get melancholy. I have a sudden fancy for telling another story, which is a merry one, and belongs here, as it is the very story that this book is to tell.

In the knight's bosom all was darkness and woe. The dart of calumny had pierced his soul, and as he went on through the Place of St. Mark he felt as though his heart were broken and bleeding. His feet failed him with fatigue—all day long he had hunted the noble beast, and it was hot summer time—the sweat stood on his brow, and he sighed deeply as he stepped into his gondola. He sat absently down under its black roof, and the white waves rocked him and carried him unheeding along the well-known track to the Brenta ; and when he landed at the well-known palace he heard that Signora Laura was in the garden.

She was standing leaning against a statue of Laocoön, near the red rose bush at the end of the terrace, not far from the weeping willow that bent sadly over the passing stream. So she stood smiling, a fair picture of love half hidden in the roses. He waked as from a dark dream, and felt an atmosphere of tenderness and longing breathed around him. "Signora Laura," he said, "I am sad, wounded by hate and calumny." Then he stopped and hesitated. "But I love you"—and a tear of joy rose in his eye, and with moist eyes and burning lips he cried, "Be mine. Love me !"

An impenetrable veil hangs over that hour. No mortal knows what Signora Laura replied ; and when her good angel in heaven was asked, he hid his face and sighed and was silent.

Long stood the knight alone by the statue of Laocoön. His face was distorted and white. Unconsciously he scattered the petals of the roses and the young buds : the bush never bloomed again. A nightingale poured forth its mad complaint from afar ; the willow drooped sadly ; the cool waves of the Brenta murmured low ; night rose with her moon and stars. One bright star, the brightest of all, fell down from heaven.

CHAPTER III.

Göttingen.

THE city of Göttingen, celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains 999 houses, various churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a library, and a cellar under the townhall, where the beer is excellent. The city itself is pretty, and particularly attractive when you look at it with your back. It must have existed for a long time ; for I remember, five years ago, when I was matriculated and soon after rusticated, it already wore the same gray, overwise look, and was well provided with watchmen, poodles [university beadies], dissertations, *thé-dansants*, washerwomen, compendiums, roast pigeons, orders of the Guelph, carriages for doctoral candidates, pipebowls, counselors of court, counselors of justice, counselors of rustication, provosts, and other nuisances with or without a pro. Some even assert that the town was built at the epoch of the emigration of the nations, and that every German tribe left behind it a stray representative of itself ; and that from these sprang all the Vandals, Frisians, Schwabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, etc., who, in separate tribes and distinguished by their own caps and pipe tassels, stroll along the Weender Strasse, slash one another on the bloody fields of the Rasenmühle, the Ritschenkrug, and Bovden's, and in general are much like the folk of that earlier period in their manners and customs—being subject to the rule of their *duces*, or cocks, as they are called, in conformity with an ancient code known as the *Comment*, and worthy of a place in the *legibus barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen may be generally divided into students, professors, philistines, and cattle, the four classes being by no means sharply defined. To set down the names of all the students and all the regular and irregular professors would take too long ; besides, I do not remember the names of all the students, and a good many of the professors are of no name. The number of the philistines of Göttingen must be very great, like the sands, or, better still, the mud, of the sea.

When I saw these of a morning with their dirty faces and white bills, planted at the doors of the academical court, I could hardly conceive why God had created such ragga-muffins.

Further details concerning the town of Göttingen can be found in the excellent topography of it by Marx. Though I am under the highest obligations to the author, who was my physician and showed me much kindness, I cannot unreservedly commend his book, and must reproach him for not having more positively contradicted the theory that the Göttingen women have large feet. I have been occupied this long time on a refutation of this assertion, have attended lectures on comparative anatomy, have consulted the rarest books in the library, have studied for hours the feet of the ladies walking in the Weender Strasse and many learned treatises, and the result of my researches will embrace (1) feet in general; (2) the feet of old women; (3) the feet of elephants; (4) the feet of Göttingen women; (5) a compendium of all that is said of these feet in Ullrich's garden; (6) a comprehensive view of other things in connection with these feet; and finally, (7) if I can find any paper large enough I shall give several plates with facsimiles of Göttingen feet.


GÖTTINGEN, October 29, 1820.

To Friedrich Steinmann:

. . . Even as I write these lines my joyous mood is gradually fading; the old sorrows are taking possession of their old tavern, which unluckily is my bosom, and the whole Sorrow family is at its old tricks; the blind grandmother Sadness comes limping in, and I hear a newborn daughter, Miss Repentance, as she was christened, weeping; and in her cries I distinguish the words, "You ought to have stayed at Bonn."

These are disagreeable words. But what is the use of my howling through all sorts of variations and sighing the whole gamut? It was my own doing, and I am like the boy who, when he had lost his shoe in the Rhine, threw his stocking in after it in his rage.

Though I must accuse myself by saying it, I will honestly confess that I am horribly bored here. An odious, stiff, cut and dried tone. All live here as secluded as monks. You can do nothing but grind. That is what induced me to come. Often while lounging in the Willow Path of my heavenly little



town of Beul toward twilight I saw the Genius of Grinding rise in apotheosis before me, in dressing gown and slippers, brandishing Mackeldey's "Institutions" in one hand and pointing to the towers of Georgia Augusta with the other. . . . How I lived while I was there, what I said and sang at Beul, and how I idled away my time at Bonn, you have doubtless told Rousseau long ago. I have finished the third act of my tragedy ["Almansor"] within a few lines. It was the hardest and longest act. I hope to do the two remaining acts this winter. If the thing does not please the public it will at any rate make a great sensation. I have put myself into it, with all my paradoxes, my wisdom, my hate, my love, and my madness. As soon as it is ready I shall send it at once to the printer. It will be brought out on the stage—no matter when. The thing has cost me a deal of pains. And to tell the truth I begin to think it is harder to write a good tragedy than to swing a good blade. About my poems in my next. . . You see, my dear Steinmann, that, contrary to my usual habit, I have written a good deal at one time. . .

GÖTTINGEN, November 9, 1820.

To Friedrich von Beugem :

As yet nothing in this learned nest pleases me. If I did not know by experience the length of the journey I would come straight back to Bonn. Fashionable dandies, splendid editions of wishy-washy prose writers, tiresome, mushy poets—there you have the prevailing type of student here. The professors are more leathery than at Bonn. But Sartorius, who reads German poetry, and by whom I was most kindly received, has all but enchanted me ; I have spent whole evenings at his house.

I follow Beneken's course on the old German language with great delight. Just think, Fritz, only nine, I say nine, students attend this course. Out of thirteen hundred students, of whom one thousand at least are Germans, only nine have any interest in the language, the inner life, and the intellectual remains of their ancestors.

I remember thankfully, dear Fritz, all the kind and affectionate things you did for me at Hamm, and hope to be able to prove my gratitude some time. You, my good Fritz, are one of the few men through whose friendship the mind is not excited to follow the emotions in a wild dance, but feels roused, healed of its own wounds, and, I might almost say,

ennobled. And how greatly does my wild, torn, and distracted mind stand in need of such softening, healing, and ennobling influences !

There is a strange thing about the trade of authorship. One man has luck in the exercise of it, another has none. My friend Heinrich Kitzler, magister artium of Göttingen, is a most unfortunate example. No one there is so learned, so full of ideas, no one is so industrious as my friend ; but as yet no book of his has seen the light at the Leipsic Fair. Old Stiefel at the library always smiles when Heinrich Kitzler asks him for a book which he wants particularly for a work which he has on hand. "It will stay on hand for a good while !" growls old Stiefel as he climbs his stepladder. The cook maids smile when they get a book from the library "for Kitzler." The man commonly passed for an ass, and yet he was at bottom an honest man. No one knew the real reason why none of his books were ever published ; and I found it out by accident, one night when I went into his room to get a light, for we were neighbors as students. He had just finished a long work on "The Advantages of Christianity" ; but he seemed to take no satisfaction in it, and looked at it sadly. "Now" said I, "your name will at last appear in the Leipsic catalogue under the head of Books just Published." "Ah, no," he answered, with a deep sigh ; "I shall have to throw this book into the fire with the others," and then he confided his sad secret to me. The poor author always met with a fatality when he had a book ready. The fact was that, when he had stated all the grounds in favor of a theory that he wanted to establish, he felt bound to add the arguments which an adversary would advance. He considered the best arguments on the opposite side, and as these took root in his mind unconsciously to himself, it always happened that when he had finished his work the poor author's opinion had gradually changed, and he had a conviction against the truth of his theory. Then he was candid enough to sacrifice the laurels of fame on the altar of truth—that is, to burn his book. This was why he sighed so deeply when he had proved the advantages of Christianity. "Here," said he—"here I have been through twenty baskets full of the fathers of the Church ; have spent whole nights at my desk over the 'Acta Sanctorum,' while you fellows in there were drinking punch and singing

songs ; I have spent on theological novelties which I needed for my work thirty-eight hard-earned thalers at Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht's, instead of buying a new pipe bowl with the money ; I have worked like a dog for two years—two precious years, and all to be laughed at, and cast down my eyes like a detected boaster when Frau Churchcounselor Planck asks me, 'When is your "Advantages of Christianity" coming out?' 'The book is ready,' said the poor fellow, "and would please the public ; for I have celebrated the triumph of Christianity over the heathen, and proved that it was a victory of truth and reason over falsehood and madness. But unhappily I feel in my heart that——"

"Stop!" cried I with warmth. "Do not dare in your blindness to vilify the sublime, and cast the glorious down in the dust ! If you deny the miracles of the Scriptures you cannot deny that the triumph of the Scriptures was a miracle."

I spoke in a more dignified tone from having drunk several glasses of beer during the evening, and my voice was louder than usual.

Heinrich Kitzler was not to be convinced, and answered with a sad, ironical smile : "Do not get excited, my good friend. What you say I have stated much better, and proved in this manuscript. I have painted the wretched condition of the world in heathen times ; and I flatter myself that my skillful touch rivals the fathers of the Church. It is the best part of my work where I relate in enthusiastic words how the young Christianity, like David, met the old heathendom in the lists and slew the great Goliath. But alas ! this duel now appears to me in a strange light. Oh ! all my love and pride for my apology died in my breast when I thoroughly realized how an opposing writer would paint the triumph of the evangel. I must confess that a terrible pity filled my heart for what remained of heathendom, those beautiful temples and statues ; for they had ceased to belong to the religion which had died long, long before the birth of Christ, and belonged to art, which is immortal. My eyes grew moist when I chanced to read in the library the 'Plea for the Temples,' in which the old Greek Libanius besought the good barbarians for pity's sake to spare those masterpieces with which the creative genius of the Greeks had adorned the world—but in vain ! No," continued he, "I will not in these later times take any part in such a sacrilege—by publishing this book—never. To you,

poor overthrown statues of beauty—to you, manes of the dead gods, now mere phantoms in the shadowy realms of poetry—to you I sacrifice this book !”

With these words Heinrich Kitzler threw his manuscript into the fire ; and nothing was left of “ *The Advantages of Christianity* ” but a heap of gray ashes.

This happened at Göttingen in the winter of 1820—a few days before the fatal New Year's night on which the beadle Doris was so terribly beaten, and eighty-five duels were arranged between the Burschenschaft and the Landsmannschaft clubs. The blows were fearful, and fell like rain on the poor beadle's broad shoulders. But he comforted himself, like a good Christian, with the conviction that we shall be consoled in heaven above for the woes which we undeservedly suffer here below. That was long ago. Old Doris has long ceased to suffer, and sleeps peacefully in his resting place by the Weender Gate. The two parties that once filled with the clatter of their swords the battle grounds of Bovden, Ritschenkrug, and Rasenmühle, convinced of their common insignificance, have long since drunk to eternal friendship, and time has exerted its mighty influence on the writer of these pages. Fewer bright pictures cross my brain now, and my heart has grown heavy ; I weep now where I once laughed ; and I have sorrowfully burned the altar-pieces of my former devotions.

There was a time when I devoutly kissed the hand of every Capuchin I met in the streets. I was a child, and my father let me have my way, well knowing that my lips would not always be content with Capuchins' flesh. And, to be sure, when I grew older I kissed pretty women. But they often looked at me so sad and pale that I shuddered in the arms of pleasure. Herein lay a mournful truth that no one foresaw and all suffered from ; and I used to meditate upon the fact. I have also meditated on the question whether deprivation or enjoyment of all pleasures on earth is to be preferred ; and whether those who have been content with thistles here below are feasted with pineapples above. No ; he who eats thistles is an ass ; and he who gets a flogging must keep it. Poor Doris !

But I cannot here speak in detail of all the things on which I have meditated ; still less can I set down the conclusions of my meditations. Shall I, like so many others, have to go down to my grave with closed lips ?

GÖTTINGEN, February 4, 1821.

To Friedrich Steinmann :

Wonder ! Wonder ! I have been rusticated ! By reason of certain misunderstandings I have been in great uneasiness for these three months, have had all sorts of ill luck, and last week was sent off for half a year, *For Disobedience of the Law concerning Dueling*. I am allowed to stay here a few days only, on the pretext that I am too ill to leave my room. You can imagine my vexation ; I sit all the morning eagerly expecting some tin from home, arranging papers, compelled to keep my room—and have written in somebody's album :

“Peaceful, dreaming of no harms,
Lay the youth in friendship's arms ;
Sudden as predestination
Comes a horrid rustication ;
Driven forth from all he loves,
The youth unwilling onward moves.”

But whither shall I move ? For certain reasons I will not go to Bonn in any case. I shall wait for orders from home, to what university I must go. It will probably be Berlin.

I have been working with all my might (on “*Almansor*”) sparing neither my heart's blood nor the sweat of my brain ; have done it all within half an act, and find to my horror that my marvelous and deified production is not only not a *good* tragedy, but quite unworthy of the name of tragedy. There are enchantingly beautiful passages and scenes in it ; it is brimful of originality ; poetical pictures and thoughts sparkle all through it, as if you looked at it through a magical veil of diamonds. So says the conceited author, in his enthusiasm for poetry. But the stern critic and pitiless playwright looks at it through very different spectacles, shakes his head, and calls it all a pretty puppet show. “A tragedy must be powerful,” growls he ; and that is a sentence of death to mine. Have I no dramatic talent ? Very likely. Or have the French tragedies which I formerly admired so much unconsciously influenced me ? That is more probable. Think of it : all the unities are carefully observed in my tragedy. Hardly more than four characters have anything to say ; and the dialogue is as carefully polished and rounded as in “*Phèdre*” or “*Zaire*.” Are you surprised ? The riddle is an easy one. I have tried, even in a drama, to embody the spirit of romance

in a strong and plastic form. And my tragedy will therefore have the same fate as Schlegel's "Ion," as that was also written with a polemic purpose.

Now I must take a bite of a sour apple, and tell you how it is with my poems. You do me wrong if you think the delay in their publication is my fault. I got them back from Brockhaus with the kindest and politest letter: that he is overloaded with matter for publication. I shall now try and place them with someone else. The great Goethe had the same experience with his first work. I shall print my tragedy, in spite of its failings. Farewell!

I shall probably start the day after to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

In Berlin.

BERLIN is not a city ; but Berlin affords a place where a crowd of men—and some of them very clever men—get together, without caring what the place is ; these form the intellectual Berlin. The passing traveler only sees long drawn out, uniform houses, long, broad streets, laid out by cord and line, and generally after the design of one individual, giving no indication of the ideas of the people. Few are lucky enough to learn anything of the individual notions of the inhabitants, when they look at the long rows of houses, trying to keep apart, like men, and looking at each other in surly defiance. On one occasion only, when going home rather late from the restaurant, did I see this stern mood changed to tenderer emotions, so that the houses that stand opposite to one another in an unfriendly way were tumbling into a more Christian frame of mind and wanted to fall into each other's arms ; and poor I, walking in the middle of the street, expected to be crushed to the earth. Many people will think my fear laughable ; and I smiled at it myself when I took a sober look at the street the next morning, and saw the houses glaring prosaically at each other once more. It needs several bottles of poetry to make a man see anything in Berlin but dead houses and Berliners. It is hard to see ghosts there. The town is so new, with so little of old times about it ; and yet this new is so old, worn, and shabby. And, as already said, it sprang mostly from the notions of a few men and not from those of the people. The great Fritz is the chief one of these few ; he found nothing but solid foundations, and the town took a character of its own from him ; and if nothing had been built since his day the town would be an historical monument to the spirit of the wonderful prosaic hero, who with true German pluck cultivated in himself the refined want of taste and vigorous freedom of thought, the shallow solidity of his time. Now Potsdam is just such a memorial. We wander through its empty streets as we wander through the writings which the philosopher of Sans Souci has left to us ; it belongs among his

œuvres posthumes; and though it is only so much stony waste paper, and furnishes themes enough for laughter, we regard it with real interest, and now and then check a desire to laugh, as if we were afraid of getting a sudden whack over the shoulders from old Fritz's India joint.

As I tarried for many and many a day
And wandered afar in a dreamy way,
My love, tired out, took needle and thread,
And sewed a fine dress, in which to be wed;
And with arms round his neck, declared she would wive
With the silliest youth of the youths alive.


My lady love is so fair and sweet,
Wherever I turn, in fancy I meet
Her violet eyes and her cheeks that glow
Like red, red roses, the whole year through.
That I from a love like hers could run,
Is the silliest thing of the things I have done.

Oh, lily of my love,
That dreamest by the stream,
And lookest in so sadly,
Whispering, "Woe is me."

"Get thee gone with thy chatter,
False man, I know full well
That the Rose, my cousin,
Thy false heart has won."

Why do my crazy pulses bound?
Why does my heart so fiercely glow?
My hot blood boils and foams and seethes
And a fiery glow consumes my heart.

My blood is mad, and seethes and foams,
With a bad dream that I have dreamed;
The dusky Son of Night appeared,
And dragged me faint and panting on.



He bore me to a lighted house,
Mid harps and feast and revelry ;
And torches flamed and candles blazed ;
I reached the hall ; I stepped within.

It was a merry marriage feast ;
The guests were seated round the board ;
I looked upon the bridal pair—
Alas ! my darling was the bride.

My darling—yes, 'twas she indeed ;
The bridegroom was of stranger race ;
And close behind her bridal chair
I took my stand, but spoke no word,

The music swelled ; I never moved ;
The joyous sounds oppressed my heart ;
The bride looked on with happy eye ;
The bridegroom seemed to press her hand.

The bridegroom filled the goblet high
And drank it off ; then to the bride
He held the cup ; she smiled her thanks—
Ah ! 'twas my red blood that she drank.

The bride took up an apple fair,
And to the bridegroom held it forth ;
He took a knife and cut it deep—
Ah ! in my heart he plunged his knife.

Long and loving looks they cast ;
The bridegroom took her in his arms,
And kissed her on the glowing cheek—
Ah ! I felt Death's chilling kiss.

A leaden weight was on my tongue,
And not a word my lips could breathe ;
Then up they rose ; the dance began ;
The joyous pair danced side by side.

I stood as silent as the grave ;
The dancing crowd went whirling by ;
The bridegroom whispering in her ear ;
The bride grew red, but chided not,

JENNY.

[Heine's cousin Amalie was married in 1821.]

In eighteen-hundred-seventeen,
I saw a maiden wondrous fair,
So like to thee in face and mien—
And just like thee she wore her hair.

"Off to college I must go,"
I said, "Long it will not be
'Ere I return. You'll wait, I know."
"You are my only love," said she.


Three years had I the Pandects read—
In Göttingen, at fair May-tide,
One morning someone careless said,
My darling was another's bride.

It was May-day, and early spring
Was laughing over dale and height ;
The birds were singing, and each thing
Was merry in the sun's warm light.

My wounded heart beat faint and low,
My limbs were weak, my cheek was white—
The blessed God alone can know
All that I suffered in that night.

I lived for three and a half years in Berlin. where I was on the friendliest terms with men of remarkable learning ; and I was sent home on account of a sword wound in the thigh, given me by one Schaller, of Dantzig. I shall never forget his name ; for he is the only man who ever succeeded in deeply wounding me.

I have written verses from my sixteenth year. My first poems were printed at Berlin, in 1821. Through the influence of Professor Gubitz, the firm of Mauer *consented* to publish them ; and, except twenty copies of the work, I did not receive one penny.



BERLIN, 29th December, 1821.

To Goethe :

Though I have a hundred good reasons for sending my poems to your Excellency, I will mention but one ; I love you. I think that is a sufficient reason. My poesies, I know, have little value ; but there may be things here and there to show what I may do hereafter. I have long doubted as to the nature of poetry. People said, " Ask Schlegel " ; and he said, " Read Goethe." I have faithfully done so ; and if there is anything good in me, I know to whom I owe it. I kiss the sacred hand which has shown me and the whole German nation the road to heaven.

BERLIN, December 30, 1821.

To Adolf Müllner :

If I have turned poet, your Excellency's " Guilt " is guilty of it. It was my favorite book, and I was so fond of it, that I gave it as a keepsake to my love. " Write something like it yourself," said my love, in a mocking tone. Of course I vowed and swore to write something better.

But your Excellency may believe me on my word that, up to this moment, I have not succeeded in keeping my promise. I have no doubt, however, that in a few years I shall push the autocrat of the drama from his throne. " Take you no fear from ——'s or ——'s bloody heads, in warning on the critic's page impaled ? Nor from the fate of thousands who in such rash adventure met disgrace ? " * No, I am not afraid.

When anything great is built, some chips must be made ; and these are what I am bold enough to send your Excellency to-day. I do not do it on account of the respect I have for your Excellency, I take good care not to manifest that to anyone ; nor on account of the delightful evenings I owe to your Excellency—for, in the first place, I am ungrateful by nature, being a man ; and in the second place, I am ungrateful to poets from habit, being a German ; and in the third place, there can be no talk of gratitude to your Excellency on my part, as I now consider myself a poet.

* Take you no fear

From Babington's or Tichburn's bloody heads,
In warning upon London Bridge impaled ?
Nor from the fate of the unnumbered crowd,
Who in such rash adventure met their death ?

—SCHILLER'S *Mary Stuart*.

I send your Excellency the accompanying volume of poems only because I should like to see a review of them in the literary journals.

I shall win a considerable sum if the review is a good one—*i. e.*, not too bitter. For I have made a bet in a literary club here that Councilor Müllner will review me impartially, even when I tell him that I am of the party opposed to him.

To-day I am out of humor, cross, angry, furious ; my ill temper has put the drag on my fancy, and my wits are in mourning. Do not think it is a case of woman's falseness. I still love women ; as I was cut off from all female society at Göttingen, I got a cat ; but a woman's treachery would now affect only my risible muscles. Do not think something has wounded my vanity ; the time is passed when I used to put my hair in curl papers at night, carried a mirror in my pocket, and spent twenty-five hours of each day over the knot of my cravat. And do not think that any religious doubts have disturbed my gentle soul ; I believe in nothing now except the doctrine of Pythagoras and the royal Prussian laws. No, my ill humor has a much more reasonable cause. My esteemed friend, the worthiest of mortals, Count von Breza, went away day before yesterday. He was the only man of whose society I never wearied ; the only one whose originality and wit could make me really enjoy life ; and in whose sweet, noble features I could see how my own soul looked in the days when my life was as pure as a flower, before I had defiled it with hate and lies !

For several months I have been exploring Prussian Poland in all directions ; into the Russian part I did not go far, and not at all into the Austrian. I have learned a great deal from people from all parts of Poland. They were, to be sure, for the most part people of rank, and of the highest. But while my body was in the first circles of society, in the castles of Polish nobles, my spirit often strayed away to the huts of the humbler classes.

Whenever I stood before Delaroche's picture of the "Two Princes in the Tower," murdered by Richard III., I always



remembered how, in a beautiful castle in dear Poland, I once stood before a portrait of my friend, while his sweet sister talked of him, with eyes that were like my friend's. We spoke of the artist too, who had died a little before—and how one friend after another dies—alas ! my friend himself is now dead. The sweet light in his sister's eyes is quenched also ; their castle is burned. I feel lonely and sad at the thought that not only do our loved ones pass so soon from earth, but there remains not even a trace of the stage where we played our part with them—as if it had never been, and all were but a dream.

How angry I was once when my best friend —, as we were walking on the terrace of a castle, tried to prove to me the superior blood of the nobility ! While we were disputing, his servant made some little mistake ; whereupon the highborn lord struck the lowborn servant in the face, so that the plebeian blood gushed forth, and then threw him from the terrace. I was ten years younger then ; and in my turn threw the noble count from the terrace—he was my dearest friend—and he broke a leg in his fall. When I saw him after his recovery, he still limped a little. But he was by no means cured of his pride of race ; but eagerly maintained that the nobility stood as mediators between king and people, in the same way that God has set the angels between himself and mankind—a sort of heavenly nobility. “My sweet angel,” said I, “walk a step or two.” He did ; and the comparison somewhat halted.

BERLIN, January 21, 1823.

To Christian Sethe :

I send you by the first post my essay on Poland, which I wrote for Breza, and in the water at the douche baths ; and which Herr Gubitz corrected with wouldbe witticisms, and the censors have roundly slashed. This essay has made the barons and counts detest me ; and I am well abused in high quarters.

BERLIN, April 1, 1823.

To Imanuel Wohlwill :

It is noble in you to be pleased with my essay on Poland. My accurate observations in Poland have called forth much praise, in which I cannot join. I was last winter, and am still,

in too poor health to do anything good. This essay has stirred up all the Grand Duchy of Poland.

BERLIN, May 4, 1823.

To Maximilian Schottky :

I read with smiling indifference the silly letter published in the *Gesellschafter* against my essay on Poland. I heard there was some abuse worthy of a fishwife in the Posen papers, and have to-day contrived to procure them. As you may suppose, they made me shrug my shoulders.

I could easily have prophesied what songs would one day be piped and twittered in Germany, for I saw the birds hatched which afterward sang the new melodies. I saw how Hegel, with his almost comically earnest face, sat on the fatal eggs like a brood hen, and heard him cackle. To tell the truth, I seldom understood him, and only contrived to comprehend him by subsequent reflection. I believe he did not mean to be understood, which accounts for his parenthetical style, and perhaps for his predilection for people by whom he knew he was not understood and whom he therefore honored the more willingly with his intimacy. Everyone in Berlin wondered at the close relations between the thoughtful Hegel and the late Heinrich Beer, the brother of a man widely known to fame and whose praises are in every newspaper, Giacomo Meyerbeer. This Beer—that is, Heinrich—was a very foolish fellow, and was afterward declared by his family to be imbecile, and put under guardianship, because instead of employing his ample means in making for himself a name in art or science, he wasted his money on absurd trifles—one day, for example, buying six thousand thalers worth of walking sticks. The poor man who preferred walking sticks to the fame of a great tragic poet or star-gazer, or the laurel crown of a rival of Mozart and Rossini—this degenerate Beer enjoyed the closest acquaintance with Hegel, was the philosopher's most intimate friend, his Pylades, and followed him like his shadow. The witty and talented Felix Mendelssohn once tried to explain the phenomenon by declaring that Hegel did not understand Heinrich Beer. Now I believe that the true explanation of the intimacy was, that Hegel was persuaded that Beer understood nothing he heard him say, and so could give vent to all

sorts of fanciful ideas in his presence. Hegel's talk, moreover, was a sort of monologue, delivered by jerks in a monotonous voice ; and the strangeness of his expressions often struck me, and many remain in my memory. One fine starlight night we two were standing by the window ; and I, a youngster of twenty, had eaten a good dinner and drunk my coffee, so I began to rhapsodize about the stars, calling them the abodes of the blessed. The master growled out : " The stars—hum ! hum ! they are nothing but a fiery leprosy of the sky." " In God's name " cried I, " is there no place on high where virtue meets its reward after death ? " He looked askant at me with his white eyes, and asked sharply : " Do you expect to get a tip for taking care of your sick mother, and not poisoning your brother ? "—and then looked uneasily round, and seemed relieved to find that no one was near, except Beer, who had come to ask him to take a hand at whist.

I have been abused on all hands for having torn the veil from the German heaven, and shown to everyone that all the deities of the old faith are gone, and no one now remains but an old maid with leaden hands and a sad heart—Necessity. Alas ! I only announced a little sooner what all must have learned for themselves ; and what then sounded so strange is now proclaimed upon all the house tops beyond the Rhine. And with what fanatic tones were all anti-religious sermons delivered ! We have some atheistic monks, who would like to burn M. de Voltaire, as he is a strong deist. I confess such music does not please me ; but it does not frighten me—for I stood behind the *maestro* while he was composing it, in very obscure and flourishy notes, so that everyone might not make it out. I often saw him look round anxiously, for fear he should be understood. He was fond of me, for he was sure I would not betray him ; but I thought him a mean-spirited fellow. Once when I was provoked by the words, " All that exists is reasonable," he gave a peculiar smile and observed, " We might put it thus, ' All that is reasonable must be.' " Then he looked hastily round ; but was reassured, as no one but Heinrich Beer had heard him. I learned later to understand this way of talking. And it was not until late, also, that I understood why, in his " Philosophy of History," he had asserted that Christianity was a step forward, as it taught a God who died, while the heathen gods knew nothing of death.

BERLIN, December 24, 1822.

To Karl Immermann :

You should have had a letter from me long ago. When I read the kind and conciliatory words which you wrote in the *Anzeiger* last summer about my poems I resolved to write to you. . . I confess that you are the only one who has divined the springs of my bitter woe. I hope, however, soon to be thoroughly known to you ; and in my next volume of poems I may give the pass-key to the mental infirmary in which I lie. I shall soon send the little book to the press, and it will be one of the greatest joys of my heart to offer it to you ; truly there are few for whom a man writes, above all, when he shrinks so much into himself as I do. The book will comprise my sportively sentimental songs, a picturesque Southern romantic drama, and a very short and sad Northern tragedy. Fools declare that we must be rivals, through our Westphalian point of contact—you having hitherto been called a Westphalian—and do not see that a bright, sparkling diamond is not to be compared to a black stone, of a whimsical shape, from which the hammer of time beats wild and angry sparks. But what do we care for fools? . . . War upon the old Wrong, upon upstart Folly and all the wicked ! If you will accept me as your companion in arms in this holy war, I hold out the hand of friendship to you. Poetry is after all a secondary affair.

BERLIN, January 14, 1823.

To Karl Immermann :

I hope that in your want of a publisher the Counselor of Legation Varnhagen von Ense will be of service to you. He is a man whose position, character, judgment, and loyalty are worthy of perfect trust, and whose favor I enjoy, thanks to the sweet offices of poetry. He is the one man in this false nest on whom I rely ; and his interest in your works is the best and truest service I could render you. I showed him your letter to me ; and to please you I send you the letter which his wife wrote me about it. . . Moreover, she is the most intelligent woman I know. . . I read your last words about my poetizing with pleasure ; and the frankness of your nature persuades me that you wish me well. . . I am as pleased as a child at the prospect of my book's appearance, just because so many wretched creatures attack me. . . I have resolved to ignore all that is and may be said in abuse of

me; for I know that there is a regularly organized clique, which hopes to make me take up arms by spreading vile reports and flinging mud. Farewell. Think of me kindly. If from some of my expressions and complaints you should set me down as a trifling sort of fellow, I will own that I am so. This may spring from my state of health, or because I am still half a child. It is a notion of mine to remain a child as long as I can, for childhood takes the reflections of everything—manhood, old age, divinity, profligacy, and propriety.

BERLIN, January 21, 1823.

To Christian Sethe :

You have gone. That is the text; all the rest is a gloss. Ill, alone, persecuted, and incapable of enjoying life—that is my life here.


I am writing hardly anything, and taking douches. I have scarcely a friend here. A pack of knaves are trying their best to ruin me, conspiring with those who once called themselves my friends, etc. My dramas will certainly be out in from six to eight weeks.

BERLIN, April 1, 1823.

To Imanuel Wohlwill :

Do not think, my dear friend, that the long delay in answering your kind letter is owing to any cooling off in my friendship. No; although many friendships froze in this cold winter, your dear, great picture has not passed the narrow portals of my heart; and the name of Wohlwill is living and warm in my memory. Only yesterday we talked of you for an hour and a half. By *we* you must always understand I and Moser. . .

I am delighted you begin to enjoy yourself in the arms of the amiable Hammonia; but I do not like that fair one. Her gold-embroidered dress cannot cheat me; I know she wears a dirty shift on her yellow body; and with a melting sigh of "Beef! Banco!" she sinks on the breast of the highest bidder. But perhaps I am unjust to the good town of Hamburg. The mood in which I was while I lived there was not calculated to make me an unprejudiced observer. My *inner* life passed in brooding over the depths of the world of dreams, whose darkness was illuminated only by an occasional fantastic gleam—my *outward* life was wild, dissolute, cynical, hateful—as great a contrast, in short, as I could make it to my inner life, lest




this might quite crush me. Yes, *amice*, it was a great piece of luck for me ; coming fresh from the philosophical lecture room into the world's arena, I could order my life philosophically, and look on objectively—even if I lacked the perfect calm and self-possession needed to take a clear view of the great stage of the world. I do not know whether you understand me ; but when you read my memoirs, and see the picture of a crowd of Hamburg people, of whom I love some, hate more, and despise most, you will understand me better. What I have said will serve as an answer to some passages in your kind letter, and show you why I cannot comply with your wish by coming to Hamburg—though I shall be within a few miles of it. For in four weeks I am going to Lüneburg, where my family is living, shall stay there six weeks, and then go to the Rhine and, if possible, to Paris. My uncle has furnished enough for two more years of study ; and I shall not need to carry out my plan of trying for a professorship in Sarmatia. I think that things will soon be greatly changed, and that I shall have no difficulty in establishing myself on the Rhine. . . . The great thing is the restoration of my health, without which all plans are folly. If God will give me good health I will look out for the rest myself.

BERLIN, April 12, 1823.

To Rahel Varnhagen von Ense :

I shall soon set off, and I beg you not to toss my picture into the lumber room of forgotten things. I certainly could not retaliate ; if I said to myself a hundred times a day, "You must forget Frau von Varnhagen !" it would be of no use. Do not forget me ! You cannot plead a bad memory as an excuse ; your mind has made a contract with time ; and if, in some hundreds of years, I have the pleasure of seeing you again, as the fairest and noblest flower in the fairest and noblest of heavenly vales, greet me—poor bush of holly (or shall I be something still more humble?)—with a friendly glance, as an old acquaintance. I am sure you will. Did you not do as much in 1822 and 1823, when you showed to me, a sick, bitter, cross, poetical, and unbearable creature, a sweetness and goodness which I certainly had never deserved in this life—and must have owed to some kind remembrance of an earlier acquaintance.



CHAPTER V.

The "Tragedies" and the "Lyric Interlude."

BERLIN, April 7, 1823.

To Imanuel Wohlwill :

To-day I send you my Tragedies. I have dedicated them to my uncle Salomon Heine. Have you seen him? He is one of the men for whom I have the most respect; he is an honorable man, and has great strength of character. This, you know, is the great thing with me.

BERLIN, April 10, 1823.

To Friederich Steinmann :

Storms of anger, the loss of what was dearest to me, illness, bad humor, and such like pleasant things have for two years been the prominent events in your friend's life. . . My tragedies are just out of the press. I know they will be sadly torn to pieces. But I will tell you in confidence—they are very good; better than my volume of poems, which is not worth powder and shot.

BERLIN, April 10, 1823.

To Karl Immermann :

Yes; I promise that the small feeling of looking small shall never again influence me when I have a confession to make to you. There is just such a full confession in "Ratcliff"; and I have a notion that you are of the small number of men who will understand it. I am convinced of the truth of that poem, for it is true, or I am all a lie; all the rest that I have written and am writing may and will perish. Will the newborn child give me pleasure? Hardly so much as the pain I already foresee. The clique of toads and vermin here have already given me a proof of their attention. They have found some way of getting my book before it is out of the press; and, as I hear, tendencies are imputed to "Almansor," and reports spread about it, which stir up all my being, and fill me with utter disgust. . . The cursed figurative style in which I have to let

Almansor and his Eastern companions talk has led me far. Besides this, I am afraid the *good in the land* will find much to abuse. . .

HAMBURG, June 7, 1823.

To Wilhelm Müller :

I am great enough to say frankly to you that the meter of my little "Interlude" has not a merely accidental resemblance with your usual meter, but really owes its innermost cadences to your songs, which I met with just while I was writing the "Interlude." The German folk-songs had a powerful influence on me from my early years ; later, while I was a student at Bonn, August Schlegel revealed many of the secrets of melody to me ; but it was in your songs that I first found the clear ring and true simplicity at which I always aim. Your songs are so clear, so pure, and they are all real folk-songs. My poems have something of the folk-form, but their subjects are taken from conventional society. Yes, I am great enough to repeat it distinctly, and you will find it openly stated, that the perusal of your seventy-seven poems first showed me how it was possible to add new forms to those of our national folk-songs without necessarily imitating their rudeness and clumsiness. I think the forms are even purer and clearer in your second volume. But why should I say so much of form ? Let me rather tell you that, with the exception of Goethe, there is no song writer that I like as well as you.

LÜNEBURG, May, 1823.

To Moses Moser :

With regard to the reception of my Tragedies, I find all my fears confirmed. Success must wipe out the bad impression. As to their reception by my family,—my mother has read the Tragedies and songs and does not particularly care for them, my sister barely tolerates them, my brother does not understand them, and my father has not read them.

LÜNEBURG, June 26, 1823.

To Josef Lehmann :

I have not given up hopes of seeing "Ratcliff" brought out, although I have cajoled no actors and *fêted* no actresses, and, moreover, do not understand the art of painfully smuggling a piece onto the boards. I believe the writing and talking about the thing will bring it onto the stage.

LÜNEBURG, September 30, 1823.

To Moses Moser:

I saw in the *Elegant World* lately that Köchy is living in Brunswick, and in the same paper I read an article on the Brunswick Theater, in which I recognize this man's pen. I am persuaded the fellow led or, at least, contrived the hissing off of my "Almansor."* I know how such things are managed; I know the vile nature of men, and you can now see the importance of the few measures I had to take on the appearance of my "Almansor." I hear that it was stamped down. Have you received any private information? Jews that were at the Brunswick Fair have spread the news throughout all Israel, and I am duly condoled with in Hamburg. It is a fatal business for me, and has a bad influence on my position; and I do not know how to mend it. The world and the boobies in it are not as indifferent to me as you think.

TO RUDOLF CHRISTIANI.

With a strong hand I drew back from the door
Of the dark spirit-realm the rusty bolts;
From the red book of love I tore away
The primal secrets of its seven seals;
That which I found in the immortal lines
I show thee here, within this glass of song.
I and my name must unremembered lie—
Not so this song, for that shall never die!

TO FRIEDERICH MERCKEL.

I sought in vain for gentle love,
The bitterest hate alone I found.
Full deep I sighed, full loud I cursed,
While bleeding fast from many a wound.

Many a day and night have I
Roamed with blackguards through the town;
The fruits of all these studies here
You see in "Ratcliff" written down.

* This was a mistake. Köchy was influential in getting "Almansor" produced.

“William Ratcliff” was but little known; to be sure the publisher’s name was Dümmler.* I give a place to this tragedy or dramatic ballad among my poems for the good reason that it is an important document in the story of my poetical life. For it is a summary of my “storm and stress” period, which is but incompletely and darkly seen in the “Youthful Sorrows” of my “Book of Songs.” In that the young author’s dreamy cries of nature were uttered with a rude, unpracticed tongue; but in “Ratcliff” his voice had grown strong and manly, and he speaks his final word with perfect frankness.

And it became a watchword, at which the pale face of want took color and the florid cheek of the son of fortune grew white as chalk. At the hearth of the worthy *Tom*, in “Ratcliff,” the soup question was already bubbling, stirred by a thousand bad cooks, and boiling higher every day. The poet is a lucky creature; he sees the forest which slumbers in an acorn, and holds converse with generations yet unborn. They whisper their secrets and he proclaims them in the market place; but his voice is drowned in the din of daily suffering; few hear and none understand him. Friederich Schlegel called the historian a prophet looking back into the past. With more truth it might be said that the poet is an historian whose eyes peer into the future.

I wrote “William Ratcliff”† in the Unter den Linden at Berlin, in the last three days of January, 1821, while the sun shone with a somewhat lukewarm benevolence on the snow-covered roofs and sad leafless trees. I wrote it off without any rough draft. As I wrote I seemed to hear a rustling over my head, like the wings of birds. When I told this to my friends the young Berlin poets they looked astonished, and assured me with one voice that such a thing had never happened to them.

* *Dumm*, stupid.

† “Ratcliff” was finished in 1822.

CHAPTER VI.

In Lüneburg.

LÜNEBURG, June 17, 1823.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

Fortunate circumstances have lately put my family into such comfortable and pleasant conditions that I should look forward to a brighter future if I did not know that fate seldom loses a chance to do a bad turn to German poets. So, my dear Varnhagen, I cannot yet tell you anything certain as to my future plans, for I shall not see my uncle, on whom much depends, till next week, when my sister is to be married. If that does not lead to some decision I shall come to one at Hamburg, where I expect to go soon after the wedding, although the sight of that town will awaken very sad thoughts in my heart.

LÜNEBURG, June 28, 1823.

To Moses Moser :

I am leading a very solitary life here, and do not meet a human being—for my parents keep aloof from all society. I have made acquaintance only with the trees, which are once more in their green dresses, reminding me of old days, and whispering forgotten songs in my ear, which makes me melancholy. Sad thoughts rise in my mind and overwhelm me; which perhaps causes my headaches, or rather prolongs them, for they are not as severe as at Berlin, though more constant. I am not yet on such a footing with my uncle as I should wish to be, in order to settle any definite plans for the future. I shall not be able to tell you anything certain on this point before my return from Hamburg Hamburg will awaken many bitter memories, but it will be very advantageous for me to go there. There is a pack of curs about my uncle who are very unfriendly to me. I may make some acquaintances in Hamburg who will act as a counterpoise to them. But I am afraid I shall make more enemies than friends, with my polite irony and reserve . . . I shall have much to write you on my return.

Give my regards to Gans and Zunz and to his wife also. Tell them I often think of them—which is natural enough, as I live quite alone here, and my impressions of Berlin run no risk of being weakened. I see you everywhere, dear Moser ; and it is something more than a sick man's weakness when I so bitterly long to be with you once more. The gods grant my wish may be fulfilled ! Hamburg ? Shall I find as many pleasures there as I once found sorrows ? That is indeed impossible.

CHAPTER VII.

The "Return Home."

HAMBURG, June 11, 1823.

To Moses Moser :

I am very uneasy, my time is much occupied, I have no commission for you to-day, and yet I must write to you. No outward change has occurred with me ; but, ye gods ! all the greater *within*. My old passion has broken out fiercely again. I ought not to have come to Hamburg ; at any rate, I must manage to get away as soon as possible. A bad fancy has seized upon me ; and I begin to think I am spiritually different from other men, with more depths in my soul. A furious anger like red-hot iron oppresses my soul ; I long for endless night.

I was well received by my family. My uncle Salomon Heine promises me great things ; but unfortunately he set off at six o'clock yesterday morning on a journey, half of business, half of pleasure. . . .

LÜNEBURG, June 24, 1823.

On the 22d I was present with all my family at my sister's marriage, at the Zollenspieker. It was a bright day of rejoicing and harmony. The food was good, the beds were bad, and my uncle Salomon Heine was very gay. I think I shall finally get on an excellent footing with him. *Outwardly* we are good friends, and he flatters me *openly*.

RITZEBÜTTEL, August 23, 1823.

I was in Hamburg at a bad time. My grief made me restless ; and through the death of a cousin and the consequent disturbances in my family, I found little to comfort me in others. The magic of the place had a terrible effect on my soul, and awakened in it an entirely new element, which will last for years, and influence what I do and endure. If I were a German—I am not ; see Rühs, Fries, and others*—I would write you long letters on this subject, long mental dissertations.

* Authors of various writings of the day against German Jews.

I pine for the hours of intimate talk, when I shall be able to draw aside the curtain from my heart, and show you *how my new folly is grafted on my old one.* . .

In my all too gloomy life
Once there shone a picture sweet ;
Now the picture sweet has paled,
I am wrapped in utter night.

When a child in darkness lies
All his spirit is oppressed,
And to drive away his pain
He will sing a song aloud.

I, a foolish child, am singing
In the darkness of this hour ;
Though the song be harsh and rude,
It has eased me of my pain.

Upon the far horizon,
Like a cloud-picture, stands
The town with all its towers,
Wrapped in a twilight veil.

A misty breeze is wrinkling
The river's waters gray ;
The boatman's oars beat sadly
As he rows my boat along.

The sun sends out one parting ray
As he sinks into the earth ;
It lights the very spot where I
Lost her I loved the best.

I bid thee hail, thou lofty town,
That once my secret hadst,
When fast within thy bosom
Thou heldest my beloved.

Speak out, ye doors and towers,
Where is my darling now ?
'Twas in your care I left her ;
You should have been her guards.

'Twas no fault of the towers,
From their place they could not move
When my love, with chest of jewels,
Fled fast from out the town.

The doors too flew wide open,
And let my darling through ;
A door* (and fool) are ready
When a foolish woman wills.

The night is still, the streets are silent :
Oft beneath this roof I met
My love ; long years ago she left it,
But the house is standing yet ;

And a man with eyes uplifted
Stands and rings his hands in pain ;
Ah, the horror ! In the moonbeams
My own face I see again.


Fearful double ! Pallid comrade !
Dost thou mock the pangs of woe
That I felt where we are standing
In the nights of long ago ?

When I told you of all my sorrows,
You yawned without any phrases ;
When I brought them in elegant verses,
You smothered me under your praises.

" Say, where is thy pretty darling,
Once the theme of all thy lays,
When the flames of magic fire
Set thy heart in such a blaze ? "

All those flames have long been smothered,
And my heart is sad and cold ;
As an urn I keep this volume,
The ashes of my love to hold.

* A pun : Thor—door, fool.



RITZEBÜTTEL, August 26, 1823.

To Moses Moser :

The sea baths I am taking here agree with me ; if it were not for the terrible agitation of my mind ! My nerves are much stronger, and if my headaches will but go off I will write something strong this year. Where I shall spend the winter I do not yet know ; you see I at present am a man who does not know to-day what he will have to live on to-morrow.

LÜNEBURG, September 27, 1823.

I am once more in Lüneburg, the abode of *ennui*. It is strange about my health ; nerves stronger but constant headaches. They drive me to despair, for I am at work again at the law. I am ill and provoked and wounded in many ways, and am quite exasperated with the dull fellows who make a good living out of a thing for which I made great sacrifices, for which my soul will forever bleed. They must annoy me ! Just as I have taken a quiet stand to let the waves of hatred toward the Jews beat upon me. I see the effect of the hatred on every hand, and it is but beginning its work. Friends with whom I have passed most of my life turn from me. Admirers become disparagers ; those I love best hate me most ; all try to injure me. You ask so often in your letters if Rousseau has written. That seems to me an idle question. Many another friend has deserted and turned against me. I will say nothing of the herd of dear creatures that did not know me personally.

Meanwhile my family and financial affairs are in a sad state. You call my conduct to my uncle a want of prudence. You wrong me. I do not see why I should not maintain the same dignity with my uncle as with other men. You know I am no delicate, sensitive youth, who blushes to borrow money, and stammers in asking help from his best friend. I think I need not tell you that ; you have found me thick-skinned in such cases ; but it goes against my nature to extract money by cajoling or obsequious conduct from my uncle, who has millions and does not like to give away a groschen. I was rewarded for my self-restraint by being treated by my uncle, when I spent several days at his country house at Hamburg, with respect and especial favor. In short, I am a man who cannot do otherwise, and will not forfeit his self-respect for any hope of gain.

CHAPTER VIII.

Close of College Years.

ALAS ! GÖTTINGEN, February 2, 1824.

To Moses Moser :

Dear Moser : I have been here nine days, which means I am bored to death; but I chose to come. All right; no more of it. Not another complaint will I make. I read Rousseau's letter last evening, and saw how tiresome constant complaints are. But I complain of nothing but my health; and—you can bear witness to this—this old complaint has been drawn out of me by the rascals, who try to poison my life by their machinations. I feel myself great enough for that. I live only in the study of the law. If you think I shall not make a good jurist you are mistaken. You may refuse to employ me as counsel, but do not tell other people, or I shall starve. I will eat my dinners off of the scales of Themis, and not off my uncle's stingy platter. Last summer's events made a painful impression on me. I am not great enough to bear slights. I dare say there is more bad than good in me—though colossal masses of both. But I love the good, and therefore you, good Moser.

FEBRUARY 25.

I live very quietly. The *corpus juris* is my pillow. But I have other occupations; for instance, reading chronicles and drinking beer. I shall be ruined by the library and beer cellar. I am in love troubles also. It is no longer the early simple love for one only. I am no longer a monotheist in love; as I am devoted to double beer, so I am to double love. I love the Medicean Venus here in the library, and Councilor Bauer's handsome cook—and, ah! both loves are fruitless! . . .

MARCH 19th.

. . . Do not ask me for any effort, as you did in your last letter. Whether it is all over with my poetry or not, and what our æsthetic friends in Berlin may say of me—what do we

care? I do not know whether they are right in saying my light is burned out; but only that I will not write as long as I have nervous headaches. More than ever, I feel the god within me, and a contempt for the multitude; but the light of a man's mind must go out sooner or later. More lasting, perhaps everlasting, is the flame of love (and friendship is a spark of it) which illumines our poor bodies. Yes, Moser, when that flame goes out you may feel anxious—but as yet there is no danger; I feel its warm rays. Farewell; love me, and be satisfied with what I am and shall be, and do not worry over what I might be!

JUNE 25.

. . . I have now written one-third of my "Rabbi," but have been terribly interrupted by pain; and God knows whether I shall ever bring it to a good end. I feel that my talent for composition is failing. But perhaps I do myself wrong, and it is a mere lack of material. . . This year will not produce much poetry. My time is taken up by headaches and my studies. And God knows if I shall be ready this year. And God help me if I am not! . . . Byron's death has greatly affected me. He was the only man to whom I felt akin, and we must have been alike in many things. Laugh at me for this as much as you please. I have not read him much of late years; we associate more with men whose characters are unlike our own. But I have always felt at home with Byron as with a comrade. I cannot feel at home with Shakespeare; I feel too plainly that I am not his equal; he is the all-powerful minister and I am only counselor; it seems as if he could turn me out at any minute.

JULY 20.

I busy myself a good deal with students' affairs, and in most of the duels I am either a second, or umpire, or witness, or at least a looker-on. It amuses me, for want of something better. And it is at least better than the wet rags of teachers, young and old, of our Georgia Augusta. Above all things I avoid the people.

WEIMAR, October 1, 1824.

To Goethe:

Your Excellency: I beg you to grant me the favor of standing a moment in your presence. I shall not be obstrusive,

and only ask to kiss your hand and depart. My name is Heinrich Heine, and I am from the Rhine ; I have been some time in Göttingen, before which I lived some years in Berlin, where I associated with some of your old acquaintances and admirers (the late Wolf, Varnhagen, etc.), and each day learned to love you more. I am also a poet, and made bold, three years since, to send you my poems ; and, a year and a half ago, my tragedies, with a lyrical interlude. I am out of health, for which I have made a three weeks' journey to the Hartz ; and on the Brocken was seized with a longing to make a pilgrimage to Weimar in honor of Goethe. I have come as a pilgrim in every sense of the word—that is, on foot and in shabby clothes. I await the granting of my request. . .

That correspondence between the personal appearance and the genius within, which we hope to find in extraordinary men, was indeed to be seen in Goethe. His outward air was as remarkable as the words which live in his writings. His form was well proportioned, active, and noble, and as good a study of Greek art as any antique. His manly figure was not bowed down in Christian abasement ; his features not spoiled by Christian humility ; his eyes not cast down with a Christian sense of sin—not devotional or prayerful in their expression—not sparkling with emotion—no : his eyes were as calm as the gods'. Goethe's eyes were as godlike in his old age as in his youth. Time had clothed his head with snow, but could not bow it. He held it proudly and high ; he seemed even greater when he spoke ; and when he put out his hand it seemed as if his finger might trace in heaven a pathway for the stars. A certain look of cold egoism has been remarked in his mouth—a look common to the everlasting gods, and the father of the gods, great Jupiter, to whom I have already likened Goethe. In truth, when I saw him at Weimar and stood before him, I involuntarily looked at his side for the eagle grasping the thunderbolts. I was almost minded to address him in Greek ; but as I observed that he understood German, I told him in German that the plums on the way from Jena to Weimar were very nice. I had thought in so many long winter nights what sublime and profound things I would say to Goethe when I should at last see him. And when I did at last see him I told him the Saxon plums were

very nice. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with those same lips which had kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danaë, Semele, and so many other princesses and even ordinary nymphs. . .

It was early when I left Göttingen, and the learned — was no doubt still in bed, dreaming as usual that he was wandering in a beautiful garden, in whose beds grew fair, white papers, covered with citations, which shone bright in the sun, and that he picked one here and there, and planted it carefully in a new bed, while the nightingales charmed his old heart with their songs. By the Weender Gate two school-boys of the town met me; and one said to the other, "I won't go with Theodore any more; he's a stupid, and didn't know yesterday what the genitive of *mensa* is." Unmeaning as these words sound I must put them down—nay, I would inscribe them over the gate as the motto of the town; for the young peep as the old pipe; and these words show the narrow, dry pride in facts of our very learned Georgia Augusta.

GÖTTINGEN, October 25, 1824.

To Moses Moser :

I should have much to tell you about my journey in the Hartz; but I have begun to write it, and mean to have it ready for Gubitz this winter. There will be some verses in it which will please you—fine, noble sentiments, and such like sweepings of my mind. What can a man do? Positively, to oppose hackneyed conventionalities is a thankless task. I went to Weimar, where the roast geese are excellent. Also to Halle, Jena, Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, and Cassel. Long journeys, always on foot, and in my old, brown, shabby coat. The beer is first rate at Weimar. More about that when I see you.

The journey to the Hartz Mountains was and remains a fragment; and the colored threads, so deftly twined into a harmonious braid, were as suddenly cut off as if by the shears of the pitiless Fates. I may some day weave them into song; and then all that is now studiously concealed shall be told at length. After all, it is no matter when and where a man says a thing, if he only does say it at last. Separate works may as

well remain fragments, if they form a whole when taken together. In such a union deficiencies will be supplied, rough places smoothed, and what is too bitter toned down. This may be the case with the early pages of the Hartz journey ; and they may have a less ill-humored air when it is seen by other passages that the dislike I have for Göttingen as a whole, though greater than I have expressed, is far from as great as the respect I feel for certain individuals there.

In my journey and here I note that my little songs have become widely and strangely popular. "But men will not love *you*," said the great Sartorius.

GÖTTINGEN, October 25, 1824.

To Moses Moser :


Precious little have I written this summer. A few sheets of the "Memoirs," verse hardly any, little of the "Rabbi," so that it is hardly one-third done. It will be long—a thick volume ; and I go over the whole book in my mind with unspeakable delight. It is truly a work of pure love, and not of idle desire of fame. On the contrary, if I listened to the voice of prudence I should not write a word of it. I see beforehand what a miscarriage it will be, and what enmities I shall stir up. In spite of this, as it is a work of love, the book will live forever, a light in the temple of God, and not a sputtering theater lamp. . .

I do not know what to say. Cohen assures me that Gans is preaching Christianity, and trying to convert the children of Israel. If he does it from conviction he is a fool ; if from hypocrisy, a knave. I shall certainly not cease to love Gans ; but I confess that I should much rather have heard that he had been stealing silver spoons.

I cannot believe that you, dear Moser, are of the same way of thinking with Gans, although Cohen says so, and as having it straight from you. I shall be very sorry if my own baptism strikes you favorably. I assure you that if one could lawfully steal silver spoons I would not have been christened. I must talk with you about this.

APRIL 1, 1825.

My outward condition is unchanged. I have worked at the law the whole winter, have had many well days, and but for a relapse of pain just now I would go up for my degree in law. . . My uncle in Hamburg has just sent me the money



for another half year; but everything he does is done in an unpleasant way.

JULY 22, 1825.

I would have long ago answered your letter of the 5th of this month if it had not been for taking my degree—which, after being delayed from day to day, came off day before yesterday. However, I discoursed like a coach horse on the fourth and fifth theses—oaths and *confarreatio*. All went off well; and the dean (Hugo) praised me highly in full conclave, and expressed his surprise that a great poet should be also a great jurist. If these last words had not made me somewhat distrustful of his praises, I should have been vain enough when, in a long Latin speech from the chair, he compared me to Goethe, and declared that by common consent my verses are worthy to stand by Goethe's. And the great Hugo spoke this from the fullness of his heart; and on the same day said many fine things when we took a walk together, and I was invited to supper by him.

It was at Göttingen that I took the degree of doctor of law, after a private examination and public disputation, in which the celebrated Hugo, then the Dean of the Faculty, did not spare me the smallest of the scholastic formalities. Although this fact may seem to you of little importance, I beg you to observe it, as it was asserted in a book against me that I bought my academic degree. Of all the lies that have been printed about my private life this is the only one that I shall refute. There is pride of learning! People say I am a bastard, an executioner's son, a highway robber, an atheist, a bad poet, and I laugh; but it breaks my heart to have my doctoral rank doubted! Between ourselves, though I am a doctor of laws, jurisprudence is the branch of knowledge of which I know least.

Here I must relate a story which is still current in Göttingen about me, and may be true. When I went to Dean Hugo to be made doctor juris, I handed him twenty-seven louis d'ors, the fee for the degree. Old Hugo was not willing to take them, saying, "We must first prove you." Whereupon I answered, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." I must say the old man behaved in a very friendly


way ; and at my public disputation he praised, not my knowledge of jurisprudence, but my talent for versifying, in a very fine Latin speech.

GÖTTINGEN, July 1, 1825.

To Moses Moser :

When I write to my uncle I will ask him for the money for a trip to the baths, and if my request is granted I shall come to Berlin earlier than I expected. If I did not write you about Goethe, and how I saw him at Weimar, and how he received me in a very friendly and condescending way, you lost nothing. He is now but the building in which a noble plant once bloomed ; and that was all I found interesting in him. He made me sad ; and he is dearer to me, now that I pity him. Goethe and I are two natures entirely repugnant to each other. He is a thorough epicurean, enjoying life to the utmost, who has sometimes yearned for life in the ideal, and sung it in his poetry—but was never much affected by anything, and has lived even less. But I am a man of imagination, and so ready to sacrifice everything to my ideals, and constantly impelled to give myself up to them. Yet I have known the joy of life, and found delight in it ; and there is now a great struggle within me, between my cooler reason, which believes in the joy of life and rejects all self-sacrificing enthusiasm as mere folly, and those romantic impulses which often come over me with resistless force, and drag me down again to the old realms of fancy—I ought perhaps to say, drag me up to them ; for it is a question whether a dreamer, who gives up his life to the ideal, does not enjoy more in one moment than Herr von Goethe has in all his seventy-six years of easy, egotistical life.

But more about this another time ; to-day my head is fatigued with unspeakable exertions. You will find this topic in the " Rabbi."



BOOK III.
YEARS OF WANDERING LIFE.
1825-1831.

CHAPTER I.

The Sea.

ISLE OF NORDENEY, August 14, 1825.

To Ferdinand Oesterley :

I've been rushing head over heels to get here to the sea baths. I must be in Lüneburg by the end of September, shall stay here four weeks, and meanwhile or afterward make an excursion to Holland. I have already enjoyed at Emden a foretaste of the Dutch character. I almost died of laughter when I kissed my first pretty Dutch girl, and she stood phlegmatically quiet, and said nothing but one everlasting *Mynheer* ! The gods know whether I shall carry out my plans, and go back to Göttingen for the sake of the library. I am ordered to think of nothing here, and to stick my head every morning into the foaming North Sea. Have taken ten baths already, and feel well. Good-by, and remember me kindly.

I often walk here on the sands, and dream of wonderful sea legends. The most interesting of them is certainly the story of the Flying Dutchman, whom men see in storms driving by under full sail, and who occasionally puts out a boat, to send aboard the other vessel letters which can never be forwarded, because they are addressed to people who died long ago. I often think too of the dear old tale of the fisher boy who saw the sea nymphs dancing on the beach one night, and afterward wandered about the world with his fiddle enchanting everyone by playing the nymphs' waltz. A dear friend told me the story in Berlin, at a concert, where we heard such another wonderful boy, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Cruising around the island has a pleasure of its own. The waves must be on their best behavior, and one must lie on his back on the deck and look at the heavens, and also have a little piece of heaven in his heart. Then the waves murmur in a wonderful way certain words that recall happy memories, certain names that thrill the soul with happy anticipations—"Evelina !" Ships sail by, and you greet each other, as if

you met every day. But at night there is something uncanny in meeting ships at sea ; and you fancy that your best friends whom you have not seen for years may be passing by in silence, and be lost forever.

I love the sea as I love my soul.

And I often feel as if the sea were indeed my soul ; and as there are sea-plants which rise to the surface only in the season of their blooming, and sink again when their flowers fade, so there come wonderful flowery pictures out of the depths of my soul, and breathe odors, and glow, and disappear—"Evelina !"

They say that not far from the island, where now all is water, there once stood fair towns and cities, which the sea overwhelmed in an instant. And in calm weather the boatmen see the shining points of the drowned church spires, and in early Sunday mornings they have heard the sweet chime of bells. The story is true—for the sea is my soul.

"A lovely world is here below,
Its ruins still remain,
And shine like golden sparks in heaven
In the mirror of my dreams."

And starting from slumber I hear the echo of bells and the song of human voices—"Evelina !"

And as you walk along the shore the ships sailing by are fair to see. When their sails are set they look like great passing swans. The sight is fairest when the sun sets behind the passing ships, and a glory of rays streams out round them.

It is pleasant too to go shooting along the shore. For myself, I do not greatly enjoy it. Love of the Great, the Beautiful, the Good, often comes from education ; but the love of the chase is in the blood. If the ancestors shot deer from time immemorial their grandchildren will find pleasure in such legitimate business. But my ancestors were no hunters ; more likely they were of the hunted. So my blood revolts at the idea of firing at the descendants of their former companions. Yes, I know by experience that I would rather shoot at the proper distance at a sportsman who regrets the days when men ranked among noble game. Thank God, those days are gone ! If such sportsmen now amuse themselves by hunting a man they must pay him for it ; as in the case of the traveler on foot, whom I saw at Göttingen two years ago. The poor fellow had walked till he was tired on a hot Sunday ; and some

Hanoverian youngsters, who were studying the humanities, offered him a couple of thalers to walk back again the way he had come. The fellow started, pale as a sheet, in his red jacket ; and behind him, in a whirlwind of dust, galloped the well-fed and worthy youths on their prancing horses, whose hoofs now and then struck the hunted, panting man—and he was a human being.

As an experiment, and to accustom myself to it, I went shooting yesterday. I fired at some gulls who were flying near me imprudently, for they could not be sure I was a bad shot. I did not want to hit them, but only to give them a warning to be more cautious another time with men who have guns ; but I missed my aim, and was unlucky enough to shoot a young gull dead. It was lucky it was not an old one, for then it would have gone hard with the poor little gulls, who lay in their sandy nest all unfledged, and would have starved without their mother. I knew I should be unlucky in my hunt, for a hare ran across my path.

A strange feeling comes over me when I wander alone on the shore in the twilight—the level dunes behind me, before me the vast, raging ocean, above me the heavens, like a huge crystal dome. I seem to myself the merest insect, and yet my soul goes far afield. The uniformity of the nature around me at once subdues and elevates me to a higher degree than any surroundings have ever done before. No cathedral is large enough for me ; my soul in its Titanic longings rises higher than the Gothic columns, and seeks to pierce the roof. On the top of the Rosstrappe the colossal cliffs at first sight overawed me with their bold forms ; but the impression did not last long ; my soul was surprised, not overcome ; and the monstrous masses of stone grew gradually smaller to my eye, until at last they seemed mere remains of a ruined palace, in which my soul might have taken its ease.

NORDERNEY, September 1, 1825.

To Christian Sethe :

O Christian, I am in a very weak state to-day, and must talk of old things, old sorrows, and new follies, of bitter stupidity, and the sweetness of woe. I am still the old fool, who has no sooner made peace with the outer world than he begins to be at war within himself. The weather is horrible ; the sea roars continually. Oh, if I were but lying buried under the white sands ! I have grown very modest in my wishes. I


used to wish to be buried under a palm by the Jordan. This cursed taking leave of people breaks me down—like the minor key. I have passed happy days here. My vanity was stroked the right way by fair hands ; and I almost began to think Dr. Heine was a truly lovable creature, and reveled in the sight of the beautiful woman, in whose company you saw me. She was very kind to me at last—and she has gone. It was hard for me to take leave of the Princess Solms also ; we suited each other, and teased each other delightfully. She praised me a great deal ; and you know that never fails to make its impression.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

On the pallid ocean strand
I sat wrapped in sad thought and lonely.
The sun sank lower and threw
Glowing red streaks on the water.
And the white, wide waves,
By the flood compelled,
Foamed and roared nearer and nearer—
A wonderful sound, a whispering and piping,
A laughing and murmuring, sighing and whistling ;
And with these, low voices, cradle-songs singing,
Die away voices, seemed telling me stories—
Old-time, wonderful fables,
Which in the days of my childhood
From neighbors' children I heard,
When we, on warm summer evenings,
On the flagstone by the house door,
Crouched down to hear the low story,
With little listening hearts
And wide open, curious eyes.
Meanwhile the older maidens,
Behind the sweet-scented flowers,
Close by the window were sitting,
Faces of roses,
Smiling, and touched by the moonbeams.

POSEIDON.

The rays of the sun were playing
On the wide-rolling sea ;
Afar in the roadstead gleamed the ship



That will bear me to my home ;
But no favoring breeze was blowing,
And I still sat quiet on the white dune
Upon the lonely shore.
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The old, the ever young song,
From out whose sea-rustled leaves
Joyously came unto me
The breath of the gods,
And the glowing springtime of men,
And the blooming heaven of Hellas.

My constant heart went faithful along
With the son of Laertes, through wandering and hardship,
Sat with him, grieved in my soul,
At the friendly hearthstone,
Where queens were weaving the purple,
And helped him deceive, and escape with good fortune
From the caverns of giants, and arms of the sea nymphs,
Followed him in the terrible nights,
And in storm and in shipwreck,
And with him suffered unspeakable woes.

Sighing, I spoke : " O cruel Poseidon,
Thy rage is frightful,
And I too am sad
For my own journey homeward."

I had hardly spoken the words,
When the sea boiled,
And out of the white waves arose
The weed-crowned head of the sea god,
And scornfully spoke.
" Fear not, thou little poet !
I will not in the least endanger
Thy little bark,
Nor peril thy precious life
With too much violent tossing.
For thou, little poet, hast never provoked me ;
Thou didst not destroy one single turret
Of the sacred fortress of Priamus,
Neither a single hair didst thou burn
Of the eye of my son Polyphemos ;

Nor wast ever preserved by the counsels
Of the goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athene."

So spoke Poseidon,
And sank again into the ocean.
And at his rough sailor-jokes
Laughed beneath the billows
Amphitrite, the jolly fishwife,
And the foolish daughters of Nereus.


SEA GHOSTS.

I lay on the edge of the ship,
And gazed with dreamy eyes
Down on the mirror-like water,
Looking in deeper and deeper—
Down to the depths of the sea.
At first like clouds of the dawn,
Then growing plainer in color,
Spires and towers arose,
And at last, plain as day, a whole town,
Old-fashioned, Netherlandish,
And crowded with people.
Deliberate men, in dark-colored mantles,
With snowy ruffs and chains of office,
And long swords and long faces,
Walked across the crowded market,
To the high steps of the townhouse,
Where stony figures of kaisers
Kept watch with scepter and sword.
Close by, from out long rows of houses,
With windows clean as mirrors,
And lindens trimmed into cones,
In rustling silk came maidens,
Slender in form, with faces like roses
Modestly framed in black caps,
From under which gold hair was straying.
Youths in bright clothes, Spanish in fashion,
Strutted along and carelessly nodded.
Elderly women,
In brown and well-worn garments,
Hymn books and chaplets in hand,
Hurried with tripping step

Toward the lofty cathedral,
Called by the voices of bells,
And pealing tones of the organ.

O'er me, too, at the distant chime
Comes a mysterious shudder !
Endless longing, bitter woe
Creeps on my heart,
My heart but newly healed ;
It is as though its tender wounds
By loving lips were kissed,
Until they bled anew—
Scalding, ruddy drops.
Long and slow they trickle down
On an old house there below,
In the sunken ocean town—
On an old and high built house,
Standing sadly and deserted—
Save that, at a lower window,
Sits a maiden,
And leans her head upon her arm,
Like a poor, forgotten child—
And I know thee, poor, forgotten child.

So deep, deep as is the sea,
Thou from me didst hide,
In childish whim,
And couldst not come again,
And tarriedst strange among strangers
For a whole century.
And I, my soul oppressed with woe,
Through all the world went seeking thee,
Forever seeking thee,
Thee forever loved,
Thee, the long lost one,
Thee found again at last—
I have found thee again, and again I gaze
Upon the sweet face,
The brave, true eyes,
The loving smile.
And never will I leave thee more,
And down unto thee I come.



And with arms outstretched to thee,
I plunge down to thy heart——

But at just the proper moment,
The captain caught me by the foot,
And dragged me back into the ship,
And laughing, half in anger, said :
“ Doctor, are you the devil's own ? ”

CHAPTER II.

The Reisebilder.

LÜNEBURG, October 25, 1825.

To Friederike Robert.

I am glad to hear, fair lady, that you have made my uncle Salomon Heine's acquaintance. How did he please you? Tell me, tell me! He is a man of consequence, who has very great faults and very great qualities. We are constantly at variance, but I love him exceedingly—almost better than myself. We are much alike in our ways and characters; the same obstinate boldness, unbounded tenderheartedness, and unaccountable craziness—only Fortune finished him off as a millionaire, and me the opposite—that is, a poet; and so, very different in our ideas and ways. I beg you to tell me how you like him. I shall see this uncle next week, as I am going to Hamburg, to set up as a lawyer.

Of the seven years which I passed at German universities, I spent three fair, blooming years of life in the study of Roman casuistry, jurisprudence—that illiberal science. I went through that accursed study, but could never decide to make any use of my knowledge; partly perhaps because I felt that others would easily beat me in argufying and pettifogging, I hung my doctor of laws' hat on the nail.

My mother looked more serious than ever. But I had grown older—old enough to renounce a mother's control. The good woman had grown older too; and as she had given up all attempt to direct me in life after so many fiascos, she regretted, as we have seen, that she had not devoted me to a religious career.

They loved one another, but neither
 The truth to the other would tell ;
 They looked at each other unkindly,
 Determined to die of their love.

They parted at last, and their glances
 Ne'er met, save sometimes in a dream ;
 They both had been dead for a long time,
 And hardly knew it themselves.

I, unhappy Atlas, a whole world,
 The entire world of sorrow, must I bear ;
 I bear the unbearable, and full sure
 My heart will break in my bosom.

Oh, thou proud heart ! It was of thine own will !
 Thou wouldst be happy, aye, forever happy,
 Or else forever wretched, O proud heart ;
 And now thou wretched art.

HAMBURG, December 30, 1825.

To Karl Simrock :

The good reception which my first productions met with has not convinced me—as unhappily is generally the case—that I am an out and out genius, who has nothing to do but to spin out sweet, bright poems and let all the world admire him. No one feels more than I how hard it is to produce any literary work that does not already exist, and how unsatisfactory it must be to a mind of any depth to write only to please the idle crowd. We are both well past our salad days and salad day loves ; and any lyricism we now permit ourselves must be wrung out of us by an element in our souls, irony, which you handle in a good-natured, Goethe-like way, but which leads me to be bitter and gloomy.

HAMBURG, January 9, 1826.

To Moses Moser :

I am living here very much alone, reading Livy, reviewing my old ideas, meditating some new ideas, and writing poor things of no importance. Of my outward affairs I can and will say little to-day ; but I will confide this much to you—I am better off than I myself know. What most torments me is

my own self. In truth, I am so disturbed inwardly that I cannot think of outward things. The only places I visit here are the houses of my sister, my uncle, the syndic Sieveking, and Candidate Wohlwill. My uncle is gracious to me, very gracious—which is the more meritorious as he is surrounded by none but my enemies. I am now hated by Christian and Jew. I am very sorry I was christened ; I do not see that things have gone any better with me since ; on the contrary, I have had nothing but ill luck from that time. Is it not foolish ? No sooner have I been christened than I am cried down as a Jew. But I say again, nothing but disappointments since. But not a word of this. You are too liberal minded not to laugh at it.

FEBRUARY 24, 1826.

I care nothing what people think of me, and they may say what they will ; but it is another thing when these thoughts or sayings are told to me personally. That is my personal honor.*

At the university I fought two duels with swords because men looked askance at me, and one with pistols for an insulting word. These are attacks on my personal dignity, with the loss of which I could not live. And now Cohen is declaring at my uncle's that I am a gambler, leading an idle life, must be in bad hands, have no character, and much more of the same sort—either to show his own importance or because he is stupid enough to think it will do him any good. I am in a rage, and feel my honor deeply wounded ; but what wounds me most is that it is my own fault for giving way too readily and childishly to my friends and my friends' friends.

HAMBURG, May 14, 1826.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

And now after putting it off so long I must write to you at once and in a hurry. But this is not a letter, but only a request that you will give the accompanying book in my name to our dear, good, noble Friederike, and say all good things to her from me. In the private letter which I will shortly write you I will tell you in full how I am, how I am living,

* Moser had found fault with Heine for his attacks on certain religious reforms in Hamburg.


what I am writing, and what I am not writing. No more for the moment ; my health is steadily improving, and this air agrees perfectly with me.

Affairs are just the same with me ; I have not yet contrived to make a nest for myself ; and this talent, which is strongly developed in insects and certain doctores juris here, is utterly wanting in me. So I have had to give up my plan of settling here as an advocate ; but do not fancy from this that I am going to move away. I like the place extremely ; here is the classic ground of my love ; all seems enchantment ; the life that lay sleeping has awakened in my bosom, it is spring again in my heart ; and if my old headaches will quite leave me you may expect some good books from me. If my outward situation is painful, my reputation protects me from all attack. Unluckily I must confess that this reputation will not be much improved by the appearance of the first volume of the "Reisebilder." But what can I do ? I must publish something ; and if it does not excite general interest and is of no great value, there is nothing in it that can be called bad. . . . I have alienated a great many useful friends, partly by and partly without my own fault, and roused many adversaries. . . . What troubles me most is the disagreeable thought that my book is really not worthy to be dedicated to the cleverest woman in the universe. But I am consoled by the reflection that Frau von Varnhagen will not give me up, let me write what I may, good or bad. It is different with you, Varnhagen ; not satisfied with my showing how many notes there are in my lyre, you must have them all joined in one grand concert—and the "Faust" I am writing for you will do this. For who has a better right to my poetic exertions than he who led and directed my poetic efforts and essays ?

HAMBURG, May 26, 1826.

To Karl Simrock :


Here you have my latest little book, just fresh from the press. . . . In the next volume you shall see the flowing Rhine. Whether the public will fancy the "North Sea Pictures" is doubtful. The strange, swinging meter may make the average sugar and water readers seasick. There is nothing like following the old respectable, well-trodden roads, or running in the old ruts of the highway. You can hardly imagine, dear Simrock, how I love the sea ; I shall soon be on the water again, and it may be some time before I come to Berlin.



HAMBURG, June 7, 1826.

To Wilhelm Müller :

The "North Sea" is one of my latest poems; and you see by it what new notes I have sounded and what new paths I am treading. . . . Prose has seized me in her wide arms, and in the next volume of the "Reisebilder" you will find plenty of crazy, harsh, abusive, angry and especially polemic prose. The times are bad, and he who has strength and courage is bound to join in the battle against the swelling evils, and against the indifference which is widespreading, unbearably widespreading. I beg you to continue your kindness to me, and never forsake me; let us grow old, striving side by side. I am vain enough to think that my name will one day, when we are no more, be remembered with yours; and let us, through our lives, be united in friendship.



CHAPTER III.

NORDERNEY.

NORDERNEY, July 8, 1826.

To Moses Moser :

Once more I am swimming in the North Sea. I delight in the salt element ; my spirit is light when the waves toss my boat hither and thither like a ball ; and the idea of drowning is a consoling one—the only consolation the cruel priest of Heliopolis has left me, as he lays no beams under the water.

What a terrible truth there is in the story of the Wandering Jew ! In the lonely valley, the mother tells the terrible story to the children as they crouch trembling round the fire ; the night is dark without ; the posthorn sounds—the Jew peddlers pass by on their way to the Leipsic fair. We are the heroes of the story, but do not know it. No barber shall ever shave that white beard, turning black again under the hand of time, as it restores his lost youth. . . .

At Cuxhaven, where I stopped for nine days on my way hither, on account of the unfavorable winds, I spent delightful hours in the companionship of Jeannette Jacobson, by marriage Goldschmidt. No ; I will not lie to you—no West-east wind, but the West-east lady herself, held me captive for nine days in Cuxhaven. Oh, she is fair and lovely !

NORDERNEY, July 25, 1826.

To Friederich Merkel :

Night before last, at one o'clock, I left Cuxhaven. It was a wild night, and my feelings were not of the calmest sort either. The vessel lay off in the roadstead ; and the yawl in which I put off to her was three times driven back into port by the stormy waves. The little boat bounded under me like a horse ; and it was a narrow escape that a lot of unwritten sea pictures, and their author to boot, did not go to the bottom. But—may the Lord of the elements forgive my sins—I was quite cheerful all the time. I had nothing to lose !

The sea was so wild that I several times thought I should be drowned. But the congenial element did me no such ill turn. It knows well that I can be wilder yet. And then, am I not the court poet of the North Sea? And it knows I have the second part still to write.

It is delightful here. The fair lady has already come, and the Princess of Solms, with whom I spent some pleasant days last year. Have gambled a little too, and with better luck than at Cuxhaven, where I lost five louis-d'or.

NORDERNEY, July 29, 1826.

To Varnhagen von Ense:

My health continues to be better. To set it thoroughly right, I am taking sea baths here, and again swimming in the North Sea, which is kind to me, as it knows I am its poet. The sea is a fine element. If far away from it, I get very homesick. My "North Sea Pictures" were written *con amore*, and I am glad they please you. How glad I am, too, that my "Pictures of Travel" were well received. Enchanted, truly enchanted, almost intoxicated was I by Frau von Varnhagen's letter. To tell the truth, I never doubted about her. I know her pretty well. And so I feel that no one knows and understands me so thoroughly as Frau von Varnhagen. When I read her letter, I seemed to have got up in my sleep, and to be looking in the glass and talking to myself, and even boasting a little. The best of it is, I need not write Frau von Varnhagen long letters. If she knows I am alive, she knows what I feel and think. I believe she understood the real meaning of my Dedication better than I did. I think I meant to express by it that I belong to someone. I run wild so much over the earth that people often come along who claim me for their own; but they have always been people who did not much please me; and as long as this continues to be so, my collar will be marked, *J'appartiens à Mme. Varnhagen.*

NORDERNEY, August 4, 1826.

To Friederich Merckel:

I am not so happy here as last year, and my own temper is more to blame than the people here. I am often unjust to them. And so it seems to me that the beautiful lady from Zell

is not so beautiful now as in 1825. The sea too is not so romantic in my eyes as it once was. Yet on its shore I have met with the sweetest mystical adventure that ever charmed a poet. The moon wanted to show me that there are yet some glorious things for me in this world. We spoke no word—it was one long, earnest look—the moon made music for us the while. As I passed, I took her hand, and felt its secret pressure; my soul trembled and glowed. And then I wept.

What is the use? If I am bold enough to seize upon good fortune, I cannot hold it long. I feared it would soon be day—only darkness gives me courage. A beautiful eye—it will long live in my heart—and then fade away into nothing—as I shall.

The moon is silent; the sea is ever babbling, but man can seldom understand the words. And you, the third who knows the secret, will not tell it; and so it is hidden forever in darkness.

AUGUST 21, 1826.

I have quarreled with the beautiful lady from Zell. She deliberately tries to provoke me on all occasions. It all comes from some mischievous gossip. Yet I am still bewitched by her. I am filled with anger and delight when I hear her voice—a devilish sensation. I see a great deal of Prince Kossolowski, a man of great ability. Farewell.

A GREETING TO THE SEA.

Thalatta! Thalatta!
A greeting to thee, thou eternal sea!
A greeting to thee ten thousand times
From a joyous heart,
As once thou wast greeted
By ten thousand Grecian hearts,
Fighting bad fortune, longing for home,
World-renowned Grecian hearts.

The billows were rocking,
Rocking and roaring;
The sun poured down joyously,
Rosy rays dancing;
The sea-gulls affrighted
Flew off, loud screaming;

There was stamping of horses, and clashing of shields ;
And widely resounded a shout as of triumph,
“ *Thalatta ! Thalatta !* ”

A greeting to thee, thou eternal sea !
Like the speech of my home is the roar of thy waters.
Like dreams of my childhood, I see the light glancing
Over thy heaving wavy domain.
And olden time memories tell me again
Of all the precious and wonderful toys,
Glittering presents like those of Christmas,
Wonderful trees all of red coral,
Goldfish and pearls and bright colored mussels,
Which thou holdest fast in secret,
Down in thy shining crystal house.

Oh, how have I languished in foreign deserts !
Like unto a faded flower
In the tin box of a botanist prisoned,
Long lay my heart in thy breast.
It is as if I had sat all winter,
A sick man in the dark sick-chamber ;
And now I come forth in a moment.
Blinding, comes streaming upon me
The emerald springtime, awaked by the sunshine ;
Trees of blossoms white are rustling,
And the tender flowers look in my face
With bright and sweet-scented eyes ;
There is sweetness and humming and breathing and laughter ;
And in the blue heaven the birds are all singing—
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou heart, ever bold in retreat !
How oft, how bitterly oft
Stabbed by barbarian women from the North !
From their great conquering eyes
They launched the burning arrows ;
With wily polished phrases
They threatened to pierce through my bosom ;
With cuneiform notes they battered
My poor bewildered brain.
Vainly I held up my shield, opposing ;

The arrows whistled, the blows came crashing ;
 And by the northern barbarian women
 I was pressed down to the sea. And with a free breath I greet
 the sea,
 The dear, protecting sea.
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

SHIPWRECKED.

Hope and love ! All has been shattered ;
 And I myself, like a dead body
 Cast forth by the moaning sea,
 I lie upon the strand.
 The bald and barren strand.
 Before me heaves the watery waste ;
 Behind me nought but care and woe ;
 And over me the clouds are drifting,
 The shapeless, gray daughters of the wind,
 Who from the sea, in misty pails,
 Draw the water,
 And with labor drag it, drag it,
 And pour it again in the sea—
 A sad and long enduring labor,
 And useless as the life I lead.

The waves are murmuring, the gulls screaming.
 Old recollections o'er me are breathed—
 Visions forgotten, pictures long vanished,
 Terribly sweet, start forth again.

There lives in the North a woman,
 A woman royally fair.
 Her slender, cypress-like form
 Is wrapped in a white and wanton robe ;
 Her wealth of dusky hair,
 Like a blessed night,
 From her braid-crowned head overflowing,
 Curled as sweet as a dream
 Round her sweet and pallid features.
 From out her sweet and pallid features,
 Large and commanding, her eye looks forth
 Like a coal-black sun.

Oh, thou coal-black sun, how oft,
Enchantingly oft, drank I from thee
Fierce flames of inspiration,
And stood, and reeled, drunk with fire—
Then swept a smile of dove-like mildness
Round the high-curled, haughty lips ;
And the high-curled, haughty lips
Breathed forth words tender as moonlight
And sweet as is the scent of roses—
And my soul sprang up on high,
And flew, like an eagle, aloft unto heaven.

Be still, ye waves and ye gulls !
Silenced forever are joy and hoping,
Hoping and love ! And here I lie,
A desolate, shipwrecked man,
And bury my burning face
In the dewy sand.



CHAPTER IV.

New Struggles.

LÜNEBURG, October 6, 1826.

To Friederich Merkel :

You will have heard from Campe how things have gone since my return hither. The bad fevers frightened me off from traveling to Friesland and Holland ; but the journey is not given up for all that. I shall go from Hamburg by steamer direct to Amsterdam. Nevertheless, I will describe my last journey. The truth is, it is all the same what I describe ; it is all God's world, and worth observing, and what I do not see in things I put into them. Unhappily, I am still troubled with headaches, though the bathing was astonishingly beneficial to me. I have already written eight great sea pictures here, mighty original—perhaps not of the highest worth, but still worth notice, and I am sure they will attract notice. If my health will only get somewhat better, the second part of the "Pictures of Travel" will be the most wonderful and interesting book that has appeared in these times. I am in no hurry. Lüneburg was not built in a day—and Lüneburg is far from being Rome. Have you heard whether the black gallows bird has been telling any more lies about me? * I should be specially glad to know for certain to whom he has uttered threats of giving me a beating. It is important to me from the consequences. *Think of this.* N. B. I do not often *underline*. I am not at ease and things go slowly. Christiani talked with a traveler who has been all over Germany, and heard my "Pictures of Travel" talked about everywhere. God ! I must make the second part infinitely better, and I will. I see a deal of Christiani here, as usual ; he suits me best of all my friends.

LÜNEBURG, October 14, 1826.

To Moses Moser :

I have been suffering a great deal lately, and only now feel capable of thinking quietly and doing anything. In January

* A Hamburg broker named Friedländer.

I shall be in Hamburg again for a little while ; and about Easter the second part of the "Pictures of Travel" will be printed. This part will be an extraordinary book, and make a great noise. I must do something strong. The second portion of the "North Sea," which will open this second volume, is far more original and bold than the first portion, and will certainly please you. I have taken quite a new track, to the danger of my life. In an autobiographical fragment I have attempted some frank, pure humor. Till now I have shown only wit, irony, and extravagance, but never before real genial humor. The second volume will also contain a series of letters from a voyager on the North Sea in which I speak "of all things and some others." Won't you send me some new ideas for this? I can use anything. Fragmentary conclusions on the state of learning in Berlin, or Germany, or Europe—who could handle these more lightly than you? And who could weave them in better than I? Hegel, Sanskrit, Dr. Gans, the doctrine of symbols, history—what rich themes! . . .

You will have heard that the black gallows bird of Hamburg has gone about everywhere telling the lie that he gave me a beating. The hog barely touched me in the street—a fellow I had never spoken to in my life. The scamp, when I had him summoned before the police, denied the attack—he merely seized my coat tail, and was dragged away by the crowd of brokers), denied any assault or attempt at one. . .

LÜNEBURG, October 14, 1826.

To Karl Immermann :

Something which no man knows of, and which I tell only to you, and which you must not repeat to a soul, is my plan, my settled plan, to leave Germany forever, after spending some time this winter in Hamburg, where I shall print the second part of the "Pictures of Travel."

From there I go by sea to Amsterdam, and thence to Paris.

LÜNEBURG, January 10, 1827.

To Friedrich Merckel :

I have been horribly hard at work here. The damned copying is the worst part. I shall soon be able to send you the splendidest part of my book, fairly copied out. You will see that *le petit homme vit encore*. The book will make a great

noise—not from any private scandal, but from what it contains of interest to the whole world. Napoleon and the French Revolution are drawn as large as life. Do not say a word about it to anyone. I hardly dare to let Campe know the contents as yet. It must be sent off before a syllable of it gets known.

CHAPTER V.

London.

MEN are wonderful animals ! At home we grumble ; every piece of stupidity or inconvenience provokes us, and we long like children to go out into the wide world. But when we get into the wide world we find it too wide, and often sigh in secret for the narrow stupidity and inconvenience of home. We would gladly be sitting once more in the old familiar room, and build ourselves a house behind the stove, if it were possible, and sit snugly in it, reading the *German Intelligencer*. So it was on my trip to England. I had hardly lost sight of the German coast, when there sprung up within me a curious regret of the Teutonic nightcaps and the forests of periwigs which I had left behind with disgust ; and when the fatherland was lost to my eyes I found it again in my heart.

I have seen the most remarkable thing that the world can show to an astonished mind ; I have seen it, and am still full of astonishment. Before my mind still rises that stony forest of houses, with the tumultuous stream of living men's faces, with their various passions, with their terrible greed of love, of hunger, and of hate. I mean London.

Send a philosopher to London, but for Heaven's sake not a poet ! Send a philosopher, and plant him in a corner of Cheapside ; he will learn more here than from all the books sold at the last Leipzig Fair. As the human waves roar around him a sea of new thoughts will rise before him, and the eternal spirit that sweeps along will breathe upon him ; all the hidden secrets of social order will reveal themselves to him ; he will hear the beating pulse of the world and see it with his eyes—for as London is the right hand of the world—the active, strong right hand—this street, leading from the Exchange to Downing Street, may be looked upon as the pulse of the world.

But send no poet to London! The cruel earnest of all things, the colossal uniformity, the machine-like movement, the sadness of even pleasure,—this overgrown London represses all fancy and wounds the heart. And if you persist in sending a German poet hither, a dreamer who stops to stare at each thing that comes along, a sturdy beggar woman or the bright window of a goldsmith's shop—oh, he will find himself in a sad case, and be thrust aside on every hand, and perhaps knocked over with a gentle God damn!

I had determined not to be astonished at the grandeur of London that I had heard so much about. But I was like the schoolboy who determined not to feel the flogging he was to get. The fact was, he expected the usual cuts with the usual stick over the back, as usual, and instead got blows of a new sort, in a new place, with a small rattan. I expected great palaces, and saw only a mass of small houses. But their very monotony and countless numbers impressed me profoundly.

LONDON, April 23, 1827.

To Friedrich Merckel :

It is snowing outside, and there is no fire in my room—so a cold letter. Cross and ill besides. Seen and heard enough already, but no clear view as yet. London has exceeded all my expectations in its size; but I feel lost. As yet I have made few visits. I have not yet seen your friends, and the theater has been thus far my great resource. I shall stay in London up to the middle of June at the latest, and then go to some English bathing place. I need it. Life is terribly dear here; so far I have spent more than a guinea a day. I had to pay a pound and a half on the steamer for food and fees; had to pay almost a pound duty on my few books, etc. Books themselves are ruinously dear here. Nothing but clouds, coal smoke, porter, and Canning. How shall I get along in such a world? In spite of my best efforts I shall never get over making blunders—that is, speaking my mind. I am curious to learn from you if none of the powers that be have taken my book ill. After all, one likes to sit quietly by the fire at home, reading the *German Intelligencer* or the *Halle Literary Journal*, and eating bread and butter. It is so terribly damp and disagreeable here, and nobody understands one; not a soul understands German.

LONDON, June 1, 1827.

Do not, for your life, let Campe know of Cotta's offer ; you have no right to, either. I would not, for my life, put a flea in Campe's ear. It would be of no use now, and I like him too much to worry him unnecessarily. He does a great deal for my children, and I am grateful. But I will never trust to his generosity again. With the forty louis which our friend sent to me here on tick, he relieved me of much anxiety. But he has never had any real confidence in me. When I spoke to him about some sacrifices I made for my last book, he treated it as mere talk ; and so when I told him that Cotta long ago offered me brilliant terms for my essays for the *Morning Journal*—in short, he has shown no confidence in me. He shall learn to know me by my works. Oh ! I am very sad to-day. Ill and incapable of any sound judgment. And I have to pay in gold here for every impression that I gather. Some days I spend a couple of guineas.

LONDON, June 9, 1827.

To Moses Moser :

Before leaving Hamburg I took care to have my book sent to you. You see by it what I have thought, felt, and suffered in the last year. I think " Le Grand " must have pleased you ; all the rest of the book, except the poems, is fodder for the herd, who swallow it with good appetite. By this book I have made for myself a great following and great popularity in Germany. If I am well I can do a great deal more ; my voice reaches far now. You shall often hear it thundering against the jailers of thought and oppressors of sacred rights. I shall attain the post of a very extraordinary professorship in the university of higher culture.

You can readily imagine how I live here, as you know me and England. I am seeing and learning a great deal. In a few days I shall go to an English watering place. The great object of my journey was to leave Hamburg. I hope to have strength enough never to go back. I do not feel much drawn to Berlin either. A shallow life, clever egotism, clever sand. Everything here is too dear and too widely scattered. Much that is attractive—Parliament, Westminster Abbey, English tragedy, handsome women. If I get out of England alive it will not be the women's fault ; they do their best. Present English literature pitiful, more pitiful than ours—which is saying much.

RAMSGATE, July 28, 1827.*To J. H. Detmold :*

Leave Hoffmann and his ghosts, which are the more frightful because they walk in the market place in broad day, and behave like all of us. It is I, Heine, who gives you this piece of advice. And I have given you an example how a man can pull himself out of the depths by his own hair. I am high up—namely, on the east cliff, at Ramsgate, sitting in a high balcony ; and as I write I look down on the beautiful wide sea, whose waves come climbing up the cliffs, and murmuring enchanting music to my heart. I tell you this, that you may know my good counsel comes to you from a good and healthy elevation. I have an idea of leaving England, where I have been since April ; of running through Brabant and Holland, and coming back to Germany after some months.

A huge chalk cliff, like the fair, white bosom of a woman, rises above the sea. The beloved sea presses up to it, plays round it and sprinkles it in its mirth, throwing its waves round it like mighty arms. On the white cliff stands a high town ; and there, in a high balcony, a lovely woman is sitting, and playing merrily on the Spanish guitar.

Beneath the balcony stands a German poet, and as the sweet sounds float down to him his soul plays an involuntary accompaniment, and the words ring out :

“ Oh, were I but the raging sea,
And thou the cliff above.”

But our German poet did not sing the words, but only thought them. In the first place, he had no voice ; and, in the second, he was too shy.


That very evening, when he took the beautiful woman to walk on the sands, he had not a word to say for himself.

The waves dashed wildly on the white rocky bosom, and the moon threw across the water a long streak of light, like a golden bridge to the promised land.

It is now eight years since I went to London, to learn the language and the people. The devil take the people and their

language too ! They take a dozen one-syllable words in their jaws, chew them, gnash their teeth over them, and then spit them out, and call that speaking. Luckily they are naturally silent ; and though they are always staring at us with open mouths, they spare us much conversation. Woe be unto us, though, if we fall into the clutches of a son of Albion who has made the grand tour, and learned French on the Continent. He improves the opportunity of using his acquired knowledge of tongues, and overwhelms us with questions on every possible subject ; hardly have you answered one question when out comes another, about your age, or country, or how long you mean to remain ; and with this incessant interrogatory he thinks he is entertaining you most agreeably. One of my friends in Paris may be right in thinking the English learn to speak French at the Passport Bureau. Their conversation is most improving at table, when they carve their huge joints of roast beef, and ask with a solemn air what piece we will take, rare or well done, middle or outside, fat or lean. Roast beef and roast mutton are the only good things they have. Heaven preserve all Christians from their sauces, consisting of one-third flour and two-thirds butter ; or, for a change, one-third butter and two-thirds flour. Heaven preserve us from their simple vegetables also, which they put upon the table cooked in water, just as God made them. Worse even than the Englishmen's food are their toasts and obligatory speeches, when the cloth is drawn and the ladies have left the table and any number of bottles of port have been brought to supply their places—for they think this is the best consolation for the absence of the fair sex. I say the fair sex, and Englishwomen deserve the name. They are handsome, fair, and slender. But the too great space between nose and mouth, which is as common with them as with Englishmen, has often spoiled the prettiest face for me.

Certainly when one meets an Englishman in a foreign country his deficiencies are made very evident by contrast. They are the gods of tedium, rushing through all countries in their highly varnished carriages by extra post, and leaving behind them a dusty cloud of sadness. Add to this their curiosity devoid of interest, overdressed coarseness, impudent shyness, angular selfishness, and barren delight in all sad spectacles. Here, for these three weeks, an Englishman has stood for hours every day, in the Piazza del Gran Duca, gaping with open mouth at a charlatan on horseback who pulls out people's



teeth. Possibly this spectacle may indemnify the noble son of Albion for the executions he is missing in his native land. For, next to prize fights and cockfights, no sight is so dear to a Briton as the agony of a poor devil who has stolen a sheep or imitated a signature, and is exposed for an hour in front of the Old Bailey, with a rope round his neck, before being swung into eternity. It is no exaggeration when I say that sheep stealing and forgery are punished, in that hateful, barbarous land, exactly like the most horrible crimes, parricide or incest. I myself, by an unhappy chance, saw a man hanged in London for stealing a sheep, and have lost my taste for roast mutton ever since; the fat always reminds me of the poor sinner's white cap. By his side they hung an Irishman, who had imitated a rich banker's signature; and I can still see the simple terror of the poor Paddy, who could not understand in court that he could be so hardly punished for imitating handwriting when he would have allowed all the world to imitate his.


I must confess that if nothing in England pleased me, men or food, it was partly my own fault. I brought over with me from home a good store of ill humor, and expected to be cheered up among a people who can find a cure for their dullness only in the whirl of politics and business. Machinery, which has been carried to the highest pitch of perfection and has thrown so many people out of employment, gives me an uncomfortable feeling. These ingenious machines, with their wheels, bars, cylinders, and thousands of little hooks, pins, and teeth, working as if in a passion, filled me with horror. The positive, measured, punctual side of English life provoked me, and if their machines seem people, their people seem machines.

You can easily imagine that my dissatisfaction with the country grew stronger every day. But nothing ever equaled the dark mood that came over me once as I stood on Waterloo Bridge toward evening and looked down into the Thames. I thought I saw my own soul reflected in the water, looking up at me with all its scars. All sorts of sad stories came into my head. I thought of the rose that was watered with vinegar till it lost its sweet odor and drooped. I thought of the butterfly that had lost its way and was found by a naturalist fluttering among the icy walls of Mont Blanc. I thought of the tame ape that had grown so familiar with men that she played and ate with them; but at table one day she saw her own little ape

all roasted, and, snatching it away, she fled to the woods and was never seen again by her human friends. Oh, I was so sad that the hot tears sprang to my eyes. They fell into the Thames and rolled out into the great sea, which has swallowed up so many tears of men and never known it.

Those were dark days for Germany; nothing but owls, censors' edicts, prison damp, despairing novels, guard mounting, cant, and folly; and when the light of Canning's words reached us the few hearts that still hoped rejoiced. As for the writer, he left a kiss with all he loved best, got aboard ship, and went to London to see and hear Canning. I sat for days in the gallery of St. Stephen's Chapel, lived on his glances, and drank in the words that fell from his lips while my heart ran over with joy. He was of medium height—a handsome man, of noble presence, with an open countenance, a very high forehead inclining to baldness, pleasant, well-arched lips, and mild, persuasive eyes; his motions were quick, and from time to time he struck the tin box standing on the table in front of him; but even when excited he was always decorous, graceful, and “gentlemanlike.”

Canning was one of the great orators of his time. It was sometimes objected that his language was too ornate and flowery. The reproach could, however, be applied to him only in his earlier days, when his subordinate position forbade him to express an individual opinion, and confined him chiefly to the graces and ornaments of oratory and brilliant sallies of wit. His speech was at that time rather the scabbard that hid the sword than the blade itself—and a rich scabbard it was, embroidered with gold and decked with precious jewels. Later he drew forth a simple, unadorned blade, of even greater brilliancy, and keen and searching enough. I can never forget those days, nor the hours in which I listened to George Canning speaking of the rights of the people, and heard the words of emancipation that rolled like thunder from heaven over the whole earth, waking a cheering echo in the hut of the Mexican and the Hindoo. Well might Canning have exclaimed, “That is my thunder!” The sweet, full, and earnest voice came with a sad force from that breast that was already a prey to disease—the last clear, distinct tones of a dying man, strong even in death. His mother had died a few days before, and



the mourning he wore added to the impressiveness of his appearance. I can see him now, in his black coat and black gloves. As he spoke he glanced at these; and I thought, he is thinking of his dead mother, of her sufferings, and of the sufferings of the poor starving people of England, and these gloves are a token to them that Canning knows their woes and will redress them. In the excitement of speaking he tore one of them off, and I fairly thought he would fling it at the feet of the proud aristocracy of England as the gage of all oppressed mankind.

The constant memories of Shakespeare, and those we owe to him, struck me very much during my stay in England, walking about as I did, like a curious traveler, from morning far into the night, in search of noteworthy objects. Every lion reminded me of the greater lion, Shakespeare. All the spots I visited live forever in his historical plays, and I had known them from my youth. Those plays are known in that country not only by the cultivated but by all the people; and the stout beefeater, with his red dress and red face, who acts as guide in the Tower and shows you in the Middle Tower the dungeon where Richard had his nephews, the young princes, murdered, refers you to Shakespeare, who gives the details of the terrible story. The verger who shows you through Westminster Abbey talks about Shakespeare, in whose tragedies the dead kings and queens, stretched in stone effigies on their sarcophagi, and shown for one and sixpence, play such fierce or pitiful parts. He himself, the statue of the great poet, is there, as large as life, an imposing figure, with a thoughtful face, a roll of parchment in his hands. It may be there is a spell written upon it, and when, at midnight, he calls with marble lips to the dead who rest in their graves near by, they come forth in rusty armor and faded court suits, those knights of the white and red roses; the dames, too, rise with a sigh from their last resting places, and you might hear the rattle of arms, and laughter, and curses. As at Drury Lane, where I so often heard Shakespeare's tragedies, and where Kean shook my soul as he staggered across the stage:

“A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!”

I should write the whole “Guide to London” if I tried to put down the places where Shakespeare was brought to my mind. This was especially so in parliament, not because it is the same

Westminster Hall so often mentioned in his plays, but because, while I listened to the debates, Shakespeare was often mentioned, rather in the character of a historian than as a poet. I was surprised to find that in England Shakespeare is not only honored as a poet but quoted as a historian by the first statesmen in parliament.

As you know, it is not my habit to use fine words about a player's acting, or, as the polite phrase is, the artist's rendering of the part. But Edmund Kean, of whom I have already spoken, was no ordinary hero of the boards, and I confess that in my English notebook I did not disdain to record my fugitive impressions of each night of Kean's performances side by side with the daily record of the parliamentary orator, whose words were stirring the world. Unfortunately the book, like many others of my best papers, is lost. But I think I once read out to you something about the performance of *Shylock* by Kean. The Jew of Venice was the first heroic part I saw him act. I say heroic, for he did not play it as a broken old man, a sort of Siva of hate, as our Devrient does, but made him a hero. And so he remains in my memory, clothed in a black silk robe, without sleeves, and reaching only to the knees, making the under garment of blood red, which fell to his feet, the brighter by contrast. A black hat, with a wide brim turned up on both sides, and a high crown with a red band, was upon his head; his hair and beard, long and jet black, fell like a shaggy frame about his healthy, high-colored face, from which two shining eyes shot forth anxious glances. In his right hand he held a stick, as a weapon rather than as a support. He leaned his left elbow upon it and rested in his left hand his black head filled with yet blacker thoughts, as he explained to *Bassanio* what he meant by the still current phrase "a good man." While repeating the parable of Father Jacob and Laban's sheep he seemed to get confused, and broke off suddenly with the words, "Aye, he was the third"; then came a long pause, while he was thinking what he had meant to say, and then, suddenly, as if he had recovered the thread of the story, he went on, "No, not take interest," so that it sounded, not like a part committed to memory, but a story slowly thought out. At the end of the tale he smiled, like an author pleased at his own conclusion.

But it is useless. No description can convey to you a clear idea of Edmund Kean's manner. His declamation, his broken delivery, was studied successfully by others—as parrots may

imitate the scream of the eagle, the monarch of the air. But the eagle eye, fixing upon the sun a glance as steady as its own rays, Kean's eye, with its magical gleam—no one has equaled that. Only in the eye of Frédéric Lemâitre, and while he was acting Kean, have I ever seen anything to be compared with the look of the real **Kean**.

CHAPTER VI.

The "Book of Songs."

LÜNEBURG, November 16, 1826.

To Friedrich Merckel :

Several of my friends are urging me to bring out a collection of my poems, chronologically arranged and carefully selected ; and think it will be as popular as those of Bürger, Goethe, Uhland, etc. Varnhagen has laid down many rules about it for me. I should take in a part of my first poems ; I have a good right to, as Maurer has not paid me one pfennig, on various dolorous pretexts. I shall take almost all the "Intermezzo"—Dümmler cannot object to it—and then the later poems, if Campe, from whom I would not ask a shilling as author's fees, will bring out the book, and does not fear it may injure the "Pictures of Travel." As I say, I shall not ask a shilling for the book, a low price and other elements of popularity being my great object. I should delight to show Maurer and Dümmler that I can shift for myself. This will be my principal work, and give a psychological portrait of me—the sad-earnest youthful poems, the "Intermezzo," with the "Return Home," the warm and glowing poems—for example, those from the "Harzreise," and some new ones—and finally, a complete collection of the colossal epigrams. Find out from Campe if the plan pleases him, and if he can promise a sale for such a book, which would not be an ordinary collection of poems. If not I will put the fine plan out of my mind. I call it fine, because I have many fine notions about it, knowing the public and how to suit the taste of the day.

LÜNEBURG, October 30, 1827.

To Moses Moser :

The "Book of Songs" is only a complete edition of my poems already published. . . It is beautifully got up, and, like a harmless merchantman, will sail quietly into the sea of oblivion under the convoy of the second volume of the "Reise-


bilder." The last is a man of war, that, carrying too many guns, has terribly displeased the world.

It is not without embarrassment that I offer a new edition of this book to the reading world. It has cost me a great effort, and it was almost a whole year before I could make up my mind to a hasty revision of it. The sight of it revived all the troubles that oppressed my soul on the first publication of it, ten years since. Only a poet or poetaster, who has seen his first poems in print, will understand this. First poems ! They should be written on old scraps of paper, a withered flower occasionally lying between the leaves, or a lock of fair hair, or a faded bit of ribbon—and the trace of a tear should be visible here and there. But first poems printed, printed black, on horrible smooth paper, have lost their sweet maiden charm, and give the author a shudder. . . Yes, it is ten years since these poems first appeared ; and I now give them, as before, in chronological order—the opening ones belonging to the early years when the Muse printed her first burning kisses on my soul. Alas ! The good maid's kisses have since lost their fire and freshness ! The ardors of our honeymoon have grown cold ; but the tenderness of the German Muse has never failed, and in my saddest hours she has proved all love and truth ! She has consoled me in misery, followed me in exile, cheered me in the dark hours of despondency, and never failed me ; and when my pulse ran low she came to my assistance—this kind maid, the German Muse !

I offer the " Book of Songs " to the public with diffidence, and beg its indulgence. My political, religious, and philosophical writings may perhaps make some amends for the weakness of these poems. But I must remark that my poetical writings spring from the same train of thought as those political, religious, and philosophical ones ; and that, if the latter be condemned, all praise must be denied to the others.

LOVE.

'Tis the old wood of fairy lore,
The linden blooms are sweet,
The moonbeams with their wondrous light
Enchant my inmost soul.



I wandered on, and as I went
A sound rang out on high :
It is the nightingale—she sings
Of love and pains of love.

She sings of love and pains of love,
She sings of tears and laughter ;
She exults so sadly, she sobs so gayly,
Old dreams come back again.

I wandered on, and, as I went,
I saw before me stand
In an open space a noble hall,
With towers rising high.


The windows barred, and over all
A mourning stillness hung—
Silent, as death itself had dwelt
Within those empty walls.

Before the door there lay a sphinx,
A thing of love and terror—
The body and paws of a lion she had,
The head and breasts of a woman.

A woman fair ! Her eager eye
Told of a wild desire !
The silent lips were wreathed about
With a smile of mute consent.

The nightingale she sang so sweet
I might not rule my heart—
I pressed a kiss on the lovely face—
That moment I was lost.

The marble form was stirred with life,
The stone began to groan—
She drank the fire of my kiss,
As one who pants with thirst.



She drank until my breath came short,
And with a fierce desire
She clasped me round—my wretched form
Rending with lion claws.

Entrancing agony, delicious pain !
Torture and joy alike unmeasured !
The kiss of her lips was rapture, while
I was torn by her cruel claws.

The nightingale sang: "O fairest sphinx !
O love ! what may it mean,
That thus thou minglest mortal pangs
E'en with thy keenest joys !

"O fairest sphinx ! come read to me
The riddle dark and strange !
In vain have I the answer sought
These many thousand years."

I might have said all this in honest prose. But when we read over the old songs, to give the last touches to a new version of them, we unconsciously yield to the jingling temptation of rhyme and rhythm. O Phœbus Apollo ! If the verses are poor thou wilt forgive me. For thou art an all-wise god, and knowest well why I have not for years been able to fit my words to tune-ful sound and measure. Thou knowest why the flame, which once delighted the world with brilliant fireworks, suddenly became a far more serious fire. Thou knowest why it still consumes my heart with its silent heat. Thou understandest me, great and beautiful god ; for thou dost sometimes exchange the golden lyre for the strong bow and the deadly arrows. Dost thou remember Marsyas, whom thou flayedst alive ? It is long since that ; and there is need of some such an example. . . Thou smilest, O my eternal father !

PARIS, February 20, 1839.

CHAPTER VII.

Autumn Journeys.

NORDERNEY, NORDERNEY, NORDERNEY, August 20, 1827.

To Friedrich Merckel :

As you see, I am once more in Norderney. I heard that people here were very angry with me, meant to kill me, etc.; so I lost no time in coming here. "It shows good courage," some of my old acquaintances declared, when they saw I had arrived. I do not think I need any courage here; *to come*, despising any attack that was to be feared—that did need courage. So I may boast a little. England has ruined me from a financial point of view; but I will not do like Walter Scott, and write a bad but profitable book. I am the Knight of the Holy Ghost. I had great fun in Holland, but hurried on here, not to lose the bathing season. I shall probably be here four weeks.

I was once all alone with the schoolmaster for a couple of weeks in Langerog, after everyone had gone away. I got tired of it at last. I had sent forward my heavy luggage, and meant to proceed with one trunk and my pack over Wangeroge, through Oldenburg to Hamburg. But it was days before a boat came. I made for the first that appeared, and was at last on board ship. Then we had a calm; the captain could not put to sea, and would not land. So we lay off the shore, until I could stand it no longer, and took advantage of a low tide to wade all the way to the shore with my pack on my head. I was once more alone with the schoolmaster in Langerog; then they carried me to the Siedels. God, what a queer life it was! If I had tried to describe it all in verse no one would have understood it, for want of knowing something about it. It really seems incredible to myself when I think of it that, with my pack on my head and the tide rising behind me, I walked through the North Sea.

HAMBURG, October 19, 1827.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

After receiving Frau von Varnhagen's responsum, I was about to set off to come to you ; all my preparations were made, when I got a letter from Munich, which decided me to go there at once. They have wanted me to come for some time, and now they offer me all the world. I shall at least find rest there, and that is now my first consideration. In January, 1828, *Political Annals* will appear in Munich, under the editorship of your friend Heine and Dr. Lindner. This will give people the first hint of what it means that I am in Munich. More on this point in my next. I have undertaken this editorship feeling sure that you would be not only satisfied, but delighted. You see beforehand what it may lead to. I am going in a few days to Munich, and will write you on my way.

The third volume of the "Reisebilder" will appear—as soon as I have written it. I am still young, and have no hungry wife and children—so I will speak out freely. Frau von Varnhagen will be pleased. I would write the dear friend a letter as long as the world, as rambling and unbearable as my own life, but—— I am going this morning to pay a visit to a lady whom I have not seen for eleven years, and with whom people say I was once in love. Her name is Mme. Friedländer of Königsberg—a sort of cousin of mine. Meanwhile I met yesterday the man of her choice. The good lady has bestirred herself, and arrived yesterday, just on the day when the new edition was published of my "Youthful Sorrows" by Hoffman & Campe. The world is dull, stupid, and uncomfortable, and smells of withered violets.

But I am the editor of *Political Annals* ; besides, I am persuaded that asses, when they mean to abuse one another, call each other "men."

If thine eye offend thee, cast it from thee ; if thy right hand offend thee, hew it off ; if thy tongue offend thee, cut it out. In New Bedlam, in London, I talked with a crazy politician, who confided to me that God is a Russian spy. I will get the fellow to help me in my *Political Annals*.

LÜNEBURG, October 30, 1827.

They said at Hamburg that I was in love, dead in love, with the actress Pêche. Two people know that it could not be—I and Frau von Varnhagen. Men profess to know in Berlin that Wolfgang Goethe has spoken ill of me. Frau von Varnhagen will be sorry for this.

CHAPTER VIII.

The "Political Annals."

MUNICH AT LAST. About November 28, 1828.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

I got here some days since. Cotta, who stayed one day longer to meet me, has gone back to Stutgard. His wife is a charming woman, who enjoys reading my verses, and likes me personally. Things here look as I expected, that is, very badly. People are determined I shall not be pleased, and do not know that I want nothing in the world but a quiet room. I will withdraw into myself, and write a great deal.

I was a week in Cassel. Jacob Grimm, who seemed to be pleased with me, was busy over a history of German law ! Ludwig Grimm drew my portrait—a long, German face, with yearning eyes turned to heaven. I lived three days in Frankfurt with Börne. We talked a great deal about Frau von Varnhagen. I should never have thought Börne cared so much for me ; we were inseparable up to the minute when he put me into the post-wagon. I saw no one else on my journey, except Menzel at Stutgard. The worthy singers there I did not see. Menzel's book on literature has many beauties.

MUNICH, December 1, 1828.

To Julius Campe :

I am editing the *Annals* with Dr. Lindner, and also writing some leaders for the *Ausland*. Do not be uneasy ; the third volume of the "Reisebilder" does not suffer from this, and my best hours shall be given to it. But for such considerations I might have been persuaded to take the *Morgenblatt*, whose editor has just died, or assume the direction of the *Ausland*, and so make a great deal of money. But I mean to keep myself free ; and if the climate is really so terrible as people tell me, I will not be fettered ; if I find my health in danger I will pack my trunks and go to Italy. I shall not starve, care little for empty honors, and mean to keep alive.

Everywhere on my journey I found the "Reisebilder" *en vogue*—enthusiasm, complaints, and amazement everywhere; I had no idea I was so famous. I owe it to two men—H. Heine and Julius Campe. These two will stick to one another. I, at least, will not lightly change in hopes of a better bargain and greater gains. I think we shall grow old together, and always understand each other. Accept, now that I am more independent than before, the assurance of my unchangeable feelings for you. I am quite satisfied with you—but I am writing very confusedly, and only wanted to say that, now that I have grown famous, I fear the fate of German authors, an early death.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1827.

To Friedrich Merckel:

If you want to prevent murder go to Campe, and tell him on no account to give any letters which may come for me to him to my brother Gustav. Imagine that he, invoking your example, has had the impertinence to open letters that Campe gave him for me, and write me what they contained. I am bursting with rage. My brother, whom I would not trust with the secrets of my cat, much less of my soul!

The weather here is killing me; otherwise I like it here. Am well taken care of. The king is a nice fellow. Reads the *Annals* with interest, as he says. In a week will appear the first part of the *Annals* "published by Heine and Lindner." There is a short essay in it by me on Liberty and Equality.

Munich is a town built by the people themselves, and by successive generations whose spirit still lives in their buildings, so that there is a perpetual procession of spirits to be seen, as in the witches' scene in "Macbeth"—from the dark-red spirit of the Middle Ages, stalking armed from the Gothic church doors, to the polite and polished spirit of our own days, offering us a mirror in which everybody likes to see himself. This succession of spirits excuses everything. We are not provoked by the barbaric, or disgusted by the tasteless, when we look on them as merely a beginning and a necessary state of transition. We look gravely, but without anger, at the barbaric cathedral, rising above the whole city like some gigantic bootjack, and hiding in its recesses the shades and ghosts of the Middle

Ages. With as little anger, nay, with amused tranquillity, we gaze on the bag-wig palaces of a later period, a clumsy German aping of polished French unnaturalness—the fine building of a tasteless day, crazily ornamented with scrolls on the outside, and within even more drolly bedecked with glaring allegories of varied hues, gilded arabesques, stucco work, and pictures representing the noble owners themselves. As I say, the sight does not provoke us, but is rather calculated to give us a pleasant opinion of the present; and when we look on the new rising beside the old, we feel as if a heavy peruke had been lifted from our heads, and our breasts freed from bands of steel. I am speaking of the fair temples of art and noble palaces, which have sprung up in such profusion through the genius of Klenze, the great master of his art. But to call the whole city a new Athens is, between ourselves, somewhat ridiculous; and it provokes me greatly to hear it thus spoken of.

MUNICH, February 12, 1828.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

Cotta is behaving very generously. I made a contract with him till July, and he gives me one hundred carolins for this half year.

I will never go back to Hamburg in this life; terribly bitter things happened there, which would have been unbearable but for the thought that no one but myself knew of them.

I am very serious, almost German here; I think the beer does it. I often long for the capital—that is, Berlin. If I am well I will try if I cannot live there. I have become a Prussian in Bavaria. Whom do you advise me to cultivate, to insure me a pleasant return?

MUNICH, April 16, 1828.

To Wolfgang Menzel :

O Menzel! How dull—with the exception of our articles—all the *Annals* are! I am persuaded that the Germans have no brains for politics, for I cannot hunt up any good political pens. Am still ill, and long for Italy. Write mighty little. Kolb can tell you how I am. All is bad here. A sea of little souls, and a bad climate.

MAY 12, 1828.

If I have not yet come out against you it is really not for lack of good will, but because I cannot yet come to any

sensible decision here. But I give you my word of honor you will not escape me. I was nearly dead with my head this winter, and the Munich spring is destroying me. I will leave this place in a fortnight, and withdraw into the industrious solitude of the mountains. A deal might be written about Munich. Smallness of soul of the worst sort. I have as yet had no talk with Schelling and Görres. I see all the more of the two great lights of the day, the Dioscuri of the heavenly stars of modern poetry, M. Beer and E. Schenk. I have given an account of the former's tragedies in the *Morgenblatt*, and shown the world how little I envy him, and how little I am piqued by his fame—but the evil world took it badly, and called it mystifying the public; and I had to suffer for my good nature.

To Johann Friedrich von Cotta:

After what I told you yesterday you will easily understand that I am anxious to place the three accompanying volumes in the king's hands as soon as possible. Pray do not forget to take them with you when you go to the king. I should be greatly pleased if you could let him know that the author is much milder and better than, and perhaps very different from, his early works. I think the king has sense enough to judge a blade by its edge, rather than by the good or bad use to which it was put. Excuse me if I am troubling you unreasonably; but my remaining here depends much on this.

At that time it was winter with my soul; thoughts and feelings were snowed up, my mind withered and dead, and added to this were the odious politics and my grief for a dear child who had lately died, the revival of an old fit of anger, and the influenza. Moreover, I drank a great deal of beer, as I was assured it thinned the blood. But the best Attic "breihahn" did not agree with me, as I had grown accustomed to porter in England.

At last came a day when all was changed. The sun came out in the heavens, and fed that old baby, the earth, with its milky rays; the mountains trembled for joy and shed copious tears of snow; the icy covering of the waters cracked and broke up; the earth opened its blue eyes, sweet flowers sprang from

its bosom ; the green palaces of the nightingales, the woods, rustled ; all nature smiled—and the smile was called spring. Within me, too, there came a new spring ; new flowers blossomed in my heart, thoughts of freedom sprang up like roses, and mysterious longings, like young violets, mixed, it is true, with many a worthless nettle. Over the graves of the past Hope spread her green mantle once more ; poetic melodies came back, as birds of passage, driven by winter to the warm South, return to their deserted nests in the North ; and the deserted Northern heart beat and glowed once more. Yet I know not how all this came to pass. Was it a dark or a blond sun that awakened the spring in my heart, and kissed the flowers that lay asleep there till they opened again, while the nightingales smiled upon it ? Was it sympathetic Nature herself who sought an echo in my breast, and rejoiced to see her young spring smile mirrored there ? I know not ; but I believe that the new charm fell into my heart on the terrace of Bogenhausen, in full sight of the Tyrolean Alps. As I sat dreaming there I seemed to see the face of a wondrously fair youth look down upon me, and longed for wings to fly to Italy, the land of his home. I felt drawn by the odor of lemons and oranges, sweeping down from the mountains, full of flatteries and promises, to tempt me to Italy. Once, in the golden light of evening, I saw the young god of spring on the top of an alp, his head wreathed with laurel and flowers ; and with laughing eyes and rosy lips he cried : “ I love thee ! Come to me, to Italy ! ”

CHAPTER IX.

Trip to Italy.

As the sun shone out fairer and braver in the heavens, clothing mountains and towns with a golden veil, my heart grew warmer and lighter, my bosom was again filled with flowers that sprang up and grew riotously over my head, and the fair spinner once more smiled sweetly down upon me through the flowers of my heart. Wrapped in such dreams, myself a dream, I journeyed on to Italy, forgetting my journey's end so utterly that I was astonished when large Italian eyes began to look at me, and the many-colored Italian life surged around me with its warmth and murmurings.

LIVORNO, August 27, 1828.

To Eduard von Schenk :

What I think of Italy you will sooner or later read in print. My ignorance of the Italian language annoys me much. I do not understand the people, and cannot talk with them. I see Italy, but do not hear it. Yet I am often not without conversation. The stones speak here, and I understand their silent speech ; and they seem to feel all I think. A broken column of the Roman time, a ruined Lombard tower, or a shattered Gothic pillar understands me perfectly. I am a ruin wandering among ruins. Like understands like at once. The old palaces would now and then whisper a secret to me, which I cannot hear for the noises of the day ; so I come back at night, and the moon is a good interpreter, who knows the lapidary style and can translate it into the language of my heart. Yes, at night I can understand Italian, when the young folk with their opera talk are asleep, and the old rise from their cold beds and speak the choicest Latin with me. There is something ghostly in coming to a country where you do not understand the living language and living people, but know well the lan-

guage that flourished there a thousand years ago, but is now spoken by none but the midnight spirits—a dead language.

However, there is a language in which a man can make himself plain from Lapland to Japan to one-half of the human race ; and it is the fairer half—what we call, *par excellence*, the fair sex. This language flourishes in Italy. What need of words when such eyes look eloquently into the bottom of a poor tedesco's heart?—eyes that speak better than Demosthenes or Cicero ; eyes—I am speaking the truth—that are as large as full grown stars.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, September 6, 1828.

To Moses Moser :

This letter comes to you from the baths of Lucca, where I am bathing, chatting with pretty women, scrambling over the Apennines, and doing a thousand foolish things. I had many things to say to you, but see with horror that I am short of paper. I shall stay here two weeks, then go to Florence, Bologna, Venice. I often think of you ; and it was not good of you not to answer me at Munich. At Munich I led a charming life, and should be glad to go back and stay there. During the last weeks of my stay there I had my likeness taken by one of the best portrait painters ; and as I left suddenly I gave him your address and the order to send the picture to you in Berlin. You have probably already received it. It is intended for my parents in Hamburg, and I send it by Berlin that you and my friend may see it. Cotta is teasing me to found a new journal instead of the *Annals*. I do not know what I shall do. I have no friends on whose literary help I can count. I stand alone. First of all, I mean to amuse myself in Italy. I am living a great deal and writing little. I read the finest poetry, real heroic poetry. In Genoa a rascal swore on the Madonna to run me through. The police declared that such fellows keep their word, and advised me to go away at once ; but I stayed for six days, and went to walk by the sea at night, as usual. I read Plutarch all the afternoon ; and shall I run from a modern cutthroat ? When I return to Germany I shall publish the third volume of the "Reisebilder." They think in Munich that I shall not be so hard on the nobility hereafter, as I am living in the midst of them and am in love with the most amiable aristocratic ladies and beloved by them. They are wrong. My love of equality, my hate of the clergy were

never stronger than now ; I am almost one-sided. But in order to act a man must be one-sided. The Germans and Moser are too many-sided ever to come to any action.

LUCCA, September 15, 1828.

To Salomon Heine :

This letter comes to you from the baths of Lucca in the Apennines, where I have been taking the baths for a fortnight. Nature is lovely here, and the people agreeable. In the high mountain air that we breathe here little cares and sorrows are forgotten and the soul expands.

I have thought of you so vividly of late, and have so often longed to kiss your hand, that it is natural I should write to you. If I put it off until I have left this place, and bitter, sorrowful thoughts again fill my heart, I shall write bitterly and sadly. I will not do so, nor think of the complaints I might make of you, *which are perhaps greater than you can imagine*. I pray you to lay aside some of your grounds of complaint against me, which are all a matter of money, and, if reckoned to the utmost farthing, amount after all to a sum that a millionaire can well throw away ; while my complaints cannot be reckoned up, and are eternal, for they are of the soul, and spring from a deeply wounded spirit. If I had ever by one word or look failed in respect for you and your house (*which I have loved but too well*) you would have a right to complain. But all your complaints together would go into a money-bag, and not a very large one either, and not be tightly packed. And suppose the sack were too small to hold all of Salomon Heine's complaints against me, and should burst—do you think, uncle, it would be as bad as if a heart broke that had been overloaded with reproaches?

But enough ; the sun is shining brightly, and as I look out of window I see nothing but smiling hills and vines. I will make no reproaches, but love you as I always have—will remember only your heart, which I assure you is sweeter than all the fine things that I have seen in Italy.

Farewell ; remember me to all your family—Hermann, Karl, and pretty Therese. I rejoice, under reservation, at her marriage ; next to myself I could not have chosen her a better husband than Dr. Halle. Tilly is now with me as much as with you ; her loving spirit followed me everywhere, especially on the Mediterranean. Her death has made me more calm.

I only wish I had some of her handwriting. It is sad that we have no likeness of her sweet face. Ah ! there are so many on our walls that we could spare.

FLORENCE, October 1, 1828.

To Eduard von Schenk :

O Schenk ! my heart is so full, so overflowing, that I can find no other cure than to write an enthusiastic book or two. At the baths of Lucca, where I spent a long and heavenly time, I wrote half of a book, a sort of "Sentimental Journey." I thought mostly of you and Immermann as my readers . . . Yes, dear Schenk, you must lend me your honest name for this book, which I shall not apologize for dedicating to you. But do not be uneasy ; you shall first have it to read, and it will contain a deal of clever and tender things. I must give you some open proof of my remembrance ; you have deserved it, as one of the few who gave any thought to making my outward condition secure ; and may God help me, as I hope that the King of Bavaria will some day thank you for it. I feel full of strength, and will turn it to good account.

FLORENCE, November 11, 1828.

To Johann Friedrich von Cotta :

Lest you may think I have fallen in love with a dancer, and so am tarrying here, and am as lazy as Börne himself, I have been at work on the beginning of my Italian diary—cutting out the strong words and chapters, so that the inclosed manuscript may be printed in the *Morning Journal* (and at once, too).

I have since spent some delightful days at the baths of Lucca and at Leghorn. I have been here for six weeks, waiting for letters and studying the fine arts, of which the ballet is one. But please take notice that I am not in love with any of the ballet dancers, although such a passion goes well with a cold in the head and a cough, and is as great a misfortune. On the contrary, I am very busy writing a book and reading Malthus and Bentham ; and have made out of my own head a new theory of criminal law that will please you.

Think of it ! I did not get to Rome. I have never seen Rome ! It is strange I did not go there. While I was in Upper

Italy I longed for Rome, but found I had no money. And that I could change in Italy a whole sheaf of banknotes that I had brought from London never occurred to me till I was back in Germany. However, I should have had to give it up at any rate, for I was seized with such a sudden and morbid longing to see my father that I could not resist it, and turned homeward. It was apparently without any special ground, but I could not help it. On the way I received a letter from my brother, who wrote that our father was dangerously ill, and that I should find later and fuller tidings with Herr Textor in Würzburg. I went at once to Würzburg, but when I got there my father was dead.

He was a worthy man, and for years I could not realize the loss nor cease to grieve for him. It is strange that we cannot believe in the death of one whom we did not see die—that we do not believe that one we love can die.

Yes! Yes! You talk of reunion in a transfigured shape! What would that be to me? I knew him in his old brown surtout, and so I would see him again. Thus he sat at table, the salt cellar and pepper caster on either hand; and if the pepper was on the right and the salt on the left hand he shifted them over. I knew him in a brown surtout, and so I would see him again.

CHAPTER X.

A Summer in Potsdam.

POTSDAM, May 2, 1829.

To Friederike Robert :

It is terrible weather here. The spring flowers would fain blossom sweetly, but a cold intellectual wind blows on their young cups, and they shiver and close again.

C'est tout comme chez nous ! whispers my heart—my heart that, in spite of the weather, loves you and some others.

MAY, 1829.

I am no longer a lonely Crusoe here. Some officers have landed on my island, cannibals. Last evening in the New Garden I fell in with some ladies, and sat surrounded by Potsdam women, like Apollo among the cows of Admetus.

The day before I was at Sans Souci, where all is blooming and gay ; but, good Lord ! it was only a heated and green-bedecked winter, and little fir trees stand on the terrace masquerading as orange trees. I walked round, singing in my head :

“ Du moment qu'on aime,
L'on devient si doux !
Et je suis moi-même
Aussi tremblant que vous.”

It is the monster's song in “Zémire and Azor.” I, poor monster, poor bewitched prince, am so melancholy that I am ready to die. And ah ! when a man wants to die, he is half dead already. I have laid aside my great humorous work, and gone again to my Italian journey, which will fill the third part of the “Reisebilder,” and in which I mean to settle accounts with all my enemies. I have made a list of all who sought to annoy me, lest I should forget some in my present weak state. Ill and wretched as I am, it is like making fun of myself to be describing the bright part of my life—when

I was intoxicated with good fortune and conceit, and caroled on the tops of the Apennines, dreaming strange, long dreams in which my fame was spread over the whole earth, even to the farthest islands, where the fishermen would talk of me round the fire at night. How tame I have grown since my father's death ! In such distant islands I would fain be the cat that sits by the warm hearth and listens while they tell of famous deeds. . . .

Yes ; it is really curious that I once fell in love with a girl after she had been dead for seven years. When I first knew little Very I found her very pleasing. For three whole days I occupied myself with this young creature, and was delighted with all she did and said, with all the ways in which her charming nature revealed itself ; but my heart was not stirred by any tender emotion. Nor was I much affected to hear, some months later, that she had died of a nervous fever. I quite forgot her, and am sure that I did not once think of her for years. Full seven years had passed, when I found myself in Potsdam, where I had gone to enjoy the sweet summer in undisturbed solitude. I did not meet a soul, and had no other company than the statues in the garden of Sans Souci. One day the features of a face and a peculiarly pleasant way of speaking and moving came into my memory, though I could not remember in whom I had met them. There is nothing more disquieting than such a hunting through one's past memories ; and I was delighted when, after several days, I recalled little Very to mind and knew that it was her sweet but forgotten picture whose passing memory had so disturbed me. I was as pleased at the discovery as one is by an unexpected meeting with an old friend. The dim colors grew gradually plainer ; and at last the little girl stood before me as if in life, smiling, coaxing, bright, and prettier than ever. From that moment the fair picture never left me, and filled my whole soul ; wherever I went, she was by my side ; and she talked to me, but not with any especial affection. I grew more and more enchanted with the picture every day, and every day it grew more and more real. It is easy to raise spirits, but hard to send them back into their dark nothingness ; they look so imploringly at us that our hearts plead in their favor. I could not break free, and grew to love little Very when she had been

dead seven years. For six months I lived in Potsdam, quite wrapped up in this love. I avoided all contact with the outer world more than ever; and if anyone approached me in the street I was filled with painful embarrassment. I encouraged in myself a sort of shyness, such as the night-wandering spirits of the dead must feel; for they say these are as much afraid to meet a living person as the living are to meet a ghost. But a traveler came to Potsdam whom I could not avoid; it was my brother. At sight of him, and at his account of all that had lately taken place, I awoke as from a deep dream, and felt with a shudder in what a ghastly solitude I had lived so long. I had taken no note of the changing seasons; and now looked with wonder on the trees, which had dropped their leaves and were covered with the frosts of autumn. So I left Potsdam and little Very; and in another town, where I had important business, vexatious affairs and duties soon brought me back to the harsh realities of life.

CHAPTER XI.

Life in Hamburg.

IN speaking of what was worth seeing in the republic of Hamburg I must not forget to mention that in my time the Apollo Hall, on the Drehbahn, was a brilliant place. It has greatly gone down since ; philharmonic concerts are given there, jugglers give their shows, and naturalists are fed there. It was all different once ! Trumpets blew, drums rattled, ostrich feathers waved, and Héloïse and Minka went through the figures of the Oginski Polonaise—and it was a fine sight. Bright days, when fortune smiled on me ! And fortune's name was Héloïse ! She was the sweetest, dearest, fairest fortune, with rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, delicate nose, lips like sweet-scented petals, eyes as blue as a mountain lake ; but there was a shade of sadness on her brow, like a cloud over a bright spring landscape. She was slender as a poplar and gay as a bird ; and her skin was so fine that a scratch from a hairpin showed upon it for twelve days. But if she pouted at the scratch, it was only for twelve seconds, and then she laughed. Bright days, when fortune smiled on me ! . . . Minka rarely smiled, for her teeth were not pretty. But her tears were all the lovelier when she wept ; and she wept over everyone's sorrows, and was charitable beyond all conception. She gave her last shilling to the poor. Her heart was so good. Her gentle, yielding nature was in charming contrast with her looks. A bold, Juno-like form ; a firm white neck, wreathed with black curls like wanton serpents ; eyes that from beneath two dark triumphal arches looked out with conquering glances ; red lips proudly curved ; marble-white hands, formed to rule, but alas, somewhat freckled ; and on her left hip she had a brown mole shaped like a little dagger.

If I take you into so-called bad company, dear reader, console yourself with the thought that it cost me more than it does you. There will be no lack of ideal women later in this book ; and even now I will present to you for your amusement two ladies of quality that I knew and honored at this period. They were Mme. Pieper and Mme. Schnieper. The one was a handsome woman of ripe years, with large black eyes, a

broad white forehead, black false hair, a haughty Roman nose, and a mouth that was a guillotine to everyone's good name. Never was there a better engine of capital punishment for reputations than Mme. Pieper's mouth. She did not keep the victim kicking long, and made no tedious preparations; when the best name got between her lips she smiled—the smile was the ax; the reputation was off and dropped into the basket. She was a pattern of deportment, piety, honor, and virtue. Mme. Schneider had the same reputation. She was a delicate woman, with a timid little bosom, generally wrapped in a sad-colored veil, with light blond hair, light blue eyes that peered with a terribly cunning look from out of her white face. Her step was said to be quite inaudible: and certainly she often appeared close by you without any warning, and then vanished as noiselessly. Her smile was death to a good name; but not so much in the fashion of an ax as like the poisonous African wind, at whose breath every flower droops; each good name at which she smiled drooped sadly. She was a pattern of deportment, honor, piety, and virtue.

I would not omit to praise certain sons of Hammonia, nor omit to celebrate those men who have been most highly reputed—namely, those who were esteemed worth several millions of marks; but I smother my enthusiasm for the moment, that it may blaze out more brightly hereafter. I am ruminating no less of a design than to build a Temple of Honor to Hamburg, on the same plan as was proposed by a celebrated author ten years since. No matter on what ground, the thing was never done; and, as I have an inborn desire to do something great in the world, and have always striven to do what is impossible, therefore I have taken up the tremendous project; and I present to Hamburg a Temple of Honor, an immortal roll of giants, whereon shall be inscribed the glory of all its inhabitants without exception, where I shall carefully distinguish all noble traits from the ordinary benevolence that never gets into the newspapers—and shall relate certain great deeds which no one will believe in; and whereto my own portrait, seated on the Jungfernstieg in front of the Swiss pavilion, ruminating on the glories of Hamburg, will appear as a frontispiece.

For the benefit of readers who do not know Hamburg—and there may be such in China or Upper Bavaria—I will mention that the prettiest walk for the sons and daughters of Hammonia is legitimately known as the Jungfernstieg;* that it consists of a linden walk, which lies between a row of

* Maidens' Walk.

houses on the one hand, and the great Alster basin on the other ; and that in front of this last, built in the water, there stand two pretty tent-like cafés, called pavilions. In front of one, called the Swiss pavilion, it is pleasant to sit in summer, if the afternoon sun does not beat down too fiercely, but only shines brightly enough to cast a fairylike glow over the lindens, the houses, the people, the Alster, and the swans swimming in it. It is pleasant to sit there ; and there I have sat many a summer afternoon, and thought about what a young fellow usually thinks about—namely, nothing whatever—and looked at what a young fellow usually looks at—namely, the young girls walking by. And they fluttered by, each fair creature with her winged cap and ornamented basket with nothing in it—they tripped along, these girls from the four countries,* who supply all Hamburg with strawberries and their own milk, and whose petticoats are much too long—the tradesmen's daughters walked proudly by, who bring a man so much solid cash with their love—a nurse skips along with a rosy baby on her arm, and showers kisses on him that are meant for her lover—there pass priestesses of the foam-born goddess, hanseatic vestals, Dianas starting for the chase, naiads, dryads, hamadryads, and other clergymen's daughters, and ah ! there walked Minka and Héloïse ! How often I sat before the pavilion, and saw them pass in their pink striped gowns—they cost four marks three shillings the ell, and Herr Seligmann assured me those pink stripes would wash well ; “magnificent creatures !” cried the virtuous youths that sat beside me.

I never said a word, but thought my sweetest nothing-at-all thoughts, and looked at the girls and the soft blue sky and the slender spire of the Petrithurm, and the calm blue Alster, where the swans were swimming, so proud and lovely and bold. The swans ! I could look at them for hours, the dear creatures, with their soft long necks, sailing so voluptuously upon the gentle stream, and now and then plunging under with delight and coming up again, and splashing so boldly ; until the heavens grew dark, and the golden stars came out, longing, promising, wondrously tender and serene. The stars ! Are they golden flowers on the bridal bosom of heaven ? Are they eyes of beloved angels, looking yearningly at their own image in the blue waters of the earth, and wooing the swans ? Ah ! that is long ago. I was young and foolish then. Now I am old and foolish. Since then many a flower has faded, and many a one has been trampled to the ground. Many a silken

* Saxony, Franconia, Bavaria, and Swabia.

dress has been torn, and Herr Seligmann's pink calico has faded. He himself has faded away, the firm is now "Widow of the late Seligmann," and Héloïse, the tender creature who seemed made to tread on flowered Indian carpets and be fanned with peacock feathers, has gone under in sailors' dances, punch, tobacco smoke, and bad music. When I next met Minka, she called herself Kathinka, and lived between Hamburg and Altona ; she looked like Solomon's temple after Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed it, and smelt of Assyrian tobacco ; and when she told me about Héloïse's death, she wept bitterly and tore her hair in despair, and almost fainted ; she had to take a big glass of brandy to revive herself.

And the town itself, how it was changed ! And the Jungfernstieg ! The snow lay on the roofs, and the houses looked as if they had grown old and whitehaired. The lindens were dead trees, waving their specterlike bare branches in the cold wind. The sky was of a cold blue, and growing dark. It was Sunday ; five o'clock, the common feeding time ; carriages were rolling by ; men and women got out with a frozen smile on their hungry lips—horrible ! In a moment came over me the terrible notion that all the faces wore a look of utter idiocy, and all the people hurrying by were a set of strange idiots. I had seen them twelve years before at the same hour, with the same look and the same movements, like puppets coming out of a clock ; and since then, they had been going on, casting up accounts, going to the exchange, making visits, wagging their jaws, feeing the waiters, and casting up accounts again ; twice two are four. Horrible ! I cried. What if one of these men, sitting at his desk, suddenly took it into his head that twice two are five, and that he had all his life counted wrong and spent all his life in this dreadful mistake ! I myself had a queer, crazy notion once ; for looking close at these passing people, I fancied they were nothing but a row of Arabic figures—A crookbacked Two, beside an ugly Three, his big-bosomed, pregnant wife : Mr. Four came next on crutches ; a hideous Five waddled by, with a round belly and little head ; then came the well-known little Six, and the equally well-known wicked Seven. But when I looked sharply at the unlucky Eight, I recognized the insurance broker, who used to be rigged out like a Whitsunday ox, but now looked like one of Pharaoh's lean kine—hollow white cheeks like empty soup plates : his nose pinched and red as a winter rose ; a shabby black coat, worn glossy ; a hat through which Time had thrust

his scythe in various places ; but with his boots still brightly polished. He seemed to have given up all thoughts of making his breakfast and lunch of Héloïse and Minka, and to care more for a common dinner of beef. I recognized many more acquaintances in the zeros that rolled by. All these figures rolled by hasty and hungry, while a grimly grotesque funeral was toiling up the Jungfernstieg near by. Dismal masquerade ! Behind the hearse, the town undertakers in their old-time costume came stumping along on their black-stockinged legs, like figures in a puppet show of death—short black cloaks and black breeches, white wigs and white cravats, out of which their hired red faces peered forth in a ludicrous fashion, short steel swords by their side, and green umbrellas under their arms.

Worse yet, and more confusing than these pictures floating silently by like Chinese shadows, were the noises that smote my ears from another side. They were dry, rasping, muffled sounds, frantic shrieks, helpless splashings and desperate gasps, panting and squealing, groans and cries—indescribable, ice-cold cries of pain. The basin of the Alster was frozen over, and a great square opening had been cut through the ice near the shore. The terrible notes I describe came from the throats of the poor white creatures swimming round in this, and screaming in deadly fear. Alas ! they were the very swans whose joyous grace had shortly before delighted my soul. Oh, the fair white swans ! They had had their wings broken that they might not set off for the warm south in the autumn ; and now the north held them fast in its cold and icy grave, and the pavilion waiter declared they were happy, and that the cold was good for them. It is not true ; it is not pleasant to be a prisoner in an icy pool, half frozen, with broken wings, so that you cannot fly to the south, with its fair flowers and golden sun and blue mountain lakes. Alas ! I was hardly better off ; and I understood the terror of the poor swans as it grew dark and the stars came out brightly—the same stars that, in the fair summer nights, had wooed the swans with all the ardor of love ; now icy cold, frosty, and clear, they looked down on them with scorn. I saw now that the stars are no loving, sympathizing creatures, but glittering deceptions of the night, eternal phantasms in a heaven of dreams, golden lies in the dark blue of nothing. . .

CHAPTER XII.

The Revolution of July.

HELIGOLAND, July 1, 1830.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

I am tired of this guerrilla warfare and long for rest—or at least for a position in which I can be free to give myself up to my natural inclinations, my moods and ways, my fantastic thoughts and reveries. What irony of fate that I, who would fain rest quiet in the contemplative pool of a home life, should be chosen to whip my poor fellow-Germans out of their self-content and drive them to action! I, who am best pleased when I can watch the clouds, play ingenious metrical tricks with words, listen to the secrets of the spirits of the elements, and bury myself in the wonder world of old fable—I must write political annals, discuss the topics of the hour, devise revolutionary schemes, rouse passions, pluck poor German Michel by the nose to rouse him from his enchanted sleep. It is true I only succeed in making the snoring giant sneeze, and never in rousing him. If I snatch away his pillow he pulls it back half drunk with sleep. In despair I once tried to burn up his nightcap, but it was so damp with the sweat of his brain that it only smoked a little, and Michel smiled in his sleep.

AUGUST 1.

You have no idea how the *dolce far niente* here suits me. I did not bring one book that treats of the questions of the day. My whole library consists of Paul Warnefried's "History of the Lombards," the Bible, Homer, and a few pamphlets on witchcraft. I should like to write an interesting little book on this last subject. With that idea I lately busied myself with researches into the last traces of heathenism in Christian times. It is well worth notice how long, and under what disguises, the beautiful personages of the Grecian world of fable maintained a place in Europe.

The day is young, and in spite of the sad doubts that toss my soul hither and thither, strange forebodings come over

me. Something strange is passing in the world. The sea smells of cakes, and last night the cloud-monks looked disturbed and sad.

I wandered alone on the shore in the twilight. A solemn stillness reigned all around. The vault of heaven was like the dome of a Gothic church. In it the stars hung like countless lamps, but they burned dim and flickering. The waves sounded like some great organ. It was a stormy choral, despairingly sad, and anon triumphant. Over my head a windy procession of cloud-forms that looked like monks, all with bowed heads and sorrowful, downcast looks—a sad throng. They almost seemed to be following a corpse. Whom were they burying? Who was dead? I asked myself. Is the great Pan dead?

AUGUST 6.

While his army was engaged with the Lombards, the king of the Heruli sat quietly in his tent and played chess. He threatened with death anyone who should tell him of defeat. The lookout, sitting in a tree, gazed down upon the fight and cried, "We win, we win!" till all at once he groaned out, "Unhappy king! Unhappy people of the Heruli!" Then the king saw that the day was lost—but too late! For the Lombards just then burst into his tent and stabbed him.

I had just read this story in Paul Warnefried, when a great packet of newspapers came from the mainland with the burning red-hot news. It was sunshine wrapped in printing paper, and set my soul ablaze. I felt as if I could kindle the whole ocean up to the north pole with the ecstasy and mad joy that burned within me. Now I know why the sea smelt of cakes. The Seine carried the good news to the whole ocean; and in their crystal palaces the lovely mermaids, ever kind to all deeds of valor, gave a *thé dansant* in honor of the event; and so the whole sea smelt of cakes. I ran about the house like a madman; kissed first the fat hostess, then her friendly sea-wolf; embraced the Prussian commissary, on whose lips, to be sure, lingered a frosty smile of disbelief. So I pressed the good Dutchman to my heart.

AUGUST 10.

Lafayette, the tricolored flag, the "Marseillaise." . .

My longing for rest is gone. I once more know what I am, what I have to do. I am the child of the revolution, and seize again upon the charmed weapons whereon my mother breathed

her incantations. Flowers ! Flowers ! I will crown my head for the death struggle. The lyre, too ; hand me the lyre that I may chant a song of battle—words like flaming stars that fall from on high burn the palaces and light up the cottages. Words like bright javelins wheel aloft to the seventh heaven, and smite the pious hypocrites that have crept into the holy of holies. I am all joy and song, all sword and flame !

It was a downtrodden and stagnant time in Germany when I wrote and published the second volume of the "Reisebilder." But before it appeared some rumors concerning it got abroad ; it was said that my book would encourage the repressed spirit of liberty, and measures were found to suppress it. These reports made it advisable to hurry on the work and get it through the press. As it had to consist of a certain number of sheets to escape the jurisdiction of the right worthy censors, I was like Benvenuto Cellini, when, not having enough bronze to cast the "Perseus," he threw into the pot all the pewter plates he could lay hands on. It was easy to tell the pewter, especially the pewter end of the book, from the nobler metal ; but good judges of the handiwork recognized the master's hand.

As the world constantly repeats itself, the same strait fell on this volume, and I had to throw in a deal of pewter ; and I hope its presence may be set down to the necessities of the time.

But the whole book sprang from the necessities of the times, as well as the earlier writings of a like aim. The author's near friends, who were acquainted with his private circumstances, know how little his egotism has to do with his coming forward, and how great a sacrifice he has made for every free word he has spoken, and, please God, will speak. Words are now deeds whose consequences cannot be measured, and no one can tell if he may not at last be a martyr to his words.

Oh, the grand week in Paris ! The spirit of liberty which spread over Germany did, to be sure, sometimes overturn the night lamps ; so that the red hangings of some thrones were singed, and the gold crowns grew hot under burning night-caps ; but the old catchpoles in the pay of the police soon brought their fire buckets ; and they now sniff about more watchfully than ever, and forge stronger chains ; and I notice

that invisible prison walls, thicker than ever, are rising round the German people.

Poor imprisoned people ! Despair not in your trials ! Oh, that I could speak catapults ! Oh, that I could shoot fire-bolts from my heart !

The crust of aristocratic ice melts round my heart ; a strange sadness comes over me. Is it love, and love for the German people ? Or is it illness ?

A great joy comes over me. As I sit writing, music resounds under my window ; and by the elegiac fury of the long-drawn melody I know the "Marseillaise," with which Barbaroux and his companions greeted Paris—the *ranz des vaches* of freedom, at the sound of which the Swiss at the Tuileries grew homesick—the triumphant death song of the Gironde—the old, sweet cradle song.

What a song ! It thrills me with fire and joy, and kindles in me glowing stars of enthusiasm and rockets of scorn. Yes, these shall not lack in the great fireworks of the time. Sounding streams of vocal flame shall burst forth on high in the air of liberty in mighty cascades, as the Ganges rushes down from the Himalayas ! And thou, fair Satyra, daughter of just Themis and goat-footed Pan, lend me thy aid. By thy mother thou art sprung from the race of the Titans ; and like me thou hatest thy kindred's foes, the weak usurpers of Olympus. Lend me thy mother's sword that I may smite the hateful brood ; and give me thy father's pipe that I may pipe them to their death.

Now they hear the deadly piping, and a panic terror seizes them ; and they fly in the shape of beasts as when we piled Pelion on Ossa.

Aux armes, citoyens !

I cannot write, for the music beneath my window intoxicates my brain and the chorus soars upward stronger and stronger !

Aux armes, citoyens !

HAMBURG, November 19, 1830.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

As there are birds that foresee any physical revolution, such as storms, earthquakes, and inundations, so there are men whom

coming social revolutions affect beforehand, crushing, disturbing, and paralyzing their minds in a curious way. This is my explanation of my condition this year, up to the end of July. I felt bright and well, but could turn to nothing but stories of revolution, day and night. I bathed for two months at Heligoland ; and when the news of the great week came it seemed a matter of course, and merely a continuation of my readings. Here, on the continent, I saw things done which might give a weaker soul a disgust for what is fairest. Although disturbed on every hand, I set to work on a little book to help on the time, using some old material ; and I called it "Supplement to the Reisebilder." I sent it a fortnight since to Leipsic, where it will be printed by Hoffmann & Campe ; and I think you will see it in three weeks. You will not be deceived by my political introduction and conclusion, in which I assume the whole book to be of recent date. In the first half three sheets are old ; in the second half nothing is new but the final essay. The book is deliberately one-sided. I know well enough that the revolution affects all social interests ; and that the aristocracy and the Church are not its only enemies. But I have amused myself by representing these as its only sworn enemies, in order to narrow the contest. I myself hate the *aristocratie bourgeoise* even more.

APRIL 1, 1831.

When I found, after last July, how liberalism was drawing recruits to its ranks, and how the Swiss Guards of the old *régime* were cutting up their red coats to make Jacobite caps of them, I was well minded to draw back, and take to writing art stories. But as the thing spread, and bad news, though false, came from Poland, and the freedom shriekers lowered their tone, I wrote an introduction to a work on the aristocracy, which you will receive within a fortnight, and in which, moved by the perils of the hour, I have perhaps gone too fast, and— You will find plenty of intentional imprudence in it, and must kindly excuse that and the troubled and bad style. In the meanwhile I have written something crazier yet—but put it into the fire, as things looked brighter. What next? Next I look for some new step backward, am full of evil prophecies—and dream every night of packing my trunk, and going off to Paris, to breathe a fresher air, and give myself up to the holy emotions of my new religion, and perhaps get consecrated as one of its priests.

BOOK IV.

IN EXILE.

1831-1848.

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1831-1848.

"Marseillaise," to drink the one and hear the people sing the other, and "En Avant, Marchons!" and "Lafayette aux Cheveux Blancs."

On the 1st of May, 1831, I crossed the Rhine. I did not see old Father Rhine, but I had the pleasure of leaving my card for him in the stream. I was told he was down below, having gone to work again on Meidinger's French grammar, as he had gone back in his French during the Prussian rule, and wanted to get it up again in case of need. I thought I heard him down there, conjugating *j'aime, tu aimes, il aime, nous aimons*. But what does he love? I saw the Strasburg cathedral only from a distance; it wagged its head, like true old Eckart, when he sees a youngster bound for the Venusberg.

At Saint Denis I awoke from a sweet morning nap, and heard, for the first time, the driver of the *coucou* call out, "Paris! Paris!" and the jingle of the cocoa seller's bell. Here you begin to breathe the air of the capital, already visible on the horizon. An old scamp of a *valet de place* tried to persuade me to visit the kings' graves, but I did not come to France to see dead kings. I amused myself by listening to his legends of the place—for instance, how the bad heathen king cut off the holy Denis' head, and how he walked from Paris to Saint Denis with his head in his hand, in order to be buried there and leave his name to the place. The speaker declared that, considering the distance, it was a wonderful thing that a man could walk so far without a head; but, he added, with a queer smile, "Dans des cas pareils, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte." It was worth two francs, and I gave them to him pour l'amour de Voltaire, whose sarcastic smile I recognized. In twenty minutes I was in Paris, passing in under the triumphal arch of Saint Denis, which was originally built in honor of Louis XIV., but now served to glorify my entrance into Paris. I was really astonished at the crowd of well-dressed people, looking like a plate in a fashion journal. I was also impressed by their all speaking French, which, with us, is a sign of belonging to the best society; the people here are all as distinguished as our aristocracy. The men were all so polite, and the women so smiling. If anyone ran against me without making some excuse, I might wager he was my fellow-countryman; and if any one of the fair sex looked cross, she had either eaten sauerkraut or could read Klopstock in the original. I found everything so amusing, and the air was so sweet, so bracing, and the beams of the sun of July still lingered here and


there. The cheeks of Lutetia the fair still blushed with that sun's burning kisses, and the bridal flowers in her bosom were not yet faded. To be sure, on some street corners "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" had been rubbed out.

I went to the restaurants to which I had been recommended. The masters of them assured me they would have received me without any introduction, as I had an honest and distinguished air that would of itself have sufficed to introduce me. No keeper of a German cookshop ever told me that, if he thought it; that sort of bumpkin thinks he must keep pleasant things to himself, and his German frankness makes him say only disagreeable things to your face. There is a charming flattery in the manners and speech of the French, which costs little and is agreeable and enlivening. My soul, poor sensitive plant, which shut itself up under the rudeness of my fatherland, opened out to the flattering words of French urbanity. God gave us tongues to say pleasant things to our fellow-men.

My French was somewhat halting on my arrival, but, after half an hour's interview with a little flower girl of the *Passage de l'Opéra*, my French, which had grown rusty since the battle of Waterloo, grew fluent; I stumbled along with the most gallant conjugations, and enlightened the little girl as to the Linnæan system, in which flowers are classified by their stamens; she divided them differently, into those that smelt sweet and those that stunk. I believe she divided men in the same way. She was surprised I was so learned in spite of my youth, and sounded the praises of my learning all through the *Passage de l'Opéra*. Here, again, I inhaled the sweet incense of flattery, and was greatly pleased. I wandered about among the flowers, and roasted larks fell into my open mouth. What a number of amusing things I saw on my arrival! All the notabilities of public pleasure and official absurdity. The most serious Frenchmen were the most amusing. I saw Arnal, Bouffé, Déjazet, Debureau, Odry, Mlle. Georges, and the great kettle on the palace of the Invalides. I saw the Morgue, the *Académie Française*, where also there were various unknown corpses on view, and finally the necropolis of the Luxembourg, with the mummies of all the perjuries and false oaths sworn to all the dynasties of the French Pharaohs. In the *Jardin des Plantes* I saw the giraffe, the three-legged goat, and the kangaroos, which greatly amused me. I also saw M. de Lafayette, and his white hair; but saw the last separately, in a locket hanging on the neck of a pretty woman—as he himself,

the hero of both worlds, wore a brown wig, like all old Frenchmen. I went to the royal library, and saw the custodian of the medals which were all stolen ; in a dark passage there, I also saw the zodiac of Denderah, which once attracted so much notice ; and on the same day I saw Mme. Récamier, the most celebrated beauty of the time of the Merovingians, as well as M. Ballanche, who was among the *pièces justificatives* of her virtue, and whom she dragged about with her everywhere. Unluckily I did not see M. de Chateaubriand, who would certainly have amused me. But I saw instead, at the Grande Chaumière, Père la Hire, at a moment when he was *bougrement en colère*. He had just seized on two young Robespierres, in their white and flowing robes of innocence, and thrown them out of doors ; he flung after them a young Saint Just who was giving himself airs ; and several pretty *citoyennes* of the Quartier Latin, who complained of this violation of the rights of man, came near sharing the same fate. In another similar place I saw the famous Chicard, the famous leather dealer and can-can dancer—a square-built figure, with a steaming red face in strong contrast to his white cravat. Stiff and grave, he looked like an assistant mayor about to crown a *rosière*. I marveled at his dancing, and told him it was like the antique dance of Silenus, which was danced at the feasts of Bacchus, and took its name from Silenus, the worthy preceptor of Bacchus. M. Chicard also was very flattering in what he said of my learning, and presented me to several ladies of his acquaintance, who did not fail to spread the fame of my learning abroad, so that my reputation soon got about Paris, and the editors of the papers came to ask me for contributions.

Paris delighted me by the cheerfulness that showed itself in all things, which must have an influence on the gloomiest mind. Wonderful ! Paris is the stage on which the greatest of the world's tragedies have been acted, at the recollection of which, even in the remotest lands, hearts beat and eyes grow moist ; yet here the spectator of these great tragedies feels as I did once at the Porte Saint Martin, when seeing the " Tour de Nesle." I happened to sit just behind a lady who wore a pink gauze bonnet, so large that it hid from me the whole stage, and I saw all the tragedies that were taking place on this through the red gauze of the hat ; so that all the horrors of



the "Tour de Nesle" appeared in a rose-colored light. Yes—there is just such a rosy light in Paris, brightening all its tragedies to the eye of a near spectator, so that they do not interfere with his enjoyment of life. The terror that one brings to Paris with him in his heart, loses its pain. One's sorrows are wonderfully soothed. All wounds heal far more quickly in Paris than anywhere else ; its air has something as generous, as charming, as benign as the people themselves.

What most pleased me in the Parisian people was their kindly ways and gentle bearing. . . Sweet fragrance of politeness, like that of a pineapple ! How my wounded spirit revived, that had suffered so much in Germany from the smell of tobacco, sauerkraut, and the roughness of life ! Like a melody of Rossini still sound in my ears the words of apology spoken by a Frenchman who gave me a slight push in the street on the day of my arrival. Such politeness almost frightened me, accustomed to German digs in the ribs without a word of excuse. In the first week of my stay I sometimes got jostled on purpose, only for the pleasure of hearing the musical apologies. Not only in this politeness, but in their language itself, the French people seem to me to have an air of distinction. For, as you know, with us of the North, French is rather a mark of high birth, and I had from my childhood associated speaking French with distinction. And a *dame de la halle* spoke better French than a German canoness of sixty-four quarterings.

And this language, that gives the French people such a distinguished air, makes them appear charmingly fabulous. This springs from another recollection of my childhood. The first book in which I learned to read French was La Fontaine's fables. The plain simplicity of its style made an indelible impression on my mind ; and when I got to Paris, and heard French spoken on all sides, La Fontaine's fables came to my mind, and I seemed to be listening to the familiar voices of the animals ; first the lion spoke, then the wolf, then the lamb, or the stork, or the dove. I often recognized the fox, too, and recall the words :

"Eh ! bonjour, M. du Corbeau !
Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !"

But such fabulous memories rose still oftener in my mind when I had penetrated into the higher circles of Paris, known as the world. This was indeed the world that had furnished

La Fontaine with his types of animal character. The winter season began soon after I reached Paris, and I took part in the *salon*-life in which that world finds more or less diversion. The most interesting thing in that world in my eyes was, not so much the similarity of manners that prevailed, as the variety of its materials. Often, when in a crowded *salon* I observed the people who were peacefully assembled there, I felt as if I were in some curiosity shop, in which relics of all ages lay mixed pell-mell—a Greek Apollo beside a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican god next to a Gothic Ecce-homo, Egyptian dog-headed idols, caricature saints of wood, ivory, metal, and so forth. I saw old mousquetaires who had danced with Marie Antoinette, mild-mannered Republicans who had been deified in the Assemblée Nationale, Montagnards without pity and without stain, ex-members of the Directory who had been throned in the Luxembourg, high dignitaries of the Empire before whom all Europe had trembled, Jesuits powerful under the Restoration—nothing, in a word, but the defaced and mutilated deities of various times, in whom no one now believed. Their names clash when uttered together, but you see them stand peacefully and quietly side by side, like the antiquities in such a shop as I have named on the Quai Voltaire. In German lands, where passions are under less control, companionship among such heterogeneous personages would be impossible. With us of the cold North, the necessity of talking is not so strong as in warmer France, where the greatest enemies, meeting in a *salon*, cannot long maintain a gloomy silence. The desire to please, too, is so strong that men hasten to appear agreeable, not only to friends but even to enemies. There is a constant draping and attitudinizing, and the women have some trouble in beating the men in coquetry; but they succeed. There is no malice in these remarks; certainly not toward French women, least of all the Parisians. I am their devoted admirer, and admire them far more for their failings than for their virtues. I know nothing more striking than the fable that the Parisian women come into the world with all possible faults, and that a good fairy takes pity on them and casts a spell on every fault, turning it into a new charm. This good fairy's name is Grace.

When I came to Paris in the summer of 1831 nothing surprised me more than the exhibition of paintings then open;

and although my mind was taken up with the all-important political and religious revolutions, I could not help writing first of the great revolution which had taken place in art, of which this Salon was a most marked example. Like all my countrymen I had a most inartistic opinion of French art, especially French painting, whose late developments were quite unknown to me. Painting in France had this interesting peculiarity, that it followed the social movement, and finally renewed its youth like the people itself.

Alas ! amid the discordant echoes of the history of the world, our souls must seek consolation in the eternal, melodious history of mankind. At this moment these discordant echoes, this perplexing din, sound louder and more deafening than ever ; drums are snarling, weapons are clashing. An angry crowd, crazy with grief, is rolling through the streets—the people of Paris—cursing and shouting, “Warsaw has fallen.”* . . . All one’s ideas and thoughts are disturbed and put to flight by the tumult. Yesterday, after I had chanced to be on the boulevard, where I saw a white-faced man drop down from hunger and want, I could go on writing. But when a whole people sinks down on the boulevard of Europe, it is impossible to write calmly.

When the critic’s eye is dimmed with tears, his opinions are of little value.

My prophecy of the end of the artistic period, which began by Goethe’s cradle and will end beside his coffin, seems near its fulfillment. The art of to-day must perish ; for its principles are rooted in the old *régime* that is gone, in the Holy Roman Empire of the past. The new time will bring forth a new art in harmony with its inspirations, not drawing its symbols from a faded past, and creating a new technique different from any that has yet been seen.

PARIS, February 10, 1831.

While misfortune and want are afflicting states from within, and their outward conditions are growing more involved ; while all institutions, even royal supremacy, are in peril ; while the political hurly-burly is threatening all existing things, the Paris of this winter is still the old Paris—the fair, enchanted city, that smiles so sweetly on youth, fascinates the man so entirely, and so kindly consoles him whose hair is gray.

* Warsaw fell into the hands of the Russians on the 8th of September, 1831.

"Here one may do without good fortune," Mme. de Staël once said—a striking phrase, but one which lost its virtue in her mouth; for her misfortune, in her own eyes, lay in not being permitted to live in Paris, and Paris was in itself good fortune to her. The love of Paris forms a large part of the patriotism of Frenchmen; and Danton's reason for not flying, "that a man cannot carry off his native land on the soles of his shoes," may also mean that he would miss in a foreign country the magnificence of Paris.

But Paris is in reality France, which is only an outlying quarter of Paris. Excepting in its fair landscapes and the charming intelligence common to the people, France is barren—at least intellectually barren. Everything distinguished in the provinces soon drifts to the capital, the center of all light and brilliancy. France is like a garden where all the beautiful flowers have been plucked to make a nosegay—and Paris is the nosegay. It is true, it no longer smells so sweet as in that flower-time of July, when people were stupefied by the odors. But it is still fair enough for a bridal bouquet in the bosom of Europe. Paris is not only the capital of France, but of the whole civilized world, and the place of meeting of all its intellectual notabilities. Here is gathered together all that is great in love or hate, in feeling or thought, in knowledge or power, in fortune or misfortune, by its future or by its past. Looking at the famous or notorious men here assembled, you might take Paris for the Pantheon of the living. A new art, a new religion, a new life, is here created, and here the creators of new worlds disport themselves freely. Those in power appear small; but the people is great, and feels its terribly lofty destiny. The sons will vie with the fathers who went famous and hallowed to their graves. Great events are dawning, and unknown gods will appear. So we laugh and dance over it all, merry jests and bright mockery play round everything, and in this carnival season many are disguised as doctrinaires, and wear comically pedantic faces.

CHAPTER II.

The Cholera.


PARIS, April 19, 1832.

I WAS much disturbed in my work, especially by the horrible cries of my neighbor, who died of the cholera. And I must observe that the circumstances of the time had a bad influence on the following pages. I was honestly not conscious of feeling any uneasiness; but when the whetting of death's scythe is constantly in your ears it is distracting. Some bodily rather than mental disturbance, which was not to be escaped, would have sent me off with the other foreigners; but my best friend was lying ill.* I say this, lest my remaining in Paris should be looked on as a bravado. No one but a fool would brave the cholera for amusement. It was a time of horror far worse than the former one, from the suddenness and mystery of the deaths. It seemed as though a masked executioner was stalking about Paris with an invisible guillotine. "We shall all go into the sack one after the other," said my servant every morning with a sigh, when he gave me the list of the dead, or told me of some acquaintance's departure. The phrase "go into the sack" was no figure of speech; coffins ran short, and most of the dead were buried in sacks. A week or two ago, as I was passing an open building and looked at the merry crowd within, the gay, bustling men and neat, chattering women, all laughing and joking as they drove their bargains, I remembered that during the cholera hundreds of white sacks stood there with a corpse in each one; and that few words, but all more terrible, were to be heard, as the watchman told over the sacks with dreadful indifference to the bearers; while the latter, as they loaded them upon their carts, repeated the tale in low tones, or loudly complaining that they were one sack short, whereupon there was a great dispute. I remember two little children standing sadly by me, and one asking me if I could not tell him in which sack his father was.

* Salomon Heine's only son, Karl.

The following account may have one merit—that it is as it were a bulletin written on the field and during the fight ; and so bears the impress of the moment. Thucydides the historian, and Boccaccio the novelist, have no doubt left us better descriptions of the kind ; but I doubt if they would have been calm enough, while the cholera of their town was raging round them, to send to the *Universal Gazette* of Corinth or Pisa such well written and masterly accounts in the shape of hasty articles.

The pestilence was awaited with comparative indifference, because the news from London was that it carried off comparatively few. It seemed to be looked upon with contempt at first, and people thought the cholera would turn out to be as insignificant as various great reputations had proved. It was, then, not the good cholera's fault if, in fear of ridicule, it took a course which Robespierre and Napoleon had before adopted, and made itself respected by decimating the people. Through the great poverty existing here, the colossal uncleanness, which prevailed not only among the poorer classes, and above all through the excitability of the people, their boundless frivolity, their total lack of precaution and prudence, the cholera was sure to rage more fiercely and terribly here than anywhere else. Its presence was officially declared on the 29th of March ; and as this was the day of the *Mi-carême* and the weather was bright and sunny, the Parisians streamed merrily to the boulevards to look at the masks, which held up to ridicule the fear of the cholera and the disease itself, by all sorts of monstrous caricatures. The public balls were fuller than ever that evening ; insane peals of laughter almost drowned the music. People got heated in the *Chahut*, a dance of no doubtful character, swallowed ices and cold drinks—and then, all of a sudden, the gayest of the harlequins felt a strange chill in his limbs, and took off his mask ; when, to the amazement of all, his face was seen to be violet blue. It was soon found that this was not a joke, and the laughter ceased ; wagons full of men were taken from the hall to the hospital of the *Hôtel Dieu*, where, all dressed in their masquerading habits, they straightway died. As the theory of infection prevailed in the first excitement, and the other inmates of the *Hôtel Dieu* shrieked in terror, it is said that the earliest victims were so hastily buried that they were not even stripped of their motley dresses, so that they lie in the grave as merrily as they lived.



A stillness of death reigns throughout Paris. A grave and stony look is on all faces. For many evenings but few persons were to be seen on the boulevards, and these hastened by each other with a hand or handkerchief over the mouth. Theaters have died out. When I enter a room people are surprised to see me still in Paris, as I have no important business here. Most strangers, especially my own countrymen, are already gone. Obedient parents receive orders from their children to return home at once. Godfearing sons comply at once with the kind wishes of their dear parents, who want them at home, Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land ! Others feel a sudden awakening of an endless longing for the dear fatherland, for the romantic banks of the venerable Rhine, for the beloved mountains, for sweet Swabia—land of true love, of woman's faith, of sweet songs and healthful breezes. They say at the Hôtel de Ville that 120,000 passports have been delivered. Though the cholera attacks principally the poorer classes, the rich have taken flight. Small blame to certain *parvenus* if they run away ; for they are aware that the cholera, coming from far-off Asia, does not know that we have made a deal of money lately on the Bourse, and so may take us for poor folk and make us bite the dust. M. Aguado, one of the richest bankers and knight of the Legion of Honor, was the field marshal of this retreat. The knight no doubt kept looking through his coach window in terrible anxiety, taking his blue footman, standing behind, for death incarnate, the real cholera.


The people murmured bitterly to see the rich running off to safe places, packed in with doctors and apothecaries. The poor man saw with rage that money is a preservative even from death. The greater part of the *juste milieu* and the *haute finance* has also gone off since, and is living at its châteaux. But those types of wealth, the MM. Rothschild, remained quietly in Paris ; proving themselves grand and bold in other things besides money-making.

My barber tells me that an old woman of the Faubourg Montmartre sat at her window all night to count the corpses carried by ; she counted three hundred corpses ; and when morning broke was taken with a chill and cramps, and straightway died. Wherever one looks in the streets, one sees funeral proces-

sions, or, what is still sadder, hearses with no one following. As there are not enough hearses, other kinds of wagons are used, which, covered with black cloth, look strange enough. Finally these gave out ; and I saw coffins carried in hackney carriages ; they were placed in the middle, with the ends sticking out of the doors. It was an awful sight when the furniture wagons, that we use for moving, went by as death omnibuses, as *omnibus mortuis*, taking up the coffins in the various streets and carrying them by dozens to the burial ground.

The neighborhood of a churchyard where the hearses gather presents a disconsolate appearance. As I was going to see an acquaintance, and arrived just as his body was put into the hearse, the sad whim seized me of returning the honor that he once paid me ; and I took a carriage and accompanied him to Père Lachaise. Near this churchyard my coachman suddenly stopped ; and when I woke from my dreams and looked round me, I saw nothing but the sky and coffins. I had got among some hundreds of hearses, which had formed a cue before the narrow churchyard gate ; and in this black assemblage I had to wait, unable to escape for several hours. I idly asked the driver the name of the corpse who was my nearest neighbor ; and, sad chance ! he named a young woman whose carriage, some months before, as I was going to Lointier's after a ball, had been forced to halt beside mine in the same fashion. Then, the young woman, with flowers in her hair and a face like moonlight, kept looking out of the coach window, and showing a pretty impatience at the delay. Now she was still, and very likely blue. Often when the hearse horses shook themselves impatiently, I fancied the dead were impatient and tired of waiting, in a hurry to get to their graves. And when, at the gate, one coachman tried to pass before another and threw the line into confusion, the *gensdarmes* came between them with drawn sabers ; there were cries and oaths, some carriages were run into, the coffins fell against each other, and some bodies fell out. I thought this was the most horrible kind of *émeute*—an *émeute* of the dead.

To avoid shocking the reader, I will not tell what I saw in Père Lachaise. Though I am not a timid man, I was terribly overcome. One may become familiar with death at death-beds, and so await his end with calmness ; but there is no getting familiar with being buried among cholera corpses in a



limepit. I hurried as fast as I could to the highest point of the cemetery, from which the city lies so fair before you. The sun had now set, and its last rays seemed saying a sad farewell ; the damps of twilight wrapped infected Paris in a white pall ; and I wept bitterly for the unhappy city, the city of liberty, of enthusiasm, of martyrdom—the city of redemption, that had suffered so much to free mankind !

CHAPTER III.

The "Salon."

PARIS, October 17, 1833.

"I ADVISE you, gossip, to let me paint on your sign, not a golden angel, but a red lion ; I am used to painting these, and you will see, if I paint you a golden angel, it will look like a red lion."

These words of an honest artist should figure at the head of this book [the first volume of the "Salon"], for they anticipate all complaints that can be made against it. To complete the explanation, I will add that this book, with trifling exceptions, was written in the summer and autumn of 1831, at a period when I was busy sketching red lions. I was surrounded by noise and distraction of every sort.

Hypocrites of every hue will heave deep sighs over many of the poems in this book ; but that will not help them. A second and the "after-born" generation has recognized that my words and songs grow out of a great, god-loving, spring-like mood, which, if no better, is at least as respectable as the sad, moldy, Ash Wednesday humor that has run over our fair Europe, and peopled it with ghosts and *Tartuffes*. Where I once skirmished with light weapons, open and bitter war is now declared ; I am no longer in the front rank.

God be praised ! The revolution of July has loosened tongues that were so long silent ; roused at last, they are all proclaiming at once what they so long kept to themselves, and a clamor goes forth that sometimes deafens me. I have often had a mind to give up preaching ; but it is not so easy a thing to do as to resign a place of privy counselor, though this brings one in more than the best paid chair of letters. People think that whatever we do is done through pure choice ; that we pick out some new idea, for which we will talk and work, strive and suffer, as a philologist might choose his author, and pass the rest of his life in writing commentaries on him. No ; we do not seize on an idea ; the idea seizes on us, enslaves us, and drives us into the arena to fight for it perforce, like gladi-

ators. Thus it is with any worthy cause or mission. It was an humble confession, when Amos said to King Amaziah : " I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son, but I was a herdman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit. And the Lord took me as I followed the flock ; and the Lord said unto me : Go, prophesy unto my people Israel." It was an humble confession when the poor monk, accused before king and counsel at Worms for his teachings, in all humility of soul declared he could not recant, and ended with the words, " Here I stand ; I can do no otherwise, God help me, Amen ! "

If you had felt this holy possession, you would not blame nor ridicule nor calumniate us. Truly, we are not the masters, but the servants of the word. It was an humble confession when Maximilian Robespierre said, " I am Liberty's slave."

I, too, will make a confession. It was not in the joy of my heart that I left all the dear things that bloomed and smiled on me in the fatherland. My mother loved me dearly, for one. I went, I knew not why ; I went, because I must. Later I was sad at heart ; and before the revolution of July I had been so long a prophet that I was almost consumed by the fire within me—that my heart, with the mighty words that swelled it, was grown as weary as a woman in travail.

I thought : I am not needed now ; I will live for myself, and write sweet poems, comedies, and tales, bright and merry conceits, with which my brain is full, and will again wander peacefully in the land of poetry, where I lived so happily as a child.

I could not have chosen a better spot to carry out my plan. It was a little villa close by the sea, near Havre-de-Grace, in Normandy. A wonderful outlook upon the North Sea, an almost unchanging, though simple prospect ; to-day a dark storm, to-morrow smiling calm ; and overhead the white clouds, gigantic and strange, as if they had been the shades of the Normans who once plowed their wild way through these waters. Beneath my window grew the loveliest flowers and plants : roses casting loving looks at me, red pinks offering their modest perfume, and laurel climbing up to me, almost into my room, like the fame that pursued me. Yes ; once I ran eagerly after Daphne ; now Daphne followed me, like a wanton, and sought me in my chamber. What I longed for once was distasteful to me ; I would have had rest, and that

no man should speak my name, at least in Germany. And I would have made quiet songs, only for myself, or, perhaps, to repeat them to some hidden nightingale. All was well at first; my soul was freed from the demon of poesy; familiar forms and golden pictures rose again to my memory; and I was again dreamily happy, intoxicated with fable, spellbound as of yore, and would have set down with a quiet pen all I felt and thought. And I began.

Everyone knows that in this mood a man does not always sit still in his room, but often walks out into the open fields, with a full heart and glowing cheeks, not seeing what is before his eyes. So it was with me; and, without knowing how, I found myself on the highroad from Havre; before me, several farm wagons were lumbering along, filled with all manner of old boxes and chests, antique household goods, women and children. The men walked beside them; and my surprise was great when I heard them speak; they spoke German, with a Swabian accent. I saw at once that they were exiles; and as I looked closer at them, there shot through me a feeling such as I never had had in my life; all the blood rushed to my heart, and beat against my sides as though it would gush forth, and my breath stopped short. Yes, it was the fatherland that had met me: in those wagons sat blond Germany, with her earnest eyes, her sad and thoughtful face, and in the corners of each mouth, that troubled look of constraint that used to tease and anger me, but now moved me sadly. For in the joy of my youth I had often railed at the perversity and philistinism of my home, and quarreled with the easy, burgomaster-like snugness, the snail-like moderation of the fatherland, as people often quarrel in large families; but all such ideas were driven from my soul when I saw the fatherland in want—in want in a strange country. Its foibles became suddenly dear and respectable in my eyes; I forgave its cockneyisms, and held out my hand; I held out my hand to each of the wanderers, as if giving my hand to the whole fatherland in token of renewed love; and we spoke German. They were delighted to hear the sound in a strange country; the shadow of care left their faces, and they almost smiled. Even the women, some of them right pretty, sent a pleasant "God save you" to me from the wagons; the little boys blushed and nodded politely, and all the babies crowed at me out of their dear little toothless mouths. And why have you left Germany? I asked these poor people. "It is a good country, and we would gladly

have stayed there," they answered ; " but we could not get on any longer." At this I felt in my heart a deep grief, a dark sorrow, a dull despair, that I cannot describe in words. I who had been exulting as a conqueror, now felt sick and weak as a broken man. It was no effect of suddenly aroused patriotism. I felt it was something nobler and better. Anything calling itself patriotism has for a long time been fated in my eyes. I had conceived a disgust for the thing itself, after seeing the black fools who masquerade in its name and make patriotism a trade, with a uniform of its own, and, divided into masters, workmen, and apprentices, with passwords and signs, go begging through the country.

There is a strange thing about patriotism—the real love of one's country. A man may love his country and live to be eighty years old in it, and yet not have learned to know it ; but then he must have stayed at home. It is in winter that we learn of spring, and the best May carols are written by the fireside. Love of liberty is a dungeon flower, and the worth of liberty is best learned in prison. So love of the German land begins at its frontiers, and, above all, at sight of the woes of Germany in a foreign country.

I assure you I am no patriot, and if I wept that day, it was at the little girl. It was near evening, and a little German girl, whom I had seen among the emigrants, stood alone upon the shore, buried in her thoughts, and looking out upon the wide sea. She might have been eight years old—her hair in two neat braids, her short Swabian frock of prettily striped flannel ; she had a pale, delicate face and great earnest eyes ; and in a low, timid, yet curious tone, she asked me if that was the sea.

Late into the night I stood by the sea and wept. I am not ashamed of those tears. Achilles wept by the sea, and the silver-footed mother rose from the waves to comfort him. I too heard a voice from the waves, less consoling—stirring, rather imploring, yet full of wisdom. For the sea knows all things—the stars by night tell it the secrets of heaven ; in its depths, beside the sunken fabulous treasures, lie the old, long-silent stories of the earth ; on every coast it listens with its thousand curious wavy ears ; and the streams that flow into it bring the messages they have gathered in the farthest inland or caught from the gossiping little brooks and mountain rills. But when the sea reveals its secrets and whispers into your heart the great world-redeeming word, then farewell, rest—

farewell, quiet dreams ! Farewell, novels and plays, so happily begun, and now so hardly to be completed !

The colors of the golden angel have grown dry on my palette from that hour. Nothing upon it has kept fresh but a bright red, like blood, fit only to paint red lions. Yes—my next book shall be a red lion, which a kind public must excuse for the sake of this confession.

CHAPTER IV.

French Translation of the "Reisebilder."

PARIS, April 21, 1833.

To Maximilian Heine :

Give me your advice, as a doctor, what to do for headaches, which I have had for two months worse than ever. They may be the result of great mental disturbance. Not that I have been working so hard lately, for the annoyances I have suffered from political affairs have greatly hindered my work. My condition is only apparently flourishing, and I am almost overwhelmed by excessive marks of respect. You have no idea what a colossal reputation I am burdened with here—but it is a burden like any other, and brings plenty of trouble, anger, embarrassment, and disturbances.

I can understand now why all celebrated men have led unhappy lives. Advise me, dear Max, whether I ought to take sea baths this year. The sea has not yet been bad, really bad for me. But it did not help me much last year. At any rate, I cannot leave Paris before August, for I am getting the "Reisebilder" translated into French, and my translator is so incompetent that I do most of the work myself. Then I have a series of articles on Germany to write—promised work, which I would give up if I did not need an enormous amount of money here. Spent an enormous sum this last year.

As I availed myself of the late Loeve-Weimar's talent for translation in various articles, I must express my surprise that in our collaboration he never made me feel my want of knowledge of French idioms of speech, or his own linguistic superiority. When we had got an article written, after hours of working together, he would praise my familiarity with the spirit of French idioms so earnestly, and seemed so astonished, that I was finally persuaded that I had done all the transla-

tion, especially as the cunning flatterer often declared that he knew but little German.

It was a curious freak of Loeve-Weimar's that one who understood German as well as I did should still assure everyone that he did not understand German.

PARIS, May 20, 1834.

It will always be a hard question to decide how a German author should be translated into French. Should certain ideas or pictures be omitted if they do not suit the civilized taste of the French, and might produce an unpleasant and even a ridiculous effect? Or should the unlicked German, with all his transrhenish originality, all his Germanisms, fantastically colored and overburdened with hyper-romantic ornament, be introduced to the fine world of Paris? For my part, I do not think unlicked German ought to be translated into civilized French; and so I present myself in my native barbarian shape, much after the fashion of those Charruas savages whom you received so cordially last year. I am a chief, like the great Tacabua. He is dead now, and his mortal remains are carefully preserved in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, that zoölogical Pantheon of the animal kingdom.

This book is a World's Fair. Walk in without fear. I am not so bad as I look. I have only daubed my face with fierce colors to frighten my enemies in the fight. I am really as mild as a lamb. So be easy, and give me your hand. You may handle my weapons, even my quiver and arrows, for I have blunted the points, as we savages do when we approach a sacred place. Between ourselves, the arrows were not only pointed but poisoned. Now they are quite innocent and harmless, and you can amuse yourself with their colored feathers, and your children might take them for playthings.

The style, the trains of thought, the transitions, the grotesque fancies, the queer expressions, in short the whole character of the German original is, as far as possible, repeated word for word in this translation. Beauties of thought, elegance, charm, and grace have been everywhere pitilessly sacrificed to literal truth. It is a German book in French; and this book makes no pretensions to pleasing the French public, but hopes to make that public acquainted with a foreign originality. In

short, I wish to instruct, and not merely to amuse. We Germans have translated French authors in that manner; and have thus gained the advantage of new points of view, forms of words, and turns of speech. A like acquisition will do you no harm. Though resolved to make you acquainted with the character of this exotic book, I did not much care to give it to you without abridgment. In the first place because various passages rest on local or temporary allusions, quibbles on words, and such like particulars, and therefore could not be reproduced in French; and further, because various parts of it are aimed in a hostile spirit at persons unknown here, which, if repeated in French, might give rise to disagreeable misunderstandings.

With the exception of a few leaves, this book was written before the revolution of July. At that time the political pressure in Germany had produced an universal dead silence; all spirits had sunk into a lethargy of despair; and anyone who ventured to speak expressed himself with the more passion, the more he doubted of the triumph of liberty, and the more bitterly the party of the priesthood and the aristocracy assailed him. I use the words "priesthood" and "aristocracy" from habit; for while I was the sole opponent of these champions of the past, I always used these phrases. The words were then understood by the whole world; and I must confess I then still kept to the phrases of 1789, and indulged in a luxury of tirades against the clergy and rank, or as I called them, priesthood and aristocracy. But I have moved on since then; and my dear Germans, who, roused by the cannon of July, have followed in my footsteps and now speak the language of 1789 or even of 1793, are now so far removed from me that they have lost sight of me, and are persuaded that I am behind them. I am accused of too great moderation and of an understanding with the aristocracy; and I see the dawn of the day when I shall be charged with conniving with the priesthood. The fact is that to-day I understand by the word "aristocracy," not only rank by birth, but all, whatever name they bear, who live at the cost of the people.

The excellent phrase, which, like so many good things, we owe to Saint-Simonism—*l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*—dispenses us from all declamation against privilege of birth. Our old war cry against the priesthood is replaced by a better word. It is no longer a question of pulling down the old church, but of building the new; and so far from desiring to

destroy the priesthood, we think rather to-day of making priests of ourselves.

Doubtless the period of negation is not over for Germany ; it is but begun. In France, on the other hand, it seems drawing toward its end. At any rate it seems to me that here men ought to devote themselves to more positive tasks, and seek to set up again whatever of good and fair the past has left us.

From a sort of author's superstition, I have retained the German title of my book. Under this name, "*Reisebilder*," it made its way in the world—with better results than the author himself—and I wished it to have the same lucky title in the French edition.

CHAPTER V.

De l'Allemagne.

AMONG those that I saw soon after my arrival in Paris was Victor Bohain ; and I recall with pleasure this jovial, clever man, whose charming society did much to banish the clouds from the German dreamer's brow, and breathe into his wounded heart something of the gayety of French life. He had already founded the *Europe Littéraire*, and, as its editor, applied to me to write some articles on Germany after the manner of Mme. de Staël. I promised to furnish some articles, but stated plainly that I should write them in quite a different style. "It is all one to me ;" was his laughing answer. "Like Voltaire, I approve all styles except the *genre ennuyeux*." And that I, poor German, might not fall into the *genre ennuyeux*, friend Bohain often invited me to his table, and gave me plenty of champagne. No one knew better than he how to arrange a dinner, where there was to be found not only the best cooking but conversation also ; no one did the honors as host, or made all go off so well as Victor Bohain—and he was right to charge the shareholders of the *Europe Littéraire* a hundred thousand francs for expenses of entertaining. His wife was very handsome, and had a pretty greyhound called Jiji. The man's wooden leg added to his humor ; and as he stumped delighted round the table to fill his guests' glasses, he looked like Vulcan taking Hebe's place at a carouse of the gods. Where is he now ? It is long since I heard of him. The last time I saw him was some ten years ago, in a coffee room at Granville. He had come over from England, where he had been to study the colossal English national debt and forget his own small private ones, to this little port of lower Normandy. And there I found him, sitting with a bottle of champagne, and a squat philistine with a low forehead and gaping mouth, to whom he was unfolding a plan by which, as Bohain proved by the plainest figures, there was a million to be made. Bohain's speculative ideas were always on a large scale ; and when he proposed a scheme, there was always a

million in sight—never less than a million. His friends called him Messer Million—as Marco Polo was called in Venice, when on his return from the East he told his gaping countrymen under the arcades of San Marco about the hundreds and hundreds of millions of inhabitants he had seen in his travels through China, Tartary, India, etc. Modern geography has re-established the credit of the renowned Venetian, who long passed for a boaster ; and we must say for our Parisian Messer Million, that his industrial projects were always conceived with a sublime accuracy, and failed of success only through mischance. Many brought in a great deal of money, when they fell into the hands of men who did not do the honors of a plan as well as Victor Bohain, and had not his skill in promoting a project. Even the *Europe Littéraire* was a grand conception, whose success seemed assured ; and I have never understood its failure. The evening before its trouble began, Victor Bohain gave a brilliant ball in the publication-rooms of the paper, where he and his three hundred shareholders danced, as Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans did on the day before the struggle at Thermopylæ. Whenever I look at David's picture in the Louvre, representing that heroic scene of antiquity, I think of the last dance of Victor Bohain ; and see him standing on one leg, like the gallant king in David's picture. Traveler ! When you come down the Chaussée d'Antin to the Boulevard, and find yourself in a dirty lane called the Rue basse du Rempart, remember that you are in the Thermopylæ of the *Europe Littéraire*, where Victor Bohain heroically fell with his three hundred shareholders.


The essays which, as I have said, I promised that journal and published in it, gave me an opportunity of speaking more at large about Germany ; and I eagerly embraced the proposal of the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to write for it a series of articles on the intellectual development of my native land. This editor was anything but such another gay companion as Messer Million ; his foible being rather that of being too much in earnest. By conscientious and honorable toil he has since made his journal a real review of the two worlds—that is, a review which circulates in all civilized countries, where it represents the best spirit of French literature. In it I published my new works on the intellectual and social progress of my country. The great echo that these papers awakened has given me courage to collect and complete them.

I desire to state, not merely the purpose, tendency, and

internal aim of this book, but its origin also—that all may better judge how much confidence and respect my opinions merit. I did not write in the style of *Mme. de Staël* ; and if I tried not to be tiresome, I renounced from the first all effects of style and phrase, such as are to be found in *Mme. de Staël*, the greatest author of the French empire. Yes ; the author of “*Corinne*” surpasses all her contemporaries, in my judgment, and I cannot sufficiently admire the brilliant fireworks of her style ; but these fireworks unfortunately leave behind them a noisome darkness ; and her genius is not so sexless as genius should be according to *Mme. de Staël*’s earlier opinions. Her genius is a woman, with all a woman’s failings and moods ; and it was my duty as a man to oppose this cancan of genius. It was the more my duty, because her opinions in her book “*de l’Allemagne*” are based on facts that were unknown to the French, and had all the charm of novelty—for example, all that relates to German philosophy and the romantic school. I think I gave in my book a most honest account of the former especially ; and time has proved what seemed unheard of and incredible when I announced it.

I desired to give a true account of German philosophy, and I think I did so. I frankly revealed the secrets of the school, which were known only to the higher classes ; and people in this country were astounded at the revelations. I remember that Pierre Leroux came to me and confessed that he had always believed German philosophy to be a sort of mystical cloud, and German philosophers a kind of pious seers breathing nothing but piety. It is true, I could not give the French a full account of our various systems—I was too fond of them to bore them so far—but I showed them the idea that lies at the bottom of all these systems, and which is the opposite of all which we have hitherto called piety. Philosophy has in Germany waged the same war with Christianity which she waged in the Grecian world against the old mythology ; and was again victorious here.

I have given nothing to the public on the subject of Germany since the above mentioned book.



CHAPTER VI.

In Foreign Lands.

A LOVELY star is rising on my night,
A star with sweetest comfort smiling down,
And promising new life to me—
Oh, be not false !

E'en as the ocean swells beneath the moon,
So doth my soul heave joyously and wild
Aloft to meet thy kindly light—
Oh, be not false !

Like to Merlin, foolish sage,
Unhappy necromancer, I
Now at length am fettered fast
In my proper magic circle.

Fettered fast before her feet
I am lying, and forever
Gazing up into her eyes ;
And the hours fly so swiftly.

Hours, days, and weeks together
Fly as swiftly as a dream ;
What I speak, I hardly know,
And know not what she has spoken.

Oft I dream I feel her laying
Both her lips against my mouth—
Then, within my inmost soul
I can feel the fires burning.

Songless was I, and oppressed
For long—but now again I sing ;
As tears, that all at once pour forth,
All at once pours forth my song.

In numbers can I once more sorrow
O'er deepest love and deepest torture,
O'er hearts that one another wounded,
And broke at last, when they were parted.

Oft I dream I feel the breezes
O'er my head, in German forests.
They whisper we shall meet hereafter—
'Tis but a vision—they are withered.


Oft I dream I hear the voices
Of German nightingales re-echo—
How sweet the tones come stealing o'er me !
'Tis but a vision—they are silent.

Where are the roses, whose caresses
Once enthralled me ? Every blossom
Long has withered ! Ghostly mournful
Is their odor in my fancy.

Driven forth from place to place,
And yet thou knowest not why—
The breezes speak a tender word ;
Amazed thou lookest round.

The love that thou hast left behind,
It softly calls, " Return ;
Oh, come again, I love thee so,
Thou art my only joy ! "

Yet onward, onward, without rest—
Thou darest not to stay ;
What thou didst once so dearly love,
Thou ne'er shall see again.



"Oh, the most enchanting poet,
He whose songs can so delight us !
Could we only have him near us,
On his lips to shower caresses !"

And while these enchanting ladies
Speak in accents so enchanting,
With a hundred miles between us,
I must languish among strangers.

Nought avails to us, poor Northmen,
That the South has fairest weather ;
And with kisses that are dreamed of
Starving hearts go still a-hungering.

I dreamed upon a lovely child,
She had her hair in braids ;
We sat by the green linden tree,
In the blue summer night.

We loved full well, and kissed full long,
And talked of joy and sorrow.
In heaven sighed the yellow stars,
And looked on us with envy.

Then I awoke, and stared around ;
I was alone in darkness.
In the heavens, mute and careless,
I saw the stars all shining.

CHAPTER VII.

Mathilde Behne.

PARIS, March 22, 1835.

To J. H. Detmold :

You have no idea how many agitating events are going on around me ; how much trouble, madness, mortal strife, love, hate, and + are buzzing in my years. What you hear about me in Germany is only a feeble echo of the conflict here. I beg you to write fully and often ; I promise to do as much in later and more quiet times. How would it be if you wrote me every week a very long letter on the political and literary events in Germany, which I could translate regularly and print in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* ? I often think of you, and count you among the few who have always followed my songs and writings, and who perfectly understand and appreciate my latest ideas.

PARIS, April 11, 1835.

To August Lewald :

How can I apologize for not writing to you ? And you are kind enough to offer me the good excuse that your letter must have been lost. No, I will confess the whole truth. I duly received it—but at a time when I was up to my neck in a love affair that I have not yet got out of. Since October nothing has been of any account with me that was not directly connected with this. I have neglected everything, I see nobody, and give a sigh whenever I think of my friends. . . . So I have often sighed to think that you must misunderstand my silence, yet I could not fairly set myself down to write. And that is all I can tell you to-day ; for my cheeks are in such a flame, and my brain reels so with the scent of flowers, that I am in no condition to talk sensibly to you.

Did you ever read King Solomon's Song ? Just read it, and you will there find all I could say to-day.

Wait a little. A great change will shortly come over me ; and then I too, as you desire, will write for the comedians.

My pieces will certainly be played, if the precaution is taken to announce my tragedies as comedies and my comedies as tragedies.

Read King Solomon's Song. I recommend the man to your notice.

PARIS, July 2, 1835.

To Julius Campe :

"Before he sings, and ere he stops,
The poet has to live."

I need both parts of this verse, my dearest friend, as my excuse. My life has been such a stormy one for these four months, and in the last three especially the waves of life have surged so roughly over my head that I could hardly think of you, and still less write you. Fool that I was, I thought the days of passion were over for me—that I should never again be dragged into the whirlpool of life, but should be like the gods, all rest, contemplation, and quiet; and behold! I am again raging about like a man, and like a young man. But now, thanks to my unfailing strength of mind, my thoughts are under control, my excited feelings calmed again, and I am living quietly and peacefully in the château of a fair friend* near St. Germain, in a delightful circle of noble people of noble natures.

I think my soul is now at last purified of all dross. My poetry will be better, my books more harmonious. I know one thing: for anything doubtful and unworthy, anything that is common or vile, I now feel a perfect loathing.

In such a mood, you will readily see that many half-finished works must remain uncompleted, at least, for the present. But I hope to write and do this year many good things, at least better than my earlier ones. I shall very shortly go to Boulogne-sur-Mer, which lovely little seaport is, as you know, the best place for work with me. There I mean to write a splendid book, that shall delight the world. I have got free from all newspaper trammels; and, in spite of the enormous expenses I have already been at during the year, I hope my retreat will not be disturbed by any financial annoyances.

* The Princess Belgiojoso.

JULY 26.


The "Literature" will be one of my best books, and in its new shape and by *your* attention will rejoice in a new popularity. You are in the habit, my dear Campe, of publishing new books, and judge of a book's success by the first year. I am the only one of your classics, the only one, who has proved a lasting, reprintable literary article—but why should I sing you an old song which you know? You know as well as I that my books, no matter which one, will yet be reprinted many times—and I beg you once more to act like a Christian in the size of the edition. Oh, dearest Campe, I would give something if you had more religion! But reading my books has greatly injured your soul; the tender, trusting spirit you once possessed is gone; you no longer believe in being saved by good works; you care for nothing but trash; you have become a Pharisee, who sees in books only their types and not their spirit—a Sadducee who does not believe in the resurrection of the book or in any new edition; an atheist that secretly blasphemes my holy name. Oh, repent and reform!

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, September 27, 1835.

To Heinrich Laube:

Thanks, thanks from my heart for all the untiring love you show me. If I do not often give any sign of life, do not for Heaven's sake conclude that I am indifferent to you. You are the only person in Germany who interests me in all respects. I feel this deeply, and for that very reason cannot often write to you. I am too deeply moved when I take my pen to write to you; and, as you must have found out, I am one of those people who are shy of all emotions and avoid them as much as I can. But, ah, in spite of all our care an overmastering emotion seizes us often enough, depriving us of that clearness of perception and thought which I do not like to lose. As soon as our minds are saddened, our spirits moved, we are no longer companions of the gods. This companionship—I may confess it now—I long enjoyed, and wandered freely in the light; but for these nine moons wild storms have again raged in my bosom and deep shadows have settled round me. This confession may explain my inactivity. I am now busy trying to quiet my excited soul, and, if I cannot reach the clear light, at least to free myself from this thick darkness.

I received your letter, sent by a homeopath, but unfor-



tunately I could not see the bearer, as I was in the country, near St. Germain, at the château of the fairest, noblest, and cleverest of women—with whom, however, I am not in love. I am under the curse of falling in love with only the meanest and silliest women. Think how that must enrage a man who is proud and clever.

I was much troubled about you during your imprisonment ; but though your letter was sad, it was a cordial restorative to me. I hope it will be all right with you, though I fear you will not escape the lot of people of our sort. You are one of those fighters bound to die in the arena.

I have a grievance against you. I am so unwilling to think of Germany, and you make me think of Germany, for you are there, and now I must write to you there. Nothing agreeable has reached me from the fatherland for these three years ; and the Germans whom I have seen in Paris have kept me from being homesick.

CHAPTER VIII.

Young Germany.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, December 23, 1835.

To Heinrich Laube :

. . . As to the rest of Young Germany, I have not the slightest alliance with it. As I hear, they have set down my name among the contributors to their new *Revue*, for which I never gave them leave. Still, these young people shall have my good support ; and it would be very vexatious to me if any friction arose between you and them.

Your question as to returning to Germany pained me greatly ; and I reluctantly confess that this voluntary exile is one of the greatest sacrifices I have to make to my ideas. If I came back I should have to take an attitude that would expose me to all sorts of misconstructions. I choose to avoid even the appearance of anything unworthy. So far as I know, no government can trouble me. I have remained a stranger to all the intrigues of the Jacobites ; the famous preface, which I contrived to suppress in Campe's hands after it was printed, came to light afterward through the Prussian spy Klaproth ; the embassy knows this, so that no violation of the laws of the press can be really fastened on me. Friendly speeches reach me from all sides through the diplomats, with whom I stand well in Paris.

. . . But these are all considerations which deter me from returning home rather than entice me to do so. Add to this the rancor of the German Jacobites in Paris, whom, if I should return home to eat sauerkraut again, would see in it a proof that I had betrayed my country. As yet they can calumniate me only on conjecture ; as yet I have given calumny no facts to cook.

PARIS, January 12, 1836.

To Julius Campe :

I have just received my books, the copies of the "Romantic School" ; and I leave it to your imagination to paint the feelings roused in me by the suppressions in them. Your excuse,

that the book came into the censor's hands at a time when the attacks of the *Stuttgart Literary Journal* had alarmed the authorities, is certainly a valid one. As to the article in the *Nuremberg Gazette*, according to which my writings are forbidden in Prussia, with those of the rest of Young Germany, I have nothing to say to you to-day. I shall wait for further confirmation and particulars from you. I think you too are not so easily frightened. I do not consider the persecution of Young Germany of so great importance; you will see; great cry and little wool. If I should be placed on the proscription list, I believe nothing but a step on my part will be needed to get me erased from it. I am not to be put out of countenance, and I believe that the bolder front a man shows, the more easily people can be managed. In danger, fear is the most dangerous thing. With the consciousness of having written nothing against the government for four years, of having kept aloof, as is well known, from Jacobitism—in a word, having a clear, loyal, and royal conscience, I will not be so cowardly as to disavow young men who are politically innocent, and have, on the contrary, sent a notice to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, declaring that I should not hesitate to contribute to the *Deutsche Revue*.

It is droll enough that, but for these late occurrences, it would never have come into my head to contribute to such a paper, and to this hour I have never sent a word of answer to Gutzkow or Wienberg about their communication. . . And now farewell, and in time of trouble let us show a composure as great as our adversaries' blustering rage.

I am in better health and more cheerful than ever, and am enjoying with all my heart the delights of this season of pleasures, thank the eternal gods.

PARIS, January 28, 1836.

To the High Diet :

The resolution to which you came, in the thirty-first sitting of 1835, fills me with sorrow. I confess, gentlemen, that this sorrow is mixed with the profoundest surprise. You have accused, tried, and condemned me without a hearing, either oral or in writing, with no one engaged to defend me, with no notice whatever sent me.

If you do not see fit to give me a safe conduct to defend myself in person before you, give me at least liberty of speech in the German world of letters, and repeal the interdiction that

you have laid upon all that I write. These words are not a protest, but merely a request. If there is one thing that I would avoid it is the judgment of the public, which might look on my enforced silence as a confession of criminal tendencies, or as a repudiation of what I have written. As soon as freedom of speech is granted me I hope to show most conclusively that my writings have not sprung from any irreligious or immoral caprice, but from a truly religious and moral synthesis, a synthesis to which not only a new literary school, called "Young Germany," but also our most celebrated writers, poets as well as philosophers, have long been devoted. Whatever be your decision as to my request, gentlemen, be persuaded that I shall ever obey the laws of my native country. The accident that I find myself beyond the reach of your power will never tempt me to use bitter language; I respect in you the highest authorities of a beloved home.

PARIS, February 4, 1836.

To Julius Campe :

The whole looks to me like a bugbear ; but I have thought it well, in any event, to smooth down the old wigs a little, and my childlike, sugary, submissive letter will have a good effect. The Diet will be moved. Everybody treats them like dogs, so my politeness and delicate handling will be the more grateful. "Messeigneurs, Vosseigneurs !"—That was never before said to them. "Look," they will say, "here is a man who has a man's feelings, and does not treat us like dogs ; and we were going to persecute this worthy man and declare him irreligious and immoral." And six-and-thirty pocket handkerchiefs will be wet with the Diet's tears.

Now we must publish a book which shall be very interesting and charming, without touching on politics or religion. This book is all in manuscript, and my idea was to publish it under the title "Salon, Part Third." Can you print this book *now*—print it *with my name*?

MARCH 22, 1836.

Your letter of March 15 has agitated me so that my head is still in a whirl. But one thing is clear in my head, I will not betray the German press ; I will not sell my honor for literary gain ; I will not suffer the slightest stain to fall upon my fair good name ; I will not submit to the Prussian censorship!

I will do nothing. The book shall not be printed if you do not print it ; and, bitter though it be, I give up from this moment the profits of it, which I had included in my budget. Poor me ! I meant to rejoice your eyes with a new draft, for I am more in need of money than you can understand. I am ill from worry, I see that even the party of the moderate liberals is a beaten one. I will now—— I do not really know what I shall do. First of all, I will save my honor. I will have no joke about this, Campe ; and I hope to receive my manuscript soon. I shall not sleep till I do.

CHAPTER IX.

An Author's Troubles.

COUDRY, May 3, 1836.

To August Lewald :

I have been in the country since yesterday noon, enjoying the blessed month of May, for it snowed gently this morning and my fingers tremble with cold. My Mathilde is sitting near me, in front of a great fireplace, working on my new shirts. The fire is in no hurry to burn, is not in a passionate mood at least, and betrays its presence only by a little smoke. I lived the last part of the time in Paris very pleasantly, and Mathilde brightened my life by the constant inconstancy of her moods. I rarely think of poisoning or asphyxiating myself. We shall probably get rid of life in some other way, perhaps by reading, which bores a man to death. Herr — had praised my books so highly to her that I had no peace till I went to Renduel and got the French edition of the "Pictures of Travel" for her. But she had hardly read a page of it when she grew pale as death, shook in every limb, and bade me for God's sake to lock the book up. She had hit upon a love passage in it and, jealous as she is, cannot bear that even before her day I should have been devoted to another, and I had to promise her that in my writings in future I would not address any loving words to fictitious ideal characters. . .

COUDRY, July 28, 1836.

To Julius Campe :

I am ten hours from Paris, in undisturbed solitude in the country, with my mind in a productive state of quiet which I will not disturb, but for which I would set forth to you the provoking things and embarrassments into which I have fallen through you, by your proceedings with my last books. You have caused me much discomfort and trouble, but of this I will write you from Paris, or, at any rate, from Boulogne, whither I mean to go again this year. I am so tired with hard work that I long for the sea more than ever. I have great

plans for traveling, have stuck to Paris too long, and there are so many places I must see. . . I must tell you, as I am informed from high quarters, the firm of Hoffman & Campe is the cause of all the harsh measures with which I am treated.

AMIENS, September 1.

I am just now hunted like a dog. I am overwhelmed by unexpected events, and all my literary interests will suffer from it.

Three times have I got halfway through the preface to the "Salon," and three times torn it up. What use is there in my writing, if nothing is printed? I have an extraordinary plan for setting myself right with the public in the matter. I am at an age when my fingers are still nimble. I have never made a trade of authorship, and so have written few things, but good, and thus I think I ought to be judged.

MARSEILLES, October 7.

You ought to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius! I have been at death's door; but the everlasting gods of their special grace suffered me to live a while longer. When I wrote you from Amiens I felt within me the seeds of the disease which seized on me as soon as I got to Paris. It was a terrible jaundice, accompanied by cholera or some such fabulously horrible disease. Ate nothing for a week, did not sleep, nothing but vomiting and cramps. Now they have sent me to Marseilles, and here I arrived day before yesterday, fairly well, but my nerves in a very irritable state; I can hardly hold a pen. I shall hardly remain here more than a few days; the noise of this trading port is bad for me; Marseilles is Hamburg translated into French, and I cannot stand that in any translation.

AIX, November 5.


I write these lines, dear Campe, in Aix, the former capital of Provence, where I am, on my way back to Paris. I cannot stay here through the winter as I intended; the physicians here are very bad, and my doctor in Paris is the only one I have confidence in. I shall have a sad winter, as I shall have taken no sea baths this year. I had still some jaundice in Marseilles, and have got free from it only within a day or two. Near my window stands the statue of King René, who never

had much money, and was always in want of it, like me. In a fortnight, or three weeks at furthest, I shall be in Paris, cursing this fruitless journey. The bare idea that I cannot take sea baths this year makes me sad.

AVIGNON, November 8, 1836.

To Moses Moser :

Will the letter you receive from me to-day please you, although its object is anything but pleasant? Will you understand that this letter is the greatest proof I could give you of my friendly confidence? Will you even look on it as a proof of magnanimity? I think so, and therefore I write to you with a heavy heart, but with no reluctance—nay, even with a sad joy that I am actually once more writing to you, and that my ruling deity, the goddess of indolence, cannot hinder me to-day. I have thought of you often enough, and while I was lying deadily ill in Paris, in a sleepless night of fever, I thought over all the friends to whom I could safely intrust the execution of my last wishes; I found I had not two such in the world, and thought I could only count on you, and perhaps somewhat on my brother Max. And so I turn to you to-day, and the friend to whom I have not written for a year will get a letter asking him for some money. For, through really tragical circumstances, I am in such a need of money as you cannot conceive, and I am far from the few resources that are still open to me, after the shameful robberies I have suffered from private persons and governments. I love you too well to pain you with the story of what has lately happened to me, and I ought not to do so, for you may not be able to fulfill my request, and would then feel doubly grieved. You can do me a great service by lending me four hundred thalers at this moment, which is the most painful Passion Week of my life. That is all I care to tell you to-day. . . . My affairs are in such a sad state that no one but a fool or a friend would lend me any money. I had a bitter falling out with my uncle the millionaire lately; I could no longer endure his vile doings. . . . I do not know, dear Moser, if you still think as well of me as you once did, but I know that I have not grown less worthy of your respect. If I had, I should not be to-day in terrible want of money, or, at least, I should apply to very different people from you. Believe nothing that is said about me, but always judge by my actions. . . . I am slandered alike by Christian and Jew; the latter are angry that I do not draw the sword for their emancipation



in Baden, Nassau, and such cockney villages. Oh, short-sightedness ! Only at the gates of Rome can Carthage be defended. Have you, too, misunderstood me ?

PARIS, January 23, 1837.

To Julius Campe :

. . . In our misfortunes we blame everyone but ourselves ; and so, when I am hardest pressed for money, I always complain loudly of Julius Campe. Through a series of the most inconceivable events I am at this moment in debt to the amount of twenty thousand francs ; and, so help me God ! I will pay it shortly. If, instead of a Julius Campe, a Cotta were my publisher, I could soon work this off with my pen. But you, Campe, by your meanness, prevent me from writing, rather than encourage me ; and you think you have done wonders by persuading me to content myself with royalties such as would hardly be proposed to men who acknowledge me as their master, and do not enjoy the tenth part of my popularity. That is the second point ; and I can talk of it more calmly to-day than before, by reason of grievances of a higher nature by which I am oppressed. Is it not vexatious enough that I must answer Herr Menzel's unrestrained slanders in the most restrained way ? I hope he will find out this time which will serve him best, cowardice or courage ; and I am in hopes of driving him on to the ground. He must be driven to it on all sides. I should have the greatest satisfaction in fighting this time. The traitor ought to be punished by a sound fright at least. Farewell, and think of me kindly. I pray God heartily to grant you long life, health, liberality, and riches ; also, to revive your courage—not personal, which I have never doubted, but booksellerish. What a brave youngster you used to be, looking with undaunted gaze at the black caverns, where the arms of the press whirled frightfully round. . . I am having you painted now in a nightcap of proof sheets, where every bold word is crossed out in red !

PARIS, January 25, 1837.

To August Lewald :

. . . Through Herr — you will have received the pretty rug which Mathilde worked for you. By this patient and tedious piece of work she proved to me that she was very diligent while I was away, and true also. She had no lack of woovers

meanwhile, like the late Penelope, who exhibited a very doubtful proof of her fidelity to her returned husband. Do you really suppose Mme. Ulysses unraveled at night what she spun in the day? She made the old man believe so, when he wondered at not finding any work done by her; but the trollop passed her days and nights with her lovers, and spun nothing but intrigues. You can hardly believe with what loving zeal my Mathilde worked over the rug, when she knew I meant to make you a present of it. We are both very happy; that is, I am not still a quarter of an hour, day or night. I was always of the opinion that possession was essential in love, and opposed to the poetry of renunciation; yet Platonics have their good side; they do not hinder a man from dreaming by day and sleeping by night; and at any rate they do not cost much.


PARIS, March 17, 1837.

To Julius Campe :

Day and night I am busy with my great work, the story of my life, and only now feel the full value of the papers I lost by the burning of my mother's house. I had intended to publish the book hereafter, but am led by the idea of a complete edition of my works to make this the next thing of mine to be given to the public; I will publish nothing before this. I have already told you in my last that I am glad to be able to offer you such a book. The vexation which, while suffering under a want of money—a want due to no fault of mine—I may have given you, by urging at an inappropriate moment the publication of the complete edition; this vexation, if it be not already quite past, I will quite drive from your mind with this book, which surpasses all my former ones in interest. You know I do not boast; and I can prophesy an extraordinary success, for I understand the public, and know what persons, circumstances, and events it likes to learn and hear about. I also told you that you may now make me an offer for this book.

MAY 10, 1837.

I am writing in a bad humor. Vexations without end render lovely Paris hateful to me, and I am glad to be able to leave it. In fact I should have already started, if I had not expected every hour your answer regarding my preface. But you have not, so far, sent me an earthly word, and you may well suppose



my ill humor is not lessened by that. I expect to be here now until Tuesday, and hope to get a letter from you before then. I am going to some place in Brittany this time, instead of to Normandy; and if I can find a habitable spot by the sea I will take some baths and stay until winter. I need solitude for my work. A lot of disagreeable adventures have prevented me for the last four weeks from writing one rational line; and I am anxious to bring my life, that is, my written one, to an end.

I am on bad terms with my uncle Salomon Heine. He offered me a terrible affront last year, such as is harder to bear in one's riper years than in careless youth. It is mean enough that the man who, as I hear, is founding institutes for setting ruined Jew peddlers on their legs again, should leave his nephew, with wife and child, to go hungry from most undeserved misfortune. I say wife and child; but by the first word I mean something more respectable than a wife made by a money-broker and a parson: . .

HAVRE DE GRÂCE, I believe the 5th August, 1837.

To Maximilian Heine:

Some hours before leaving Paris I received mother's letter, in which she tells me you will probably appoint a meeting with me in London. I went to Boulogne-sur-Mer, and left orders in Paris to send my letters after me. But a series of annoyances which at once fell on me at Boulogne induced me to come here to Havre, to take the baths, which, alas! I am in such need of. I do not know whether I can hold out here for some weeks, but can say one thing, that I shall not be able to go to London this year; and I hasten to inform you of this, in case you may have given me a rendezvous in your letter, which has not yet reached me. This troubles me more than I can say. I should have been glad to see you once more; I say once more, for a sad foreboding weighs upon me that I shall leave the world without seeing you again with my mortal eyes. I see you always with the eyes of the spirit—for you are the only one of all who understands me when I am silent, and to whom I need not explain at length that all the troubles of my life are not my own fault, but arise from my social position and the nature of my mind. You know that in our days greatness of character and talent are never forgiven, unless one is willing to purchase forgiveness of these crimes from the highest and the lowest by a series of mean actions!

Pray say nothing of this letter to mother, for the tone of it might grieve her. You see how wise I was not to write to you; for I could not tell you anything certain, and uncertainty would only have worried you so far away from me. I hope you will not believe what is said about me in Hamburg—and least of all, I hope, will you believe the vile reports that may reach you through Uncle Heine. . . There is always malaria in that house. Every reptile that can gnaw my reputation finds the greatest consideration there. But I have taken care that the temple of my fame shall not stand on the Jungfernstieg or in Ottensen, with one of Salomon Heine's sponges and *portégés* as high priest of my fame.

You must not take literally what uncle says of me. At a time when I was bitter from illness (I had a jaundice) and undeserved misfortunes, I wrote to uncle in a tone that should have moved him to pity rather than anger, but which did arouse his anger. That is his only ground of complaint against me! For the couple of thousand francs I cost him hardly give him a right to complain—him, the millionaire, the richest millionaire in Hamburg, whose generosity . . . enough of that!


You know I have always loved this man like a father, and now I must . . . enough of that! I am most grieved about the opinion of the world, which cannot explain my uncle's severity otherwise than by some misconduct, which is resented in my family and hushed up in public. . . Ah! if I would be guilty of misconduct, I should stand well with all the world and . . . enough of that!

Farewell, and write to me if you have a spare hour.

I am well; I suffer scarcely at all in body, except my left hand, the paralysis of which is extending to the elbow. Moreover, I am very stout. When I happen to look at myself in the glass I am frightened. I look now very like my dear father—I mean at that time when he was losing his good looks. I write a great deal. My memoirs are my most important work, but they will not appear at present; I should like best to have them printed after my death.

HAVRE, August 29, 1837.

I shall be here for some days yet, but do not know whether I shall then go straight back to Paris. My course of baths is again spoiled. Last year I could not bathe because I had jaundice. This year, perhaps because I have lately had so many troubles, the fifteen baths which I have taken disagreed



with me very much ; I am again suffering from headaches, that trouble me for three days, and render me unfit for work. This is the beginning of new troubles, but since we met I have grown eight years older ; and through the sedentary life I lead, and the mental and bodily excitements of the last years, the avant-guard of decrepitude has come upon me. Youth is over ; and a man has a right to be tired after a hard fight. I shall write to uncle by the next steamer. The idea of that letter stirs up all ill feeling in my heart.

By God, it is not uncle, but I, who have a right to complain ; I feel as if I had been flayed alive by galling accusations—and I must ask forgiveness ! There is no sacrifice I would not have made for this man, and if he had caused me ten times as much grief I would long ago have forgiven him ; but it is bitterly hard that I must keep silent about the atrocious wrong he has done me. I am not a false man, my father said ; and I can only say what I feel. All he can reproach me with is disrespect in words, not in acts, and that only once in all my whole life ; and he must have known that we all in our family are of a quick temper, and repent, the next hour, any harsh thing we have said. I certainly have not needed the help of my family in reaching the position I have taken in the world ; but that the family should never have felt called upon to forward this position even in the smallest things is incomprehensible to me. Nay, the men who are notoriously the enemies of my reputation are welcomed at my uncle's house. A miserable reptile who attacked me in the basest manner, the doctor, was, as I was lately told, invited by my uncle to his table ; and old Miss Speckter, whom he wished to marry, received a marriage portion from my own uncle. These two reptiles are well mated, for, as I learned from Campe, in no house while I was in Hamburg were more shameful things said of me as an author than in that of the Speckters. That is only one instance. We shall see who is right, I or you. Write to me fully during your absence in Russia ; above all, give me particular accounts of mother. I shall never see you two again !

You must have learned my arrangements with Campe. In my hardest times I ceded to him for eleven years all my works up to this time for twenty thousand francs. I had then been placed in a helpless position by the unexampled baseness of a friend, for whom I had become security and with whom I had deposited money. It was only by the greatest exertions that I contrived to meet all demands, and give my enemies no hold upon me.

That was the great thing. Farewell ; do what you can for your brother, who loves you more than he can say.

HAVRE DE GRÂCE, September 1, 1837.

To Salomon Heine :

With surprise and great sorrow I see from my brother Max's letter that you still find fault with me, and still think you have grounds of bitter complaint ; and my brother, in his enthusiasm for you, implores me in the strongest terms to write to you lovingly and respectfully, and put an end forever to a misunderstanding that gives the world so much food for scandal. I care little for scandal now ; it makes little difference to me if the world falsely charges me with want of affection and ingratitude ; my conscience is at rest, and besides, I have taken care that, when we have all been long laid in the grave, the truth shall be known about my whole life. But, my dear uncle, I care a great deal about banishing the displeasure with which your heart is filled, and regaining the kindness you once felt for me. This is now the saddest need of my heart ; and this favor I beg and beseech with all that submissiveness which I have ever felt for you, and in which I have failed but once in my life—but once, and that at a time when most undeserved misfortune had terribly embittered me, and a dreadful disease, the jaundice, had changed my whole nature, and filled my mind with horrible thoughts, of which you have no conception. Even then I wronged you only in words ; and you know that in our family, with our quick temper and frank character, strong words do not mean much, and are, if not forgotten, at least repented of, in the next hour. Who can know this better than you, dear uncle, whose hard words would often be enough to kill a man if he did not know they do not come from your heart, and that your heart is full of kindness, benevolence, and generosity ? I should not grieve long over any words of yours, however hard ; but what troubles me sorely, grieves me, and pains me, is the incomprehensible and unnatural severity that dwells in your heart. I say unnatural severity, for it is against your nature ; some unhappy promptings must be the cause, some secret influence must be at work, which neither of us perhaps guesses at, and which is the more annoying because any of those around you, my best friends and relatives, may fall under my suspicion—cannot stand clear in my eyes. Such a family trouble is more grievous to me than any other

trouble ; and you see how important it is to free me from it. You have no conception how unhappy I am at present, and unhappy from no fault of my own ; I owe to my best feelings the grief that tortures and may destroy me. Every day I have to struggle against the most unheard-of persecution in order to hold the ground under my feet ; you do not know the sneaking intrigues that have survived the wild outbursts of party strife, and poison all the springs of my life. What sustains me is the pride of intellectual superiority which was born in me, and the knowledge that no one in the world could, with fewer strokes of his pen, take more bitter revenge than I for all the open and secret injuries that are done me.

But you ask, what is the real ground of the curse that lies on all men of great genius ? Why does the thunderbolt of misfortune fall oftenest on the loftiest spirits, the towers among mankind, and kindly spare the humble, thatched roof of mediocrity ? Tell me, why does man reap trouble when he sows love ? Tell me, why the man who is so tender, so pitiful, so soft-hearted to strangers, is so hard toward his nephew ?

PARIS, September 15, 1837.

To Julius Campe :

I left Havre a week ago, in consequence of a trouble in the eyes, which was growing worse almost hourly. When I got here I could not see at all with my right eye, and very little with my left. The best oculist here, Sichel, has helped me so much that to-day I can go out and write. But I do not see the letters well yet. Am, moreover, as weak as a fly ; have lost blood every day, and eaten nothing till this morning.

PARIS, October 3, 1837.

To J. H. Detmold :

My eyes are better, so I am tolerably off in that respect. My passion for Mathilde grows more chronic every day ; she behaves well, troubling me more in my dreams than in reality—but disturbing dreams and sad anticipations embitter my days. I am drinking deep of the sorrows of possession. I was lately in her village, and had an incredible idyllic adventure. Her mother gave me Mathilde's first little shift ; and the pathetic little bit of linen lies before me at this moment on my table.

PARIS, December 19, 1837.

To Julius Campe :

The new year is at the door, and to-day I send you my best wishes for the season. May Heaven keep you happy and prosperous, you and your family, in which I include your authors. Sickness is the greatest of evils ; I have proved this lately, especially in the matter of my eyes, which are growing dim again these few days past. I follow the doctor's prescriptions carefully, and leave the god of German letters to care for all the rest. I am otherwise well and hearty, save for a certain sadness of spirit ; I fight the fight of life bravely, but with no pleasure ; many unlooked-for things come upon me, and the ceaseless struggle grows wearisome to me at last, frightfully wearisome.

CHAPTER X.

Letters on the Theater.

[Written in May, 1837, in a village near Paris.]

To August Lewald :

At last, at last, the weather allows us to leave Paris and the warm fireside ; and the first hours I spend in the country shall be given to you, my dear friend. How fair the sun looks on my paper, gilding the letters that carry you my warmest greetings ! Yes ; winter is fleeing over the mountains ; behind him the merry spring breezes are fluttering, like a troop of joyous *grisettes* chasing a love-sick old beau with shouts of laughter, and threatening him with birch rods. How he gasps and groans, the gray-haired fop ! How pitilessly the young girls chase him before them ! How the bright straps of their bodices crackle and shine ! Here and there a knot of ribbon falls on the grass. The violets peep out curiously, looking on at the merry chase. The old fellow is now fairly put to flight, and the nightingales sing a song of triumph. How sweetly and freshly they sing ! At last we can do without the grand airs of Meyerbeer and Duprez. . . Nourrit we gave up long ago. Anyone can be spared in this world, except, possibly, the sun and me. For I cannot imagine a spring without these two, nor spring breezes either, nor *grisettes*, nor German literature ! . . . The whole world would be a yawning void, the shadow of nothing, a flea's dream, a poem by Karl Streckfuss !

Yes, it is spring, and at last I can leave off my under waist-coat. The little children have pulled off their jackets, and are dancing in their shirt sleeves round the great tree, which stands near the small village church, and serves as a bell tower. The tree is now covered with blossoms, and looks like a well-powdered grandfather, standing quiet and smiling among his fair-haired grandchildren, who dance merrily round him. Now and then he shakes white flakes down on them in sport. Then the boys shout louder than ever. They are forbidden under penalty of a caning to touch the bell rope.

But the larger boys, who should set a good example to the others, cannot resist the fun, and give the forbidden rope a pull ; and the bell sounds like the grandfather's warning voice.

Later on in the summer, when the tree is in its glory of green and the leaves hide the bell, there is something mysterious in its muffled tones, and when they peal out the chattering birds on its swaying branches hush their noise and fly off frightened.

In autumn the tone of the bell is more solemn and terrifying, and you might take it for the voice of a spirit. Especially when there is a funeral the notes of the bell echo with unspeakable sadness ; at each stroke a few of the dying yellow leaves drop from the tree ; and this toneful fall of leaves, this sounding emblem of death, so overcame me with sorrow once that I cried like a child. This happened years ago, when Margot buried her husband. He perished in the Seine, which had risen higher than usual. For three days and nights the poor woman floated in her fishing boat along the banks of the stream, before she could fish out her husband and give him Christian burial. She washed and dressed him herself, and laid him in his coffin, and lifted the lid in the churchyard to take one more look at him. She spoke not a word and shed not one tear ; but her eyes were bloodshot, and I have never forgotten that white, stony face and those bloodstained eyes.

But now it is lovely spring weather ; the sun laughs, the children shout even louder than they need ; and here in the little cottage, where I passed the sweetest months years ago, I will write you a series of letters about the French stage—not forgetting, either, your request not to leave quite out of sight our theaters at home. This last will be somewhat hard, for my recollections of the theater world of Germany is fading every day from my memory. Of the pieces that have been lately written I have seen none, except two tragedies by Immermann—"Merlin" and "Peter the Great"—neither of which—"Merlin" on account of its poetry, and "Peter" on account of its politics—will be suitable for the stage. . . . Fancy how I looked when, in the same packet that held these works of our dear great poet, I found some volumes entitled "Dramatic Works of Ernst Raupach"!

. . . Perhaps my judgment of Dr. Raupach's works is founded on a secret dislike of the poet's person. The sight of the man once made me tremble, and you know no prince can forgive that. You look surprised, and do not think Dr. Raupach so terrible, and are not used to seeing me tremble before

any living man? But still it is the fact; I was once in such terror at the sight of Dr. Raupach that my knees trembled and my teeth chattered. I cannot look at the engraving of the poet's face opposite the title of "Ernst Raupach's Dramatic Works" without my heart's jumping in my breast. . . You look at me in great wonder, dear friend; and I hear a soft voice at your side saying, "Pray tell us about it."

But it is a long story, and I have not time to-day to tell it. Besides, it would remind me of too many things that I am glad to have forgotten; for instance, of the sad days I passed at Potsdam, and the great sorrow that had driven me into solitude. I was walking all alone in dead and buried Sans Souci, under the orange trees of the great terrace. My God, how unrefreshing and prosaic those orange trees are! . . .

I was, as I have said, at Potsdam in no specially gay mood; and thereupon my body and mind laid a wager which could torment me most. Oh! mental pain is easier to bear than physical; and if I were given the choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I would choose the former. Oh, nothing is more horrible than a toothache! I found this out at Potsdam; I forgot all the griefs of my soul, and decided to go to Berlin and have my bad tooth drawn. What a terrible, dreadful operation! It is something like having your head cut off. You must sit in a chair and keep still and quietly wait for the dreadful pull! My hair stands on end at the bare thought. But Providence in its wisdom has ordered all for our best, and man's pains finally conduce to his good. Toothache is horrible, unbearable, to be sure; but a kindly-judging Providence gave to toothache this horrible, unbearable character that we might at last in despair go to the dentist and have it out. Really no one would make up his mind to this operation, or, rather, execution, if toothache were in the least degree endurable!

You cannot imagine in what a cowardly and wretched state I was, sitting in the post-wagon on that three hours' journey. When I reached Berlin I was utterly worn out; and as one has no thoughts for money at such a moment, I gave the postilion twelve good groschen for his fee. The fellow looked at me with a queer, irresolute face, for, by the new Nagler post-laws, postilions were positively forbidden to take any drink money. He held the twelve-groschen bit in his hand a long time, as if weighing it; and, before pocketing it, said in a doleful tone: "For twenty years I have been a postilion and

been used to drink money, and now we are forbidden under severe penalties by the Chief Director of Posts to take anything from travelers. But it is an intolerable law ; no one can refuse drink money ; it is against nature ! ” I gave the worthy man my hand, and sighed. With a sigh, I at last reached the inn ; and as I at once asked for a good dentist, the host answered with great delight : “ That is lucky ; I have a celebrated dentist from St. Petersburg in the house, and if you dine at the *table d’hôte* you will see him. ” Yes, thought I, I will eat my last meal before laying my head on the block. But at table all love of eating left me. I was hungry, but had no desire for food. In spite of my levity I could not banish from my mind the terrors that awaited me in the next hour. My favorite dish, mutton and French turnips, was odious to me. My eyes involuntarily sought the fearful man, the tooth-headsman from St. Petersburg ; and, with the instinct of fear, I soon picked him out among the guests. He was sitting far from me, at the end of the table, and had a queer, pinched-up face, a face like a pair of forceps. He was a fatal looking fellow, in an ashen-gray coat and bright steel buttons. I scarce dared to look him in the face ; and when he took a fork in his hand I was as frightened as if he had his chisel at my jaw. With a shudder of fear I turned from him, and would gladly have stopped my ears to escape the sound of his voice. By its tone I knew he was one of those men who seem as if they must be painted gray inside, and have bowels of wood. He talked of Russia, where he had been for some time, but found no great field for the exercise of his art. He spoke with that quiet impertinent reserve that is more unbearable than the loudest boasting. Every time he spoke I felt weak, and my heart trembled. In despair I fell to conversing with my neighbor at table ; and, carefully turning my back on the horrible creature, I spoke so loud that I deafened my own ears and drowned his voice. My neighbor was a charming man, of distinguished appearance and most refined manners ; and his amiable conversation soothed the painful state of my mind. He was politeness itself. The words fell softly from his gently curved lips, his eye was clear and friendly, and when he heard I had a troublesome tooth, he blushed and offered me his services. Who are you, for God’s sake ? cried I. “ I am Meier, dentist, from St. Petersburg, ” he answered. I pushed my chair almost rudely away from him, and stuttered out in great confusion : Then who is that, over there at the table, in

a gray coat and steel buttons? "I do not know," answered my neighbor, looking at me with surprise. The waiter, who heard my question, whispered in my ear with an air of importance, "That is the theatrical poet, Raupach."

Is it true that we Germans cannot produce a good comedy, and are condemned forever to borrow such inventions from the French?

Nothing can be less tenable than the grounds on which those rely who would answer this question in the affirmative. They say, for instance, that the Germans have no good comedies because they are a serious people, while the French are a gay people, and so better endowed for comedy. The position is radically false. The French are by no means a gay people. On the contrary, I begin to think Laurence Sterne was right in thinking them far too serious. And when Yorick wrote his "Sentimental Journey through France," all the frivolity and perfumed *fadaise* of the old *régime* was still in bloom; and the French had not yet had the needed lessons in reflection from the guillotine and Napoleon. And now, since the Revolution of July, what wearisome progress they have made in seriousness or, at least, want of humor! Their faces have grown longer, the corners of their mouths droop thoughtfully; they are learning from us to talk philosophy and smoke tobacco. A great change has come over the French since then; they are not like themselves. Nothing is more pitiful than the babbling of our Teutomaniacs, who, when they fall foul of the French, always have before their eyes the French of the Empire whom they saw in Germany. They never think that this fickle people, at whose frivolity they are ever railing, cannot have stood still for twenty years in their modes of thought and feeling!

It is also an error to attribute the unfruitfulness of the German Thalia to a want of free air, or, if I may use a frivolous word, to the want of political liberty. No; their political condition does not determine the development of comedy among a people; and I would prove this thoroughly were it not that I should be led onto ground which I want to avoid. Yes, my dear friend, I cultivate a real aversion to politics, and walk ten steps aside to avoid a political thought that comes in my way, as if it were a mad dog. When a political thought comes across my line of reflection I say the charm at once.

Do you know the charm, dear friend, that you must say as soon as you meet a mad dog? I remember it from my childhood, and learned it then from old chaplain Asthöver. When we were walking, and a dog came in sight with his tail suspiciously hugged between his legs, we hastened to repeat this charm :

“O dog, O dog,
 You are not well.
 You're cursed forever,
 You'll go to hell.
 From angry bite
 Save me, God's and Jesus' might. Amen !”

I cherish a boundless fear of theology also, as well as politics, for it has never brought me anything but vexation. I no longer suffer myself to be misled by Satan ; I abstain from all reflections on Christianity, and am not fool enough to try to convert Hengstenberg and his followers to the enjoyments of life ; let them munch thistles instead of pineapples, and chastise the flesh ; *tant mieux*, I would gladly provide the rods myself. Theology brought me ill luck. You know through what misunderstanding. You know how, without any step on my part, I was enrolled among Young Germany by the Diet—and how I have up to this day vainly begged for my discharge. In vain I send the most humble petitions, in vain I declare that I no longer stand by my religious errors ; . . . nothing avails ! I do not indeed ask for a great pension ; but I should like to be set at rest. Dear friend, you would really please me if you would occasionally charge me in your paper with obscurantism and servilism ; it might do some good. I do not have to specially request any such favors from my enemies, who calumniate me with the greatest complaisance.

You see, my dear friend, it is the secret curse of exile that we are never quite at ease in a foreign atmosphere ; that, with the home ways of thought and feeling which we carry with us, we remain isolated among a people who think and feel far differently from us ; that we are constantly annoyed by civilized, or, rather, uncivilized, phenomena to which the natives have long been accustomed—to which, in fact, from habit they pay no attention, any more than to the natural features of their country. Alas ! The mental climate of a foreign country is as inhospitable to us as the physical ; nay,

we can become reconciled to the latter, and at the worst it disagrees with our body and not our soul !

A revolutionary frog, who would fain lift himself above his native water, and looked upon the life of birds in the air as the ideal existence, would not stand it long in the dry and so-called free air, but would wish himself back in the heavy, solid marsh of his birth. At first he puffs himself out bravely, and joyfully hails the sun which shines so finely in July, and says to himself : "I am something more than my countrymen the codfish, those dumb water animals ; Jupiter gave me a voice : I am a singer ; I feel I am akin to the birds, and only need wings." . . . Poor frog ! If he had wings he could not rise with them ; he would not know how to fly high in air, and would look down to earth in spite of himself. From that height he would first learn the sad aspect of the earthly vale of tears ; and the frog with wings would feel less free than he was formerly in the most German of marshes !

. . . The shining morning clouds promise a fine spring day. The cock is crowing. The old invalid who lives near us is already sitting before the door of his house, and singing his Napoleonic songs. His grandson, too, a fair-haired child, is on his naked legs, and stands in front of my window with a bit of sugar in his fingers, with which he is trying to feed the roses. A sparrow comes hopping up on his little feet, and looks curiously and wonderingly up at the dear child. But the mother comes out with hasty steps, a handsome peasant woman, takes the child on her arm and carries him into the house, for fear he should take cold in the morning air.

. . . Dear friend, worse than dreams is the awakening. How happy the French are ! They never dream. I have inquired as to this ; and the fact explains why they go about their daily affairs with a wide-awake certainty, and do not indulge in obscure twilight thoughts and feelings, in their art as well as in their lives. In the tragedies of our great German poets dreams play an important part, of which the French dramatists have no presentiment. Indeed, they have no presentiments. Whatever of that sort appears in modern

French poetry is not due to the nature of the poet or the public, but is merely an echo of German feeling, and often mere pitiful stealing. For the French commit not merely plagiarism of methods of thought ; they filch from us not only poetic figures and pictures, ideas and images, but steal our dispositions, emotions, moods—they commit plagiarism of feelings. . .

For special reasons I have not cared to send you more than slight observations on the social condition of the French. How they will free themselves from their entanglements no man can say. France may be drawing near a frightful catastrophe. Those who begin a revolution are generally its victims ; and perhaps this fate befalls peoples as well as individuals. The French people, who began the European revolution, may go down, while people who followed their steps reap the fruits of their beginnings.

But I hope I am wrong. The French people is a cat, that falls from terrible heights without breaking its neck, and gets on its feet again. I do not rightly know whether it is true as a matter of natural history that cats always fall on their feet, and so escape unhurt, as I heard when a boy. I wanted to try the experiment, went onto the roof with our cat, and flung him into the street. But a Cossack happened to be riding by the house, and the poor cat fell straight onto the point of his lance ; and he rode merrily off, with the animal spitted there. If it is true that cats always fall safe on their feet, they must always look out for Cossack lances.

Dear friend of my inmost heart ! I feel this morning as if I had a wreath of poppies on my head, which put all my thoughts and ideas to sleep. I give my head an angry shake, and, then, to be sure, an idea wakes up here and there, but they straightway nod again, and snore as if for a wager. Fancies, those fleas of the brain which skip round among the slumbering thoughts, do not seem very gay either, but are sentimental and lazy. Is it the spring wind that disturbs my head, or the change in my way of life ? I go to bed here at nine without feeling tired, and so have not that sound sleep that binds all one's limbs, but toss about all night, half asleep and trying to dream. In Paris, where I never got to bed until some hours after midnight, my sleep was like lead. I rose from table at eight,

and then we rolled off to the theater. Dr. Detmold of Hanover, who passed last winter in Paris, and always went with us to the theater, kept us gay, however dull the plays might be. We laughed, criticised, and abused people to our hearts' content. Do not be uneasy, my friend; you were always pleasantly remembered. We delighted in singing your praises.

You wonder I go so often to the play; you know that it is not my habit to frequent theaters. From caprice I withdrew from society this winter; and that my friends, whom I seldom visited, might not see me at the theater, I generally took a stage box, in a corner of which one can best escape the eyes of the public. These boxes are, besides, my favorite place. You can see not only what goes on upon the stage, but also what happens in side scenes, where art ends and fair nature begins. When a pathetic tragedy is to be seen on the stage, and at the same time in the slips a bit of those wicked actors' doings can be watched, it reminds me of the old mural paintings, or the frescoes in the Munich Glyptothek and many of the Italian palaces—where in some corner cut out of a grand historical picture, merry conceits in arabesque, or bacchanalian and satyric idyls are brought in.

I went very little to the Theatre Français; the house has something bare and dreary to me. The ghosts of the old tragedy walk there, with the dagger and poisoned cup in their pale hands; the air is still heavy with the powder of classic perukes. It is insufferable that on this classic ground they should tolerate the mad pranks of the modern romantic school, or should reconcile the demands of the old and new public, and invent a sort of tragic *juste milieu*. These French dramatic poets are emancipated slaves, always dragging after them a link of the old classic chain; a fine ear hears a clank at each of their steps, as in the days of Agamemnon's and Talma's reign.

Here I was interrupted by the devil's own noise in the churchyard under my window.

The old Adam, or rather the old Cain, had broken out among the boys who were dancing awhile ago around the great tree, and they had begun to fight. To re-establish quiet I had to go down, and could hardly stop them by words. There was one little fellow who was pounding another little boy very bravely in the back. When I asked him, "What has the poor child done?" he opened his eyes at me, and answered, "Why, he is my brother."

In my house, too, there is anything but eternal peace to-day. In the entry I heard a noise, as if one of Klopstock's odes had fallen downstairs. The host and hostess were quarreling; and she was telling her poor husband that he was a spendthrift, and wasted their substance, and that she should die of trouble. She really is ill, but it is from her avarice. Every morsel her husband puts into his mouth disagrees with her. Then, when her husband takes his medicine and leaves any in the glass, she swallows it, that none of the dear medicine may be lost, and it makes her ill. The poor man, a tailor by birth and a German by trade, moved into the country to spend the rest of his days in country quiet. He will certainly find that quiet only on his wife's grave. Perhaps that is the reason he bought a house near the churchyard, and looks so longingly at the resting places of the departed. All his delight is in tobacco and roses; and of these last he raises superb varieties. He planted some pots of rose stocks in the ground in front of my window this morning. They are a magnificent flower. But ask your wife why these roses have no smell. Either the roses or I have a cold in the head.

And how goes it with the fair nixie, who could so coquetishly twine her silver veil about her green locks? Does the whitebearded sea god still pursue her with his foolish, stale love? Are the roses at home as fiery red as ever? Do the trees still sing so sweetly in the moonlight?

Ah! I have lived long in a foreign land; and in my fabulously strong homesickness I often think I am like the Flying Dutchman and his crew, that were forever tossed on the cold waves, and longed in vain for the quiet quays, tulips, meinfraus, clay pipes, and china cups of Holland. Amsterdam! Amsterdam! When shall we get back to Amsterdam? they sighed in the storms, while the shrieking winds drove them over the hell of waters. Well do I understand the grief with which the captain of the accursed ship once said, "Could I get back to Amsterdam, I would sooner be a stone at the corner of one of its streets than leave the town again." Poor Vanderdecken!

I hope, dearest friend, that these letters may find you happy and gay, in life's rosy light; and that it may not be with me as with the flying Hollander, whose letters are gener-

ally directed to people who died since he sailed, long ago ! Ah, how many of my dear ones have passed away, while my bark has been driven hither and thither in distant waters by fatal storms ? My head begins to swim, and I fancy the very stars in heaven are unfixed and whirling in mad circles. If I close my eyes wild dreams seize me in their long arms, and drag me to untold places and terrible adventures. . . . You have no conception, dear friend, how strange, how wonderfully odd, are the scenes I visit in dreams, and what horrible agonies shake my sleep.

. . . Dear friend, do not laugh at my visions of the night ! Or have you too a workday prejudice against dreams ?

To-morrow I go to Paris. Farewell !

CHAPTER XI.

Literary Projects.

PARIS, September 17, 1837.

To J. H. Detmold :

I have not abandoned our plan of making a compilation of good authors, and to-day I spoke to Heidelof again about it, and he is eager to undertake it. He would like to make it a book in two large volumes. I told him that I would undertake it in company with you, and that you would send me here from Hanover the extracts from the German authors, accompanied with short biographical notices. . . Send me a list of what you would include in the work. My idea is to give but few poems, taking up about one-eighth of the work—and principally poems of new authors, and of a gay, Greek nature ; and of sad Christian poems very few. Especially, to select them in the line of world-wide patriotism, free thought—Hellenic compositions. The prose selections should be chosen with the same view. The older authors taken must be viewed as forerunners of young Germany ; and I mean to give up at least a quarter of the whole contents at the end to the young Germany of to-day. You must state what shall be chosen. I will put in some of the lesser spirits of this school, partly to show that it is rich in numbers, partly to help our own party. The book will thus escape the character of an ordinary compilation, and be distinguished by its higher aims.

OCTOBER 3.

The plan of an anthology shall not be given up in any case. I take your observations to heart. I have not yet invented a title for the book. But I think it will be called something like "Specimens of the best German Literature since the Birth of Goethe." So anyone who died before Goethe's birth, or for other reasons does not belong to the period beginning with Goethe, will not be taken. I leave to you the writers before the romantic period. Of the romantics we will take twelve to fifteen at most. Of the dramatic poets of the art-period

(since Schiller's reign) we will also choose a dozen, such as Schiller, Werner, Kleist, Grillparzer, Immermann, Oehlschläger, Millner, Heine, Grabbe, etc. Finally, we will not give all of the new literature (you are right), but the most important ones, and there may be some twenty to choose, to carry out my plan.

PARIS, February 12, 1838.

To Varnhagen von Ense:

Unless all signs fail the time seems to have come when the old misunderstanding may be cleared up, and when the Prussian government will not stand in the way of an old plan of mine—to found a German newspaper in Paris. If you are willing, dearest Varnhagen, to do anything beyond transmitting my letter to Baron Werther, and if it would not be improper for you to speak to him on the occasion, you may give him all possible guarantees (that are compatible with honor) in my name. I subscribe, as you know long ago, to anything that your intelligence may dictate. But the matter must be done quickly; for, as I hear, others are engaged in a similar project.

I feel greatly affected in writing to you to-day! Oh, that I could be happy enough to see you again in person! Interchange of ideas by letter is not needed between us, for our minds always follow the same stream of thought, and sooner or later we always find ourselves in the same waters.

FEBRUARY 13.

. . . I had hardly put my letter into the post when it occurred to me that I had said nothing in regard to the projected paper itself—that is, its nature. The idea of it, the idea of its foundation and scope, rests on this: that Paris and London are centers of all political movement, and therefore correspondence from both places form an important part of all German papers. Now instead of giving, like these, only brief and often home manufactured correspondence, I could easily furnish thrice as much intelligence, and have the advantage that their local authority should be undoubted. My hope of sales in Germany rests on this, and is secure without admission to Prussia and Austria—but would be by no means large. As to the guarantees I can give the Prussian government, in return for their favor, I would observe as follows: As I have always done since the July Revolution, and done from conviction, so shall I in future uphold monarchical principles. I will take

the news from Prussia only from papers that have passed the Prussian censors. But if I am permitted to print private correspondence from Prussia, I will never risk the displeasure of the government in the choice of my correspondents. The interests of the old Prussian provinces I know and care little about; and it would cost me no effort either to say nothing about them or to merely quote the opinions of others. It is different with the Rhine provinces. There the bird is at home. I do care for that country. I must have absolute freedom of speech there. But the Prussian government may be sure that, in the present state of things in reference to the Rhine provinces, all my sympathy is on the side of Prussia; that I never fail to recognize the services of Prussia to this bastard country, which can be won back to Germany, and raised to German views and feelings, only through Prussia.

Dr. Kolb once observed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* how distinctly I had expressed myself against the German revolutionists in the year 1832—namely, in these words: "You lubbers have nothing to lose if the French take the Rhineland, while I should lose three million readers."

PARIS, March 1, 1838.

To August Lewald:

What luck, to have a friend to whom we can explain our material interests, without fear that he will misjudge the intellectual, ideal views that lie behind! I am sure you took the true view, on hearing that I am to publish here a *Parisian Journal*—namely, that I shall, on the one hand, earn a deal of money to carry on my war, and, on the other, that I expect in this way to erect a formidable bastion, from which my guns will do good execution. I have made friends with the government (when you cannot cut off a hand, you must kiss it)—and never again will I wield my sword on the political, but keep it for the literary field. I count much, very much, enormously much, on the fact that my name appears as chief editor of the *Parisian Journal*. Everyone assures me that the name is not only full of the most brilliant promise, but will insure confidence and a large sale. You have no idea how, on the first whisper that I was to publish a German paper, our countrymen here rejoiced, how everyone will gladly enlist under *my* banner, and how *I* am looked upon as the most legitimate person to carry out such an enterprise. Even more

than on the talisman of my name, and, at any rate, more than on the resources of my talent, I reckon on the help which the advertisements and my knowledge of this most secret side of journalism offer me.

The *Parisian Journal* will be written in Paris, edited in Paris, and on the frontiers of Germany is the press where it will be printed and sent out.

Mathilde is mending. She went out for the first time yesterday, and went with me to the Opéra Comique. After she had gone back to her *maison de santé* I went to the Redoute—where I walked about till five, tired, dead tired. So that I am so worn out to-day that I can hardly write. I have, besides, been in full carnival all the week.

MARCH 6.

As a sequel to my letter of last Wednesday I have to tell you to-day, first, that I have received the most delightful answer from Berlin; secondly, that there will be hardly any difficulty in securing for my paper an entrance into Austria. I find the greatest cordiality in that quarter, to my great surprise.

PARIS, March 30, 1838.

To Julius Campe :

At last, at last this vile, cursed, snuffling, rascally winter is over. I have been for the last three months more wretchedly out of humor and desolate than ever before. This, and an affair that occupied my time more than is reasonable, are responsible for your not having heard from me before to-day. This affair was nothing less than the founding of a German newspaper here in Paris, for which I can command resources surpassing all that can be conceived of in that line. I only needed a distinct assurance from Prussia that she would permit the paper to come into the Austrian states; and I had good grounds to hope that everything I can honestly and reasonably ask would be granted. But, to my surprise, the old dissatisfaction is not entirely at an end, and my requests are not so completely granted as I had hoped. They will not give me any distinct permission, and my plan for a paper may very likely come to nothing.

To-day I have a question to ask you. . . I have a good mind (partly in order to have an organ of my own, partly to take advantage, as well as other people, of the fancy for peri-

odical publications, for my own benefit) to bring out a monthly publication, entitled “Paris and London” or “London and Paris,” a monthly magazine, by Heinrich Heine. There would be six or eight sheets, brought out by you in Hamburg. I should publish the magazine on my own account; and wish to know from you what the cost would be, and what commission you would charge me. And now farewell—and be sure that I shall ever have your interests at heart with much affection. It would more than grieve me if you were not satisfied with me. But you know from the history of the most gifted writers that we cannot always do as we would.

PARIS, March 31, 1838.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

I have to thank you for your kind efforts in behalf of my poor, birth-strangled paper. You are right; even out of this ruined affair there is some fruit to be gathered. The chief and sweetest fruit to me is that I have found an occasion to put your friendship to the proof once more, and revive in your heart an affectionate remembrance of me.

As to Rahel's letters to me, you do not seem to know that I met with a terrible misfortune in regard to them. There was a bundle of more than twenty letters (though I never wrote directly to her, she always inclosed in yours a more or less long letter); and in a fire at Hamburg, which laid the whole house where my mother lived in ashes, this packet, with all my other papers left there, was burned. It is strange that the moment has not yet come, and perhaps will never come, when I can frankly tell what Rahel confessed in moments of emotion.

As I said I gave up my plan of a paper as soon as I received your letter; for in so uncertain a position of the Prussian government I could not risk a capital of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, which a friend was ready to advance for the undertaking. Yet I cannot put the project entirely out of my head, and am busy with a very ingenious modification of it, about which I will write you next time.

PARIS, April 2, 1838.

To August Lewald :

I was ill, doubly ill, for Mathilde was also suffering, and is still in her *maison de santé*; so I waited day after day for a

distinct answer from Berlin ; and someone was to start ten days ago for Berlin, who would certainly have put my affair in good train, but by an extraordinary mischance he could not go. Hence my silence up to to-day, which do not, for Heaven's sake, attribute to any indifference as to my newspaper project, or to an abandonment of it. I cling to my idea, which I confided to you, as a most ingenious combination—namely, the publication of a German Paris newspaper, edited in Paris and published on the frontier, and so not obliged to pay any stamp or great cost of carriage—and which would at the same time enjoy the consideration of an original Paris paper, and would beat all the other German papers by its greater resources.

CHAPTER XII.

Friends and Foes.

PARIS, January 16, 1838.

To J. H. Detmold :

Gabe has just sent me your letter of January 5, and I see that at that date my letter written four weeks before had not reached you. I am very sorry. It certainly contained no political opinions whatever, and therefore more of my private concerns. You have lost nothing but accounts of my private life, which has assumed a wonderful shape since then. Since my return from Havre Mathilde has behaved in such an exemplary way that I began to fear for her life. Such a radical change looked like an omen of death. She can stay in the house a whole week, satisfied with a simple *pot au feu*. Of the theater, not a word ; it is expensive. Made over her old dresses to save new ones this winter. Then she grew seriously ill, and I had to take her to a *maison de santé*, where she is well cared for, and will stay till the new year (all through the carnival), for she does just as I please now. She begins to be so intensely amiable and affectionate that I believe she finally means to make me so. But she is very ill.

I have *cocu* this winter with perfect freedom ; . . . *je jouis de ma pleine liberté, et j'en abuse même.*

I go often to the theater—to my delight !

I am quite well, also.

It is so cold to-day that I cannot write ; my hands are stiff. The *maison de santé* where I have placed Mathilde is at the Barrière St. Jacques ; think of it ! I have to go all that horrid way every day !

PARIS, June 16, 1838.

To Julius Campe :

These are the first lines I have written for four weeks ; for the trouble in my eyes has come back worse than ever, and the doctor forbids me to read or write. The last is a great depri-

vation, and I can only scrawl to you what it is absolutely necessary to say.

I am pleased with what you say of the "Yearbook of Literature." I will gladly contribute to it; and shall perhaps choose something for it that will give a tremendous vogue to the book. I shall write to Gutzkow to-morrow. I like him very much, but the devil may take him too—only in a mild way and with due respect, for he is a distinguished sinner. He annoys everybody, and provokes enmity on all sides, even in quarters where, by quietly waiting, and with three grains of patience, most important friendships and alliances might have been expected. I will write him to-morrow; so you may thank him to-day for the interest he shows in me.

DECEMBER 19.

. . . That I have not written to you sooner is the fault of my weak eyes; I have to dictate almost always, and dictated ill humor seems much harsher than under one's own hand. But I really must write you to-day, for I have just received the "Schwabenspiegel." Here again I have been sold and betrayed, or at any rate my private interests have been sacrificed to the most pitiful considerations, if not to thoughtless caprice. You had already treated me badly enough in acquiescing without my knowledge in the mutilation of the second part of the "Salon" and the "Romantic School"; and now I write a politically and censorially harmless thing, answering some personal enemies, and even in this little work most odious mutilations are permitted, mutilations in the most important passages, and of an almost malicious kind, which I cannot attribute to the rudeness of the censors. In such a writing, in which I treated of personal injuries, every letter should have been sacred in your eyes! By God, I have borne that sort of thing for the last time, and will now take measures that the like shall not occur again; and in the present instance I will find some way of giving the little book to the public just as I wrote it. I can reproduce it all out of my head. As if it were not enough that by your fault the printing of this thing was delayed for nine months, and I was cheated of the precious satisfaction which was worth so much to me at that moment! It is easy to understand the refusal to give an imprimatur in Giessen. Such a thing would have been impossible in any reasonable printing place; but you might have known the

result in a week. All the ministers here assure me that there is no ill will felt at home for me, or the children of my brain that I may wish to send into the world.

I will write in a day or two ; at this moment I am too enraged and indignant.

PARIS, February 5, 1840.

To Gustav Kühne :

I thank you for the care for my interests and the zeal expressed in your last letter. Things are going bravely. The Hamburg clique is certainly broken up, the fellows have been stirred up against one another, and I am waiting for what Campe will do. That Gutzkow and his henchman insult him is so much gain. That the former has thrown off the mask as to me is also a gain, and I think I shall make this pupil of Menzel's harmless to others. Gutzkow's doings must be made evident to the public ; and with this view I shall answer his attack very definitely, although it has not hurt me in the least. Have unfortunately much to do, and cannot under a fortnight send you Gutzkow's execution, which will form the second number of the "Troubles of an Author."

PARIS, February 5, 1840.

To Varnhagen von Ense, on the death of his sister :

I have just learned the new loss that has befallen you, and although confounded and at a loss what to say, I will write you. Good Heaven! All words are weak, and a silent clasp of the hand would be the best thing. I can well feel what you must be suffering, poor friend, when you had hardly recovered from your former visitation. I knew the departed one very well ; she always showed me the kindest sympathy, and was so like you in her good sense and gentleness ; and though I did not see her very often, I counted her among my trusted friends—as one of the inside inner circle, where we understand each other without words. Holy God, how this circle, this silent band has gradually melted away in the last ten years ! One after another goes home—we shed fruitless tears for them—till we ourselves depart. The tears that flow for us will not be so bitter ; for the new generation knows neither what we hoped nor what we suffered.

How could they have known us ? We never told our secrets

and shall never tell them, but go to the grave with closed lips ! We understood one another at a glance ; we looked upon each other, and knew what was in our hearts. This language of the eye will soon be lost ; and the written monuments we leave behind us, such as Rahel's letters, will be undecipherable hieroglyphics to those born later. I know and remember this, as each one departs and goes home. I cannot write connectedly to you to-day, dear Varnhagen ; soon, in a more quiet hour, I will tell you how things are going with me.

GRANVILLE, August 31, 1840.

To August Lewald :

I thank you for the sheets you sent me ; unfortunately, they were not put *sous bande*, but in a letter, so that I had to pay seventeen francs and six sous for them—at which I nearly died of fright, and am still ill, so that I shall have to take some sea baths. In fact to-day I am well and in good spirits ; and either from the summer weather or from pride in a good conscience I feel in a splendid mood at this moment, when I clasp my old friend's hand and ask a favor, a favor of love from him. I have always found you so helpful and active in the pressing occasions of my life ! The matter is not so serious to-day ; but I need your help. By occupying yourself with a matter which is not of vital importance you can free me from some annoyances inflicted on me by others. I have just learned that Gutzkow, on the publication of my book on Börne, has employed his arsenal of cunning to injure me in public opinion, with the hope it may react favorably on the book he means to publish on the same subject. It would lead too far, and would disturb my equanimity, to tell you in detail how he contrived to get an influence over Campe, and use him to my prejudice.

You have no idea what a wealth of infamy there is in the world ; but I will tell you all about it as soon as we meet—for I still feel as if I might expect you any day. But you know the Hamburg sewers, and still more those of literary Germany too well not to guess at most of the story. In the anarchy that prevails in our daily papers it will be easy for the worthy Gutzkow, through his mercenaries in the German journals, to smuggle in a quantity of perfidious articles against me. I want you to counteract this mischief, and leave the way and manner to your own judgment. I am living abroad, have

no literary relations with anyone, am isolated, and the anonymous press at home can tear my name to pieces with perfect impunity. So do something *quickly*, as all delay is dangerous.

Mathilde has grown a good housewife, with all her mad humors ; and our relations are as moral as the best in Gotham. Campe is just publishing the fourth part of the "Salon," in which I have incorporated several very good poems, and the "Letters on the Stage." I shall remain here for a week, then run through Brittany, and expect to be in Paris in a fortnight.

GRANVILLE, beginning of September.

To Heinrich Laube :

My yesterday's letter has not gone, and I hasten to add the most important part of it. Unfortunately my head is stunned and I can hardly write. Last evening I learned quite by chance through the *Journal des Débats* of Immermann's death. I have been crying all night. What a misfortune ! You know what Immermann was to me, my old comrade in arms, at the same time with whom I entered on my literary career, arm in arm, as it were ! What a great poet we Germans have lost, without having really known him ! We, I mean Germany, the old stepmother ! And he was not only a great poet, but brave and honorable, and I loved him for it. I am crushed with grief. Twelve days since I stood at evening on a lonely rock by the sea, looking at a lovely sunset, and thinking of Immermann. Strange !

And now farewell, and give my friendly greetings to your wife. I beg for her kindest sympathy. I hope to see you soon back in Paris ; we have taken new lodgings, and my wife has established me very prettily.

I am, strangely enough, in good spirits, and cannot yet feel sad over this. Perhaps it is apathy and not good health.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ludwig Börne.

As to Börne's "Parisian Letters," I confess I cannot bring myself to be at all vexed by the first two volumes. I was amazed by a certain ultra-radical tone, which I certainly had not expected from Börne. The man who was always scrutinizing and criticising his own pleasing, ornate style, and weighed and measured each syllable before he wrote it down—the man whose style had always retained something of the philistinism of a small city, if not of the narrowness of his former employment, the former clerk of police of Frankfort-on-the-Main, now broke out with a sans-culottism of thought and expression such as no one had yet witnessed in Germany. Heavens! What terrible compound words! What treasonable verbs, high treasonable accusatives; what imperatives and notes of interrogation enough to frighten the police, and metaphors whose very shadows deserve twenty years' imprisonment! But with all the terror they inspired, these letters awoke in my mind a droll recollection that almost made me laugh, and which I must relate. I confess that Börne's whole proceedings in these letters reminded me of an old constable who, when I was a little boy, ruled in my native city. I say ruled, for he maintained order in the streets by a free use of his stick, inspiring us children with the most abject respect, and sending us scampering off at the mere sight of him, if we were indulging in any noisy games in the street. This constable suddenly went crazy, and took it into his head that he was a street blackguard; and to our utter amazement we saw him, the absolute tyrant of the streets, instead of keeping order, take to leading us into the wildest mischief. "You are too tame," he would cry. "But I'll show you how to make 'em stare!" And thereupon he began to roar like a lion or squall like a cat, pulled all the house bells till the handles came off, and sent stones crashing through the windows, shouting all the while, "I'll show you how to make 'em stare!" We little boys were greatly delighted

at the old fellow, and trooped, yelling after him, until he was carried off to a madhouse.

While I was reading Börne's letter I kept thinking of the old constable, and could almost hear his voice crying, "I'll show you how to make 'em stare!"

In Börne's speech the height of his political insanity was less striking, as it accorded with the passions that raged in those about him, who were ever ready to deal blows and often did deal them. When I made a second visit to Börne in the Rue de Provence, where he had definitely set up his quarters, I found in his *salon* such a menagerie of people as can hardly be found in the Jardin des Plantes. In the background several Polar bears were crouching, who smoked and hardly ever spoke, except to growl out, now and then, a real fatherland "Donnerwetter" in a deep bass voice. Near them was squatting a Polish wolf in a red cap, who occasionally yelped out a silly, wild remark in a hoarse tone. There, too, I found a French monkey, one of the most hideous creatures I ever saw; he kept up a series of grimaces, each of which seemed more lovely than the last. The most insignificant figure in the Börne menagerie was a Herr *,* son of old *, the wine-merchant of Frankfort-on-the-Main, who certainly begot him in a very sober condition—a long, lean figure that looked like the shadow of a cologne bottle, but smelt very differently from its contents. Thin as he looked, he wore, as Börne declared, twelve woolen undershirts, and would die if he took them off. Börne was always making fun of him.

"Let me introduce Herr *; he certainly is not a star of the first magnitude, but he is a relative of the sun, and derives his light from him; he is a humble relation of Herr von Rothschild. Only think, Herr *, I dreamed last night that I saw the Frankfort Rothschild hanged; and it was you who put the rope round his neck."

Herr * was terrified at this speech, and cried out in mortal fear, "Herr Börne, I beg you do not say such a thing—I have good groonds—I have good groonds," the young man said over and over; and turning to me he begged me in a whisper to come into a corner, that he might explain his delicate "position" to me. "You see," he whispered, "I am in a delicate position. Herr von Rothschild's wife is, so to speak, an aunt of mine. I beg you not to tell in Herr Baron von Rothschild's house that you met me at Börne's. I have groonds——"

* Stern, *i. e.*, star.

From that time forward Börne was the soul of the Parisian propaganda.

I use the word "propaganda"; but I employ it in a different sense from certain informers, who mean by this term a secret brotherhood, a conspiracy of revolutionary spirits throughout Europe, a sort of bloodthirsty, atheistical, and regicidal masonry. No; this Paris propaganda had more hard hands than clever heads in it; it was a congregation of handicraftsmen of German speech, which met in a large hall in the Passage Saumon or the Faubourg, chiefly to talk in the dear native language about the events of the fatherland. Thanks to passionate speeches in the style of the orators of Rhenish Bavaria, a good many imbibed fanatical notions; and Republicanism being such a straightforward affair, and more easily grasped than a constitutional form of government, for instance, which presupposes acquirements of various kinds, it was not long ere thousands of German handicraft apprentices were Republicans preaching the new faith. So when I read how the North German papers were laughing over the idea that Börne had carried six hundred journeyman tailors up to Montmartre to preach a Sermon on the Mount to them, I shrugged my shoulders in pity—but not so much of Börne, who was sowing seed that would, sooner or later, bring forth terrible fruit. He spoke well, concisely, persuasively, popularly—plain, artless talk, quite in the style of the Sermon on the Mount. I never indeed heard him speak but once, which was in the Passage Saumon, where Garnier presided over the "People's Union." Börne spoke on the press association, and how it should beware of all aristocratic forms; Garnier thundered against Nicholas, Czar of Russia; an ill-grown, crooked-legged cobbler's apprentice declared that all men are equal. I was provoked at his impudence. That was the first and last time I attended the People's Union.

But this one time was enough. Under the circumstances, dear reader, I will make a confession which you would not suspect. Very likely you think that the greatest desire of my life has always been to be a great poet, perhaps to be crowned in the Capitol, like the late Messer Francesco Petrarca. No; the great orators were the men I always envied; and instead of the life I have led I would fain have spoken in the market place and to a motley crowd the great words that stir or still the passions, and produce their effect on the moment. Yes; between ourselves I will confess that in the green days of

youth, when our tastes are apt to be theatrical, I have often dreamed of playing such a part. I was quite determined to be a great speaker, and like Demosthenes I sometimes declaimed on the lonely shore while the winds and waves roared and howled ; this exercises the lungs, and teaches one to speak in the wildest tumult of a popular meeting. I often spoke in an open field, before a crowd of oxen and cows, and succeeded in outbellowing the assembled cattle. It is harder to make a speech to sheep. To all you say these sheepheads, when you urge them to free themselves, and not, like their fathers, go tamely to the slaughter, answer all your appeals with such an immovably serene Baah ! Baah ! as puts you quite out of countenance. In short, I did everything to be prepared, if we had a revolution, to step forth as a German popular orator. Alas ! at my very first attempt I saw I could never fill my favorite part. If they were now living, neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor Mirabeau would succeed as an orator in a German revolution : for in a German revolution men smoke. Fancy my horror, when I entered the above named People's Union, to find every savior of his country with a pipe between his jaws, and the whole room so filled with the smoke of bad tobacco that my lungs felt choked, and it would have been utterly impossible for me to say a word.

I cannot bear tobacco smoke, and saw that in a German revolution the part of braggadocio, in the style of Börne and his followers, would never do for me. I also observed that the path of a German tribune is not strewn with roses, certainly not with sweet roses. For one thing, you must shake hands with all your hearers, your "dear companions and brothers." Börne may have spoken metaphorically when he declared that, if a king should take him by the hand, he would put it in the fire to cleanse it ; but I say, in no figurative sense, but quite literally, that if the people took me by the hand I should wash it at once.

A man must, in a time of revolution, have seen the people with his own eyes, have smelt them with his own nose, have heard with his own ears how these rulers of rats talk, before he can understand what Mirabeau meant by the words, "Revolutions are not made with rosewater." As long as one reads of revolutions in books it all looks very fine ; they are like the landscapes that look so nice and clean, engraved on vellum paper ; but when viewed *in natura* they may gain in grandeur, but the details are filthy and shabby ; dunghoops engraved on

copper do not stink, and in an engraving, sloughs are easy to wade through with the eye !

This is not the place, nor is it yet time to speak fully of the differences which necessarily showed themselves soon after the Revolution of July between me and the German revolutionists in Paris. Our Ludwig Börne must be looked upon as their most distinguished representative, especially in the last years of his life ; and, next to the Czar of all the Russias, it was perhaps the writer of these pages whom his Rhadamanthian anger hit the hardest.

But was not Ludwig Börne influenced by a secret envy ? He was a man ; and while he believed it was solely in the interests of the republic he was destroying the fair fame of some who differed from him, and perhaps prided himself on offering up the sacrifice, he may have been unconsciously gratifying the secret impulses of his own evil nature, like Maximilian Robespierre of glorious memory.

He gave way to such private feelings especially in my case ; and his enmity was in truth nothing but the small envy that a drummer boy may feel of the drum-major. He envied me the great plume that waved so proudly in the air ; my richly embroidered uniform, with more silver on it than he, poor drummer boy, was worth in the world ; the skill with which I flourished my great cane ; the admiring glances of the girls, which I dare say I returned coquettishly enough !

Certain improprieties that were apparent to me also served to keep me alienated from Börne. Every pure feeling of my soul was revolted at the bare idea of any intercourse with his most intimate associate. To speak the truth, I saw in Börne's house a want of morality that was repugnant to me.

This confession may sound strangely in the mouth of a man who has never joined in the cries of zealots and so-called moralists, and has been often enough accused by them of heresy. Did I deserve the accusation ? After severe self-examination I can vouch for myself that my thoughts and acts have never conflicted with morality—the morality that was born in my soul, the quickening soul of my life. I have

almost passively obeyed a moral necessity, and for so doing I lay claim to no laurel crown or other prize of virtue. I lately read a book which declared that I had boasted that not a Phryne walks the boulevards of Paris whose charms have remained unknown to me. God knows to what worthy correspondent such wretched stories were repeated ; but I can assure the author of the book that never, in my maddest youth, have I sought a woman unless I was inspired by her beauty, the corporeal revelation of God, or by the great passion, which also has something godlike—as it emancipates us from all small, selfish feelings, and makes us sacrifice the vain possessions of life, aye, even life itself ! . . . And, in the end, the world is just, and excuses the flame if the brand is strong and noble and burns clear and long. . . It is hard upon crackling fires of straw, and scorns a timid, halfway blaze. The world reverences and honors a passion when it proves a true one ; and in this case also time confers a certain legitimacy.

I was also revolted by Börne's eternal political driveling. Talking politics, talking politics all the time, even at meals, where he used to seek me out. At table, where I like to forget all the troubles of the world, he spoiled the nicest dishes for me with the patriotic gall he added to them, like an acid sauce. Calves' feet, *à la maître d'hôtel*, once a harmless favorite of mine, was ruined by his Job's comfortings picked out of the most unreliable newspapers. Then his cursed remarks, which took away one's appetite. For instance : he once squatted down by me in the restaurant of the Rue Lepelletier, where no one used to come except political refugees from Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Poland. Börne, who knew them all, observed, joyously rubbing his hands, "We two are the only ones of the company who have not been condemned to death by their governments. But," he added, "I have not given up all hope of it yet. We shall all be hanged at last, you as well as I." I observed on this occasion that it would certainly be a good thing for the German revolution if our government would move a little faster and hang a few revolutionists, that they might see it was no joke, and they must venture all for all. "You would like," said Börne, "to have us hanged alphabetically ; and then I should be one of the first, under the letter B, and they might hang me either as Börne or Baruch ; and then they would be some time getting to you, down in H."

Now such table talk was not refreshing to me, and I revenged myself by affecting an excessive and almost passionate indifference for Börne's enthusiasm. For example: Börne was angry that, on my arrival in Paris, I found nothing better to do than to write for German papers a long notice of the exhibition of pictures then open. I will not attempt to decide whether the interest in art which inspired this work was so utterly incompatible with the revolutionary interests of the day; but Börne saw in it a proof of my indifference for the sacred cause of men, so that I was able to damp the joy of his sauerkraut patriotism by talking of nothing at table but pictures—Robert's "Reapers," Vernet's "Judith," or Scheffer's "Faust." "What did you do," he once asked me, "on the first day after you got to Paris? Where did you go first?" Of course he expected me to name the Place Louis XV., the Pantheon, or the graves of Rousseau and Voltaire as the first places I had sought; and he made a wonderful face when I honestly told him the truth, that as soon as I had arrived I went to the Bibliothèque Royale, and asked the custodian of the manuscripts for the codex of the minnesingers. And it was true; for years I had longed to see with my own eyes the precious leaves that preserved for us, among other things, the poems of Walter von der Vogelweide, the greatest of German lyric poets. This was a proof to Börne of my indifference; and he pointed out the inconsistency with my political principles. That I never thought it worth while to discuss these with him is a matter of course; and when he once tried to point out an inconsistency in my writings, I contented myself with the ironical answer: "You are mistaken, my good friend; there is no such thing in my books; for, each time before beginning to write, I take the trouble to read over the political principles in my former writings, so that I may not contradict myself, and no one may be able to charge me with deserting my liberal principles." Not only at my meals but even in my hours of sleep did Börne disturb me with his patriotic exaltation. On one occasion he climbed up to my room at midnight, waked me from a sweet slumber, sat down by my bed, and bewailed for a whole hour the woes of the German people and the shameless conduct of the German government—and how dangerous to Germany Russia was, and how he was determined to rescue Germany by writing against Nicholas and the princes who thus ill treated the people, and against the Diet. And I believe he would have gone on till morning, if I had not, after

a long silence, come out with the words, "Are you an overseer of the poor?"

I spoke to him only twice afterward ; the first time at the wedding of a common friend, who chose both of us as witnesses, and the other, walking in the Tuileries. The third and fourth parts of his "Paris Letters" appeared soon after, and I not only avoided all occasion of meeting him, but let him see that I purposely avoided him ; and though I have since met him two or three times, I have never spoken a word to him. With his sanguine temper this drove him to despair ; and he used every means to get on friendly terms with me again, or at least to have a talk with me. I never had a dispute with Börne, and we never exchanged hard words ; I saw his secret ill will only in his writings ; and no feeling of wounded vanity, but the truth I owed to my own thoughts and purposes, led me to break with a man who would have compromised my ideas and efforts. But such determined avoidance of anyone is not in my nature ; and I should perhaps have been pliant enough to speak and associate again with Börne—especially as people I was fond of often begged me to do so, and common friends were often embarrassed in inviting me, because I never accepted unless I had made sure that Börne was not invited. My own interest would have led me not to provoke such a violent tempered man by too plainly drawing back ; but one glance at his surroundings,—his trusty friends the many-headed king of rats, with many tails grown together in one, whose souls he fashioned,—and my disgust kept me from any further intercourse with Börne.

So several years went by—two, three years ; I lost sight and memory of him ; even of the articles he wrote against me in the French papers, which were so useful to slanderers in honest Germany, I took little notice ; when, late one autumn evening, I heard the news that Börne was dead.

I did not go to his funeral, a fact which our penny-a-liners did not fail to send to Germany, and which gave opportunity for disagreeable comment. Nothing could be more foolish than to find a proof of enmity in a circumstance that might be purely accidental. Fools, not to know there is no pleasanter occupation than following an enemy to the grave.

I was never a friend of Börne, nor was I ever his enemy. The vexation he often roused in me was not deep, and he was well paid for it by the cold silence I opposed to all his whimsies and charges of apostacy. As long as he lived I never wrote a

line against him, never thought of him, and that enraged him beyond measure. If I speak of him now it is truly neither from enthusiasm nor pique ; I am conscious of a calm impartiality ; I am writing neither an apology nor a criticism ; and as I speak entirely from personal observation in describing the man, I may be said to be making a portrait statue of him. And he deserves such a statue—he, the great wrestler, who wrestled so bravely in our political arena, and gained the wreath of oak leaves if he missed the laurel crown.

I represent him in his true features, unidealized, the more like, the more honorable to his memory. He was no genius, no hero, no god of Olympus ; he was human, a citizen of the earth ; he was a good writer and a great patriot.

While I call Ludwig Börne a good writer, and give him only the poor epithet "good," I would neither exaggerate nor belittle his æsthetic worth. As I have already said, I am here attempting neither a criticism nor an apology for his writings. These pages shall contain merely a private opinion. I am anxious to make this private judgment as brief as possible, therefore one word only about Börne from a purely literary point of view.

If I seek a kindred spirit in literature, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing at once presents himself, with whom Börne has often been compared. But the relationship rests solely upon their ingrain soundness, noble purpose, passionate patriotism, and enthusiasm for all mankind. The bent of their minds was the same. But there the likeness ends. Lessing's greatness lay in a mind open to art and philosophical speculation, which was absolutely wanting in poor Börne.

In the literature of other nations there are two men who much resembled him ; they are William Hazlitt and Paul Courier. Both are near literary relatives of Börne, though Hazlitt was Börne's superior in feeling for art, and Courier had far less humor than he. They all have a certain *esprit* in common, but it took a different hue in each. In Hazlitt it was melancholy, as its rays broke through the dark English clouds ; with Courier it had a wanton gayety, like the new wine of Touraine, working and seething in the cellars, and ever and anon bursting its bonds ; with Börne, the German, it was both sad and gay, like strong, sharp Rhine wine and the frolicsome moonlight of his German home. His *esprit* sometimes became humor.

Yes, this Börne was a great patriot, perhaps the greatest that

drew burning life and bitter death from the breasts of his stern mother Germania. . . Exile from his fatherland was martyrdom to him, and the torture wrung from him many a bitter word in his writings. He who has not known exile knows not how sharp it makes our sorrows, and how it pours night and poison into our thoughts. Dante wrote his "Hell" in exile. And only he who has lived in exile knows what the love of our country can be, with all its sweet fears and homesick torments. Happy for our patriots who must live in France that this land is so like Germany, almost the same climate, the same vegetation, the same ways of life. . .

Any suspicion of his patriotism roused in Börne a degree of anger which the mere reproach of Jewish descent could never provoke. Indeed, it amused him when his enemies, from the purity of his life, could find nothing worse to say against him than that he was an offshoot of the stock that once filled the world with its renown, and in spite of its degradation has not lost all its old consecration. In fact he often boasted of his descent in his humorous way, and once, parodying the words of Mirabeau, he said to a Frenchman, "Jesus Christ, qui par parenthèse était mon cousin, a prêché l'égalité," etc. In truth, the Jews are of the clay of which gods are made, trodden under foot to-day, kneeled to to-morrow; some go creeping round in the shabby cloak of an old clothes man, while others attain the highest places among men; and Golgotha is not the only mount whereon a Jewish god has bled to save the world. Jews are a race of genius, and whenever they go back to their first principles they are grand and noble, putting to shame and outstripping their coarse oppressors.

At any rate, it may well be that the mission of the race is not yet fulfilled; especially may this be so in the case of Germany. She, too, awaits a liberator, an earthly Messiah—the Jews have already blest us with a heavenly one—a king of the earth, a deliverer with scepter and sword; and this German liberator is perhaps the same whom Israel awaits.

O blessed, yearned-for Messiah!

Where is he now? Where tarries he? Is he yet unborn, or has he lain hidden for these thousand years, waiting for the great hour of deliverance? Is it old Barbarossa, who sits slumbering in the Kyffhauser in his stone chair, and has slept so long that his white beard has grown down through the stone table? Even in his sleep he often shakes his head and gazes out of his half-opened eyes, and fumbles for his sword in

his dreams, and then nods again in his sleep of a thousand years.

No, it is not King Redbeard who shall free Germany, as the people believe—the German people, the drowsy, dreaming people, who can find its Messiah only in the form of an old sleeper.

The Jews have a far better conception of their Messiah; and years ago, when I was in Poland, and knew the great Rabbi Manassa Ben Naphtali at Cracow, I loved to listen to him when from his full heart he spoke of the Messiah. I forget in which book of the Talmud you may read the details that the great rabbi truly related to me, and only the outlines of his description yet linger in my memory. The Messiah, he said, was born on the day when Jerusalem was destroyed by the wretch Titus Vespasian, and ever since he has dwelt in the fairest palace of heaven in splendor and joy, wearing on his head a crown like a king—but his hands are bound with golden chains.

“What mean these golden chains?” asked I, wondering.

“They are needful,” answered the great rabbi, with a sly look and a deep sigh. “But for these chains, when the Messiah oftentimes loses patience, he would hasten down, and too soon, at an unmeet hour, would attempt the deliverance. He is no lazy dreamer. He is handsome and slender, but terribly strong—and in the bloom of youth. The life he leads is always the same. He spends most of the morning in needful prayer, or in laughter and jest with his servants, angels in flowing robes who can sing sweetly and play on the flute. Then they comb his long hair and anoint him with yellow nard, and put on him his princely robe of purple. All the afternoon he studies the Cabbala. Toward evening he sends for his old chancellor, who is an angel in a flowing robe, and the four strong state counselors who are with him are angels in flowing robes. From a great book the chancellor reads to his lord all that has happened that day. Sometimes there are things at which the Messiah smiles well pleased, or shakes his head in anger. But when he hears how his people are oppressed here below he bursts forth in a mighty rage and roars till all heaven trembles. Then the four strong state counselors must hold him fast lest he should hasten down to earth; and they could not master him if his hands were not bound with golden chains. They sooth him with gentle words, that the time has not yet come, the true hour of deliverance, and at last he sinks on his couch and hides his face and weeps.”

Somewhat in these words did Manassa Ben Naphtali speak to me in Cracow, quoting the Talmud to the truth of his belief. During his talks I often, especially at first, thought of the July Revolution. Yes; in the worst days, I often thought I heard with my own ears the clank of the golden chains, and sobs of despair!

Oh, despair not, sweet Messiah, for thou shalt free, not Israel only, as the Jews believe, but all suffering mankind! Pluck not off thy golden chains! Oh, hold him yet awhile enchained, lest he come too soon, the delivering king of the world!

Happy are they who molder away quietly in the prisons of their native land—for these prisons are a home with iron bars, and the German air blows through them, and the turnkey, if he be not dumb, speaks the German language! . . . It is now more than six months that no German sound has struck my ear, and all my poetry and aspirations have been painfully clothed in a foreign tongue. . . . You may have some idea of physical exile, but exile of the soul no one can conceive except a German poet, who sees himself compelled to speak and write French all day, and even to whisper French in the heart of his beloved at night! My very thoughts are exiled, exiled to a foreign tongue.

Happy are they who in a foreign land have to fight only with poverty, hunger, and cold, mere natural evils. Through the holes in the garret roof heaven smiles on them with all its stars. Oh, gilded poverty in white kid gloves, thou art unspeakably harder to bear! The drooping head must be dressed, and perhaps sweetly scented; and the angry lips that would fain curse heaven and earth must smile and smile again.

Happy are they who in their great sufferings have at last lost the last glimmer of reason, and found a safe refuge in Charenton or Bicêtre, like poor F., poor B., poor L., and so many more whom I knew less well. In their eyes the mad cell is the beloved home, and in their straight jackets they fancy themselves the conquerors over all despots, stout burghers of a free state. . . . But they might have had all this just as well at home!

But the passage from reason to madness is a grim and terrible moment. I shiver when I think how F. came to me for

the last time, to argue with much enthusiasm that the people of the moon and the dwellers in the remotest stars ought to be taken into the brotherhood of nations. But how to convey our invitation to them? That was the great question. Another patriot had, with the same idea, invented a colossal mirror, by which proclamations could be reflected into the air in gigantic letters, so that all men might read them at once, and the censors could never hinder them. . . What danger to the state in the plan! Yet no mention of it appears in the notes of the Diet on revolutionary propaganda!

And happiest of all are the dead, who lie in their graves in Père la Chaise, like you, poor Börne! Yes; happy are they who lie in the home prisons—happy those in the garrets of poverty—happy the mad in the asylum—happiest of all the dead! As for me, the writer of these pages, I believe I have no right to complain—for I have shared in the good fortune of all these, through the wonderful sensibility, the involuntary sympathy to be found in poets, for which we have no exact word. Though by day I stroll, hearty and laughing, through the bright streets of Babylon, believe me that, when evening falls, sad harp strings echo through my heart, and by night all the drums and cymbals of woe resound in it; the janizary music of the world's pain and the roar of the fearful masquerade rises loud. . .

Oh, what dreams! Dreams of prisons, of want, of madness, of death! Shrill cries of mingled folly and wisdom, a poisoned dish of many hues, that tastes of sauerkraut and smells of orange blossoms! What a terrible sensation when the dreams of the night make mock of the day's struggles; and from flaming poppies ghosts peep forth and jeer, while stately laurel trees turn into gray thistles, and the nightingales utter peals of scornful laughter. . .

I cannot state in exactly what spot Börne's grave is to be found in Père la Chaise. I state this positively; for during his life I was often asked by German travelers where Börne lived, and now I am often teased with the question, Where is Börne buried? They say he lies at the right side of the cemetery, surrounded by nobody but generals of the Empire and actresses of the Théâtre Français,—dead nobles and dead parrots.

As I have already said, I offer here neither apology for nor criticism of the man. I only paint his portrait, with an exact account of the places and times he sat to me. At the same

time, I have not concealed the favorable or unfavorable opinion I formed during the sitting. In this way I furnish the best standard of the amount of credit my remarks deserve.

And while this constant introduction of my personality affords the reader the best means of judging for himself, I feel bound for another reason to present myself personally in this book, inasmuch as, through a concurrence of circumstances, both the enemies and friends of Börne never fail to comment favorably or unfavorably on my poems and designs whenever the occasion arises. The aristocratic party in Germany, well aware that my moderate language is far more dangerous than Börne's berserker rage, was fond of decrying me as one of his set who shared his opinions, in hopes of laying on my shoulders some of the responsibility for his political crazes. The radical party, not seeing through this stratagem, supported the theory, in order to make me pass in men's eyes as one of its followers, and so profit by the authority of my name. It was impossible to take any open steps against these machinations. I should only have laid myself open to the suspicion of disavowing Börne to gain favor with his enemies. Under these circumstances Börne did me a real favor by openly attacking me, not only in a few sharp words, but in long explanations, in which he enlightened the public on the difference that existed between his aims and mine. This he did especially in the sixth volume of his "Parisian Letters" and in two articles that he printed in the French periodical *Le Réformateur*. These articles, which, as I have said, I never answered, gave a chance for speaking of me whenever Börne was the subject of conversation—though in a very different tone now from before. The aristocrats heaped the most perfidious praises upon me, almost enough to crush me to the earth; I had suddenly become a great poet again, now that I had seen that I could no longer play my political part of absurd radicalism. On the other hand, the radicals now began to attack me openly (they had always done so in secret). They hardly left me a hair on my head or a shred of character, and spared nothing but the poet. So I got my political discharge, as I may say, and was relegated to Parnassus. Those who know the two parties I speak of will not think much of their magnanimity in leaving me the title of a poet. One can see in a poet nothing but a dreamy courtier of a vain idol. The

others see nothing whatever in a poet. Poetry fails to wake the slightest echo in their starved vacuity.

Just what a poet is we will leave undecided. But we cannot forbear giving our opinion with all deference on the idea that people attach to the word "character."

What is meant by the word "character"? He has character who lives and moves within the fixed circle of a fixed view of life, identifying himself with it, as it were, and never finding himself in opposition to his own thoughts and feelings. With very distinguished natures far in advance of their times, therefore, the multitude can never know whether they have character or not; for the multitude cannot take a wide enough view to embrace the circles within which such lofty spirits move. Indeed, as the multitude does not know the limits of the desires and necessities of these lofty spirits, it may easily fail to see any right or necessity in what they do; and in its intellectual imbecility and short-sightedness it finds fault with their arbitrariness, inconsistency, and want of character. Less gifted men, whose superficial and narrow views of life are more easily surveyed and fathomed, and who have, as it were, once for all proclaimed the programme of their lives in the open market, are apprehended as a consistent whole by the worthy public, which can measure all their actions by rule, and is pleased with its own cleverness as if it had guessed a charade, and cries out, "That is a man of character!"

It is always a sign of narrow ability when a man is easily understood by the narrow crowd and especially proclaimed a character. This is especially true with writers, for their deeds are but words, and what the public honors in them as character is in truth nothing but a slavish surrender to the moment, and an absence of the statuesque calm of art.

The saying that a writer's character is shown in his writings is not absolutely correct; it is only true of the crowd of authors who in writing follow the momentary inspiration of their pens, and obey the word rather than command it. The idea is inadmissible as to the true artist, who is master of his words, bending them to any desired end, giving them such stamp as he chooses. He writes objectively, and his style is no guide to his character.

The distinction between the poet and the man of character came first from Börne himself, and he had already expressed all the mean conclusions which his adherents afterward reeled

off against the writer of these pages. In the "Parisian Letters" and the articles in the *Réformateur* already mentioned, there was a deal of talk of my characterless poetry and my poetic want of character, and various poisonous insinuations crept and crawled through them. Not in positive words, but by hints, I was accused of double meaning—when I was allowed to have any meaning at all! In the same way I was charged not only with indifference, but with self-contradiction. Some whispers were even heard which—(can the dead blush in their graves?)—yes, I cannot spare the departed one the shame;—he absolutely hinted at bribery. . .

Oh, fair, sweet rest that I now feel in my innermost soul! Thou repayest me for all I did and all I despised. I will not defend myself from the charge of indifference or the suspicion of corruption. For years, while the insinuator lived, I thought it unworthy of me; and decency now counsels silence. It would be a ghastly show—a dispute between Death and Exile! Do you hold out from the grave an imploring hand? I give you mine without malice. See how white and clean it is! It was never soiled by the clasp of the populace or the filthy gold of the people's enemies. You never did me any real harm. . .

The kings are departing, and with them go the last poets. "The poet shall go with the king"—the words must now take quite a new meaning. Without a belief in authority no great poet can arise. When the pitiless light of the press is thrown on his private life, and the critics of the day mumble and gnaw his words, the poet's songs can no longer find due honor. As Dante passed through the streets of Verona the people pointed at him and whispered, "He went to hell!" How else could he have painted it so truly with all its horrors? How much more deeply for such a terrible belief were their souls moved by the story of *Francesca da Rimini*, of *Ugolino*, and other dread shapes that shook the spirit of the great poet. . . Nay, they did not merely shake his spirit—he did not create them—he loved them, he felt them, he saw and touched them; he was really in hell, in the realm of the damned. . . He was in exile!

The dry, workday notions of modern puritanism are spreading all over Europe, like the gray light before a winter's day.

What mean the poor nightingales, that they pour out their melodious sobs more sadly than ever in the German poet groves? They sing a sad farewell. The last nymphs that Christianity had spared flee to the deepest shades. In what woeful plight I saw them last night! As if the bitter reality had not enough of sadness, terrible visions shake me by night. In stern hieroglyphics did my dream show me the great woe I would fain hide from myself, and which I scarce dare to tell in the plain accents of broad day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Public Affairs.

PARIS, September, 1840.

I HAVE just returned from a rather fruitless excursion through Brittany. A terribly bare country, and the people dull and dirty. I heard none of the beautiful folk-songs that I hoped to pick up. They are now to be found only in old song books, of which I bought several ; but as they are in the Breton dialect, I must get them translated into French before I can say anything about them. The only song I heard sung on my trip was a German one. While I was under the barber's hands in Rennes someone in the street bleated the "Bridal Wreath" from the Freischütz in German. I did not see the singer himself, but his "violet blue silk" rang in my head all day. German beggars swarm in France now, getting a living by singing, and not improving the reputation of German musical art.

PARIS, September 14, 1840.

To Julius Campe :

I have been back in Paris since night before last, after a pleasant journey through Brittany, in which I picked up some lovely folk-songs. At Saint Lo I found your letter, and my wonder did not cease till I had received the *Telegraph* here. Just now, half an hour ago, I also received the other papers you sent to Granville, which followed me hither.

I assure you the annoyance was but skin deep that I felt at the shameful stories against me, woven by the arch-plotter with the help of the Frankfort pack ; I am cheerful and easy in my mind, for I am used to abuse, and know that the future is mine. Even if I should die now there are four volumes remaining of the story of my life, or memoirs, which, describing my ideas and hopes, will go down to posterity, if only on account of their historical matter and true picture of the mysteries of the transition crisis. The new generation will be glad to see the swaddling clothes they were first wrapped in.

But what troubles me, dear Campe, is that you should have again fallen into the hands of my enemies, as a toy and a weapon against me. I now know all, and so do not blame you. I believe you will not long bear with these intriguers and conspirators ; for your better self will not allow you to be satisfied with any mere fancied necessity ; and so I will not gratify people by breaking with you, although everything tempts me to do so. You are quite right ; no one will believe that you did not read M. Gutzkow's essay before it was printed, and printed in a paper that must be considered as bearing your respected name as responsible editor.

What I shall do I do not yet know. I found on my return much more important things to attend to. I am patient, for I am eternal, saith the Lord !

You have behaved very unjustifiably to my book. You know very well the smithy where the various articles were forged which will injure it ; and you try to persuade me you thought their intentions were fair and impartial.

JANUARY 6, 1841.

The new year began like the old one with music and dancing. The grand opera echoes to Donizetti's melodies, to fill up the time till the coming of the "Prophet"—namely, Meyerbeer's work of that name. At the Odeon, nest of Italian nightingales, more melting than ever are the strains of Rubini, growing old, and Grisi, the ever young, the singing flower of beauty. Concerts have begun also in the rival halls of Hertz and Erard, the two artists in wood. Anyone who does not find chances enough of being bored in these public establishments of Polyhymnia can yawn to his heart's content at private parties. A crowd of young amateurs, who give us frightful hopes, can be heard in all keys and on every possible instrument.

The outbreak of a war, which lies in the nature of things, is adjourned for the present. Short-sighted politicians, whose only refuge is in palliatives, have set their minds at ease, and are hoping for a period of undisturbed peace. Especially our financiers see everything once more in a hopeful light. Even the greatest of them seems under this delusion, though not at all times. Herr von Rothschild, who seemed indisposed for some time, is quite recovered and looks sound and well. The astrologers of the Bourse, who understand the great baron's

face perfectly, assure us that the swallows of peace have built their nests in his smile, that all fears of war have fled from his face, that there are no lightnings in his eye, and that the cannon storm that threatened the world has rolled away. His very sneeze is of peace. It is true that the last time I had the honor of waiting on Herr von Rothschild he was beaming with cheerful content, and his roseate humor was almost poetical ; for, as I once said, at such bright moments the baron lets the stream of his content flow in rhyme. Although he succeeded quite well on this occasion, he could not find a rhyme to "Constantinople," and scratched his head, as all poets do in search of a rhyme. As I am a bit of a poet myself, I took the liberty of asking the baron whether the Russian zobel (sable) would not rhyme with Constantinople. But the rhyme did not seem to please him ; he did not think England would endure it, and it might cause an European war, that would cost the world much blood and himself a deal of money.

Herr von Rothschild is really the best of political thermometers ; I will not compare him to a tree toad, because it would not sound respectful. And we must be respectful to him, if only out of the respect he inspires in most people. I like best to visit him in his office at the counting house, where I can make philosophical observation of the way people—not alone the chosen people of the Lord, but all other people—bow and cringe before him. There is a bending and twisting of spines that a contortionist could hardly beat. I see some who jump as they approach the great baron as if they had touched a voltaic pile. At the door of his room many are taken with a shudder of awe, such as seized Moses on Horab, when he stood on holy ground. And as Moses forthwith took off his shoes, so many a broker and *agent de change* would certainly pull off his boots before daring to step into Herr von Rothschild's office but for the fear that his feet might smell worse than his boots, and the odor might be unpleasant to the Herr Baron. This private office is truly a wonderful place, exciting noble thoughts and emotions, like the sight of the sea or the starry heavens. There we see how small is man and how great is God ! For money is the god of our times, and Rothschild is his prophet.

Some years ago, as I was going in to see Herr von Rothschild, a servant in gorgeous livery was carrying his chamber-vessel through the entry, and a speculator, who was passing at the moment, respectfully took off his hat to the mighty vase.

So far, with respect be it said, does the respect of some people go. I noted the devoted man's name ; and I am persuaded he will in time be a millionaire. When I once told Herr — that I breakfasted with Baron Rothschild *en famille* in his private room he clasped his hands in astonishment, and declared that I had enjoyed an honor hitherto paid only to Rothschilds by blood and certain reigning princes, and one for which he would gladly give half his nose. I may observe that Herr —'s nose, even if he sacrificed half of it, would be of a good length.

Too great riches are harder to bear than poverty. I advise anyone who is in great want of money to go to Herr von Rothschild—not to borrow (for I doubt if he would get any considerable sum), but to console himself with the sight of such rich misery. The poor devil who has nothing and cannot help himself will be convinced that here is a man who is still more unfortunate, because he has too much money—because money is forever running into his gigantic cosmopolitan pockets, and he is forced to carry round such a burden, while hungry and thieving crowds all round him are all holding out their hands : and what frightful and dangerous hands ! “How are you ?” a German poet once asked the baron. “I am mad,” he answered. “As long as you do not throw money out of the window I shall not believe that,” said the poet. The baron interrupted him with a sigh. “That is just how I am mad—I never do throw any money out of the window.”

How unhappy the rich are in this life—and they never get to heaven after death. “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.” These words of the holy communist are a terrible anathema, and prove his bitter hatred of the Bourse and *haute finance* of Jerusalem.

PARIS, January 27, 1841.

To Gustav Kolb :

I still suffer from my headaches, which make all labor irksome. But I hope soon to be busy again, and at any event you may count on me for any important matter. A sinister feeling prevails here in secret, and we are not safe from some terrible outbreak. I am much afraid of the atrocities of mob rule, and confess that my fears have made me a conservative. You will not have to strike out much in my articles this year,

and may be compelled to smile at my moderation and timidity. I have looked down into the bottom of things, and my head swims. I am afraid I am falling *backward*. Farewell, and think of me kindly under all circumstances.

PARIS, March 3, 1841.

To Georg von Cotta :

As to being paid, I am like the cook who delicately declared she cared less in her work for the money than for kind treatment. The political sea is calm ; so I write but little—some months not at all ; but as soon as it begins to heave and break again you may count on the most conscientious daily intelligence. I have now been ten years in Paris, and know the signs of the weather.

CHAPTER XV.

Duel and Marriage.

CAUTERETS, HAUTES PYRÉNÉES, July 3, 1841.

To Gustav Kolb :

I write you to-day, and with my own hand, to show you that I am neither blind nor mortally ill, and still less dead, as the French papers declare. But I am much exhausted by the baths I am taking here—much exhausted, and it is an effort for me to hold a pen.

Cauterets is one of the wildest ravines of the Pyrenees, but not so inaccessible as many worthy people think, who fancy that I do not hear anything of the lies against my good name that they are hatching; at all events, they think no possible contradiction can be looked for until my return to Paris, if they do not count on my usual silence. A number of the *Mayence Journal* happened to reach me to-day, containing the vile stories that you no doubt read with amazement. I can hardly believe my eyes! There is not one syllable of truth in it. I am not a lamb who allowed himself to be insulted in the streets of Paris, and the man who boasts of it is the last lion in the world who would dare to do it! The whole matter consisted in a few sputtering words with which this individual came up to me, shaking convulsively, and which I laughingly put an end to by giving him my address, with the information that I was upon the point of starting for the Pyrenees—and that “if anyone had anything to say to me” he could wait a few weeks until my return, “as he had sent me no word for twelve months.” This is the whole affair, to which there were no witnesses, and I give you my word of honor. In the whirl of business that one is overwhelmed with on the day before a journey, it almost escaped my particular notice. But I see now that the fact that I could call no eyewitnesses, that his testimony stood alone after I had gone, and that my enemies would not look too closely into his credibility, have emboldened the individual to get up the disgraceful article printed by the *Mayence* paper. I have to deal with the flower of the Frank-

fort ghetto and a revengeful woman. I need not be surprised. But what can I say of editors and correspondents who, from frivolity or prejudice, uphold such misconduct?

I shall be back in Paris in eight or, at the farthest, ten weeks from the day of my departure, or flight, as my enemies call it, and much benefited, I think. In front of my window a wild mountain stream called the Gave dashes down over the cliff, and its continual roar puts all thought to sleep and awakens tender emotions. Nature is very beautiful and grand here. The cliffs that rise to heaven round me are so still, so passionless, so happy! They care not a whit for our daily cares and party quarrels; they are almost insulting in their terrible insensibility—but it is perhaps only in their outward appearance. Perhaps they inwardly cherish a pity for the woes and sorrows of men; and when we are ill and suffering they open their stony veins and warm streams of health flow out upon us. The mountain springs here work wonders daily, and I hope I shall get better. We hear little of politics. The people live a quiet, peaceful life; and you can hardly believe that revolutions and war storms, these wild sports of our times, ever cross the Pyrenees. These people are as firmly rooted in their wonted ways as the flowers in the mountain sides; a political breeze occasionally stirs the tops of the trees, or the notion of an idea flutters on high.

A PRELIMINARY EXPLANATION.

CAUTERETS, July 7, 1841.

Wounded vanity, professional jealousy, literary envy, political ill-feeling, pitiful creatures of all kinds, have frequently used the daily press to circulate the most hateful stories of my private life; and I have always left it to time to show the absurdity of it all. In my absence from my home it would have been impossible for me to keep a proper watch on the papers there, which reached me in small numbers and always very late—to promptly follow up every anonymous lie, and hunt down the concealed fleas. If I to-day vouchsafe to the public the amusing spectacle of such a chase, I am influenced less by any personal vexation than by a sincere desire to serve in this way the interests of German newspaper writers. And I say to-day that the French custom which, under the code of honor, intrusts to a man's personal courage his reply to vulgar attacks of the press, must be introduced among us. Sooner or later

all upright minds will recognize the necessity, and find a way of checking this blotting paper roughness and vulgarity. For myself, I heartily wish the gods would give me a chance of setting a good example ! I would especially note that the distinctions of rank of the period of literary art came to an end with it ; and that the most royal genius will be forced to give satisfaction to the mangiest rapsallion, if he speaks without due respect of his tangled pate. We are now, God save us, all equal ! That is the result of the democratic principles for which I have fought all my life. I have long seen this, and been ready to give the required satisfaction to any challenger. If anyone doubted this, he could easily satisfy himself. But no formal proposition of the sort has ever been made to me. What is stated on this point in an anonymous article in the *Mayence Journal*, together with the story told of a personal insult to me, is a pure, or, rather, a dirty lie. Not one word of truth ! I did not receive the slightest personal insult from anyone in the streets of Paris ; and the hero, the horned Siegfried, who boasts of knocking me down in the open street, and rests the truth of his statement on his own testimony, on his approved credibility, and perhaps on the authority of his word of honor, is a well-known poor devil, a Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, who, to serve a cunning woman, made the same boast about me a year ago. On this occasion he has tried to give his revamped invention circulation through the press, and written the above mentioned article in the *Mayence Journal*. The lie obtained currency for some weeks, as it was not till late and quite by chance that I heard of the pretty fabrication, here in the Pyrenees, on the borders of Spain, and could refute it. Perhaps the calculation was that I should on this occasion also treat the lie with silent contempt. Knowing my men, I am not surprised at their worthy calculations. But what shall I say of a correspondent of the Leipsic *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who so confidently indorsed the vile report, and was satisfied with the worst possible authority when my good name was to be attacked ? We will pronounce judgment in a proper place. We respectfully request the editors of German papers, who were so prompt in giving publicity to this lie, to be equally ready to welcome the truth that comes hobbling after it.

PARIS, August 23, 1841.

To Julius Campe :

M. Straus will still not fight, as I heard only on Wednes-

day. But we are all the more eager for a meeting, and the matter will not be settled without some powder smoke. I am prepared for anything, and while the other party rails and blusters I keep quiet and determined. This makes the best impression, and also shows which side justice and right are on.

PARIS, September 5, 1841.

To-day I send you news of an event of which I forewarned you some days since—namely, my marriage with the lovely and honest creature who has lived by my side for years as Mathilde Heine, was always respected and looked upon as my wife, and was defiled with foul names only by some scandal-loving Germans of the Frankfort clique. I took steps, both legal and religious, to preserve her honor at the same time that I was defending my own, which, though in little danger from the mere assertions of Straus, was seriously compromised by the infamous testimony of third persons. I must confess my spirit was never so crushed as on the day when I read that infamous declaration; and had I not succeeded in unmasking and refuting the rascals I should have had recourse to terrible and dreadful measures. They are now going about like dishonorable curs, trying to tempt me to some step through which they can take Straus's place. But I do not allow myself to be turned from the straight path. I will get *him* on the ground; and though he is seeking all means of escape I hope to gain my end. A few days ago I was on the point of fighting, when my second sent me word in the night that one of Straus's seconds could not appear, and that the duel, which was to have come off early in the morning, was again postponed. Straus now declares that the police mean to protect his precious head, and that he is watched. But this is only a short reprieve; he must meet me if I have to follow him to the Chinese Wall. If a man wants to fight he can get over all obstacles. They are trying to tire me out, but it will not succeed. Farewell.

PARIS, September 9.

I send you in brief the conclusion of the story of the box on the ear, as they call it. Day before yesterday, at half-past seven o'clock, I at last had the satisfaction of seeing Herr Straus on the ground. He showed more courage than I had

given him credit for, and the result was beyond measure favorable to him. His ball grazed my hip, which is at this moment much swollen and black as a coal. I have to keep in bed, and shall not be able to walk well for some time. Apparently the bone was not injured, only receiving a bad jar, which I still feel. So the matter did not end very fortunately for me, physically nor morally. Farewell.

The sky was so clear, so blue! All the apple trees were in blossom. From the fields around came odors that made me a hundred times stronger. I called on Flora and Pomona. Within sight of death all my heathenism came back to my heart. Doubtless God did not will that I should be struck by a bullet in a moment when my head was full of nothing but the beauties of this world,—those which speak only to the senses.

[TO HIS SISTER.]

PARIS, September 13, 1841.

Dearest Sister: This is the first day that I have been able to send you an official announcement of my wedding. On the 31st of August I was married to Mathilde Creszentia Mirat, with whom I have quarreled every day these six years. She has, however, a noble and pure heart, and is as good as an angel. Her conduct in the many years we have lived together has been so entirely faultless that she has been esteemed by all my friends and acquaintances a pattern of modesty. . .

PARIS, October 4, 1841.

To Julius Campe:

I duly received your letter of the 26th of September, and thank you for the interest you show in my personal concerns. I should like to comply with your and my mother's wishes and make a visit there for a while; but in the first place my purse will not allow me to make a move, and secondly, my departure would be misconstrued. Besides, the winter climate there never suited me, and I am quite unwell at present; the interruption of my baths did my poor head a deal of harm.


PARIS, October 13, 1841.

To August Lewald:

If I have not answered your kind letter until to-day it is the fault of my poor head, which, since I so unfortunately suspended my treatment at the baths in the Pyrenees, has suffered from its old pain; indeed, it has grown so severe that my doctor has forbidden me pen and ink. My enemies reckoned not only on my absence, but on my ill health, when they made that shameless plot against me which, thank God, I so thoroughly exposed. Whether the general public understands all the rascality as well as more intelligent people do, I do not know, but suspect not; and in this view it would be well if something should happen to reveal more thoroughly the abomination of this newspaper outrage.

I am quite alone; but I rely on one thing—that I have never been guilty of the smallest equivocal action, and my enemies have always been driven to lies which recoiled on themselves. I thank you for your kind invitation to visit you in Germany; but that cannot be. You have no doubt heard that, in order to secure Mathilde's position in the world, I was forced, a few days before the duel, to turn my wild marriage into a tame one. This matrimonial duel, which will end only when one of us dies, is certainly more perilous than my short encounter with Salomon Straus of Jew Lane, Frankfort. You have no idea of the quantity of intrigue and malice that has been directed against me from that quarter for years. Damascus is really no fable. Remember me to Laube when you see him. His desire to publish an authentic account of that wretched story I cannot yet satisfy; for I should be accused of passion, and there is nothing in my heart but the coldest contempt for the clique that tried to murder my honor in the most cold-blooded fashion.

Life was pleasant to me; I had become the favorite poet of the Germans, and was even crowned like a German emperor at Frankfort. White-robed maidens strewed flowers before me. Oh, it was sweet! Why, then, must I go home through Jew Lane, which, as you perhaps know, is not far from the town-house. As I passed through it in my triumphal progress a horrid hag crossed the street in front of me and made a threatening gesture, as if prophesying bad luck to me. I stopped



short before the creature and fell back a step, and my wreath my beautiful wreath, fell into the dust of the street. Ah me From that hour a fatal odor has clung to my laurels, an odor that I cannot banish! What a pity for my lovely, lovely wreath!

[E.]

[TO HIS MOTHER.]

MARCH 8, 1842.

. . . My wife behaves well, thank God. She is a thoroughly good, honest creature, with nothing false or malicious in her. Unfortunately she is impetuous and not even-tempered, and irritates me oftener than is good for me. But I am attached to her from the bottom of my heart, and she is still the comfort of my life. This will pass away with time, as all human feelings do; and I look forward to the time with dread. I shall then feel the burden of her humors, without the sympathy that now makes them light. I am sometimes anxious at my wife's helplessness and want of judgment; for she is as ignorant and helpless as a three-year-old child. You see, dearest mother, that my worries are mostly mere hypochondriacal fancies.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Atta Troll."

PARIS, May 17, 1842.

To Julius Campe :

It is hard to express the deep emotion excited in Paris by the misfortune that has befallen you,* and what true sympathy was shown by the French. As for me, being more nearly connected with the place, and knowing that those I love were in distress, you can imagine in what a state I was when I had no news of my people, and could not foresee the end of the catastrophe. It threw me into a state of agitation which I cannot yet master, and my head is confused and disturbed.

What a terrible event ! I hope to have direct news from you soon. Indirectly I learn that by your prudent foresight you escaped heavy material loss; and it will give me the greatest satisfaction to have this confirmed.

It is a dreadful occurrence, and the loss is enormous. I can understand that money cannot repair it all. But the very misfortune may prove a blessing, by awakening new activity, rousing new strength, and giving you a moral regeneration. This irritant, fiery treatment may have been ordered by Providence as a remedy for the torpor of peace.

Here, too, we have had some bitter draughts to swallow ; the disaster on the Versailles Railroad is dreadful, dreadful beyond all imagination.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1842.

Here I am again, after four weeks' absence ; and I confess that my heart bounded in my bosom when the post chaise rolled onto the dear pavement of the boulevards ; when I passed by the first milliner's shop, with its smiling *grisettes* ; when I heard the tinkle of the cocoa seller's bell ; when the sweet air of Paris once more breathed upon me. I was almost happy, and could have embraced the first National Guard that I met ; his mild, good-humored face looked out so drolly from under the

* Hamburg had experienced a destructive fire.

fierce, rough bearskin, and his bayonet had a look of intelligence-reassuringly different from the bayonets of other corporations. But why was my joy at getting back to Paris this time so overpowering that I almost seemed to be walking on my native soil and hearing again the sounds of my native land? Why does Paris cast such a spell over the foreigner who dwells some years in its precincts? Many of my good countrymen who live here declare that a German cannot feel more at home in any spot on earth, and that to our hearts France is nothing but a French Germany.

But my joy at returning is doubly great on this occasion—I have come from England. Yes, from England, though I did not cross the Channel. In fact, I have been four weeks in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and that is already English ground. You see nothing but Englishmen, and hear nothing but English from morning till night; and even in the night, if you are unlucky enough to have neighbors through the wall who talk politics over their tea and grog late into the night. For four weeks I heard nothing but the hissing egotism that betrays itself in every syllable and every intonation. Of course it is terribly unjust to condemn a whole people. But my ill humor of the moment tempts me to do so in the case of Englishmen; and in looking at them in the mass I forget the many brave and noble men distinguished by their talent and love of liberty. These, however—that is, the British poets—shine all the brighter among the rest of the people; they are isolated martyrs of the national surroundings; and born genius does not belong to its particular birthplace—hardly belongs to this earth, the Calvary of its woes. The masses, the stock Englishmen, are—God forgive me the sin!—antipathetic to my inmost soul; and I often looked at them, not as my fellow-men, but as wretched automata—as machines whose internal spring is egotism.

I confess I am not quite impartial when I speak of Englishmen; and my false judgment and aversion spring from my anxiety for the prosperity and peaceful tranquillity of the German fatherland. In short, since I have thoroughly understood what base egotism rules, even in their politics, these Englishmen inspire me with an unbounded, horrible fear.

PARIS, November 7, 1842.


To Heinrich Laube:

Your letter gives me much pleasure. That you have taken

the *Elegante Welt* again is certainly good news for us; I say "us"; and by it I mean the higher classes in literature, the last heads of any distinction that have not been guillotined. But will the mob that rules draw still more closer together and abuse us? I can view things better from a distance; and so far as I am concerned I see a worse fate for me than oblivion if I join you in opposing wordy patriotism and the prevailing taste. Gutzkow and company's cowardly lies succeeded in casting suspicion on my political belief; and I, who am perhaps the most determined of the revolutionary party—I, who never deviated a finger's breadth from the direct path onward—I, who have made all possible sacrifices to the great object—I now pass for an apostate and a slave! What will it be if I come forward in direct opposition to the false heroes, spouting patriots, and such like saviors of the country? But I only want to show you that I foresee how entirely my popularity will disappear in the great retreat!

My dear friend, we must not play the doctrinaire; we must act in harmony with the *Halle Annual Register* and the *Rhenish Gazette*, must not conceal our political sympathies and social antipathies; we must call bad things by their names, and defend the good without any worldly considerations; we must really be what Gutzkow tries to appear—otherwise it will go worse with us—and will go badly with us at any rate.

As I say, I will help the *Welt* as much as I can; and hope to do more than I promise to-day. As it chances, I can do something extraordinary to give the numbers of the first month a great lift. For I have written a little humorous epic that will make a great noise. There are some four hundred four-line verses, in twenty parts—as I was thinking of the *Morgenblatt*, for which I intended it. Unhappily—and it greatly vexes me—I have already spoken to Cotta about it, and promised it him; and he sent me a very friendly answer. Nevertheless, I am decided to print it in the *Welt*, and you have no idea what important interests I sacrifice in doing so. Important in a pecuniary sense, as I should keep Cotta well disposed toward me—I care nothing about reputation to be gained by the *Morgenblatt*. I have been busy for a fortnight polishing the poem, and in a week it will be done, ready, and copied with my own hand. I will go on steadily with the job. But as it is a long work, and I have counted on it in this year's budget, you must take care that the publisher of the *Welt* gives me at least as much for it as I should have from Cotta for the



Morgenblatt. I had distinctly made my bargain. It is ten louis the printed page. I think it will certainly be worth the money, as the work will run through twenty numbers of the *Welt*, and be a magnificent advertisement for it. Between ourselves, it is the most important thing I have written in verse, plenty of references to topics of the times, lively humor, but kept down to the *Morgenblatt* standard, and it will certainly be an event for the public. I am uncommonly anxious to see what you will say of it. You see I have meant to give something new, and drown the past in an entirely new cry. The hero of my little epic is a bear, the only contemporary hero I find worth singing. It is a mad summer-night's dream.

A dream of summer night ! Fantastic
Is my song, and void of purpose
As is living, as is loving,
Serving no need of the epoch.

Seek not in it the discussion
Of our country's highest interests ;
These we shall be glad to further—
Only in good prose, however.

Yes, in good prose we will gladly
Break the servile yoke in pieces—
In our songs and in our verses
Perfect freedom long has blossomed.

Here, in poesy's dominion,
Here there is no need of conflicts ;
Here we wave on high the thyrsus,
And our heads are crowned with roses.

A dream of summer night ! Fantastic
Is my song. As void of purpose
As is loving, as is living,
As creation and creator !

Only his own will obeying,
Galloping along or flying,
Prances through the realms of fable
My beloved Pegasus.

He's no virtuous and useful
Beast to drag a city wagon,
Nor the war horse of one party,
That stamps and whinnies in his bathos.

All the hoofs with gold are shining
Of my white and wingèd pony ;
And the reins are pearl-embroidered
That I loose in merry humor.


Bear me on, where'er thou choosest !
O'er the steep and merry mountains,
Where the torrents, fearful roaring,
Warn us of the mad abysses.

Bear me on through silent valleys,
Where the oak trees grandly tower,
And beneath their roots so knotted
Gush the springs of sweetest legends.

Let me drink, and in their waters
Bathe my eyelids. Ah, I hunger
For the leaping wonder-water
That shall give us sight and knowledge !

Blindness clears away ! My glances
Pierce down to the deepest chasms,
Into Atta Troll's dark cavern—
I can understand his language !

It is wondrous ! How familiar
To my ear is this bear-language !
Did I not in my dear country,
In my youth hear this same roaring ?




“Atta Troll” appeared late in the autumn of 1841, and was printed in a fragmentary form in the *Elegante Welt*, of which my friend Laube had again assumed the direction. The contents and style had to be adapted to that tame periodical; at first I wrote only the chapters that could be printed, and even those suffered many changes. I cherished the design of publishing the whole later, in a complete form, but this remained only a praiseworthy intention; and it was the same with “Atta Troll,” as with all great works of the Germans, the Cologne cathedral, Schelling’s god, the Prussian constitution, etc.—it was never finished.

“Atta Troll” appeared, as I say, in the autumn of 1841, at a time when the great riot in which enemies of various parties had joined against me had not entirely subsided. It was indeed a great riot; and I should never have thought that Germany could produce so many rotten apples as were then flung at my head! Our fatherland is a favored country; to be sure, no lemons or golden oranges grow there, and the laurel finds it hard to creep on German soil, but rotten apples thrive in terrible abundance, and all our poets could sing a song of them. In that riot, in which I was to lose crown and head, I lost neither; and the absurd accusations, with which the common people were inflamed against me, have faded away in a most miserable fashion without my having to stoop to answer them. Time undertook my justification; and the various German governments, as I must thankfully acknowledge, have deserved well of me in this respect. The warrants, that longingly awaited the German poet at every station on my road home from the frontier, were duly renewed each year about holy Christmastide, when the little lamps shine on the Christmas trees. This danger of the road made a journey on German ground little to my taste; so I kept my Christmases in a foreign land; and in a foreign land, in exile, I shall end my days. Meanwhile the bold champions of light and truth, who accused me of inconstancy and servility, go about safely in the fatherland, well-appointed servants of the state, of corporation dignitaries, or haunting clubs, where they nourish their patriotism at night with the juice of Father Rhine’s grapes and sea-washed oysters from Schleswig-Holstein.

I have stated exactly when “Atta Troll” came out. What was called the political art of poetry was in full bloom. The opposition, as Ruge says, sold off its leather and became poetry. The Muses received strict orders not to run about idly and

frivolously in future, but to take service under the state as a sort of female sutlers or laundresses of the Christian German nationality. A strange, vague, barren pathos arose in the poetic groves of Germany—the fruitless spirit of enthusiasm that flung itself headlong into a sea of commonplaces, always reminding me of the American sailor who was so utterly fascinated by General Jackson that he sprang from the masthead into the sea, crying, “I die for General Jackson !” So we Germans, though we had no navy, had plenty of sailors who died for General Jackson in prose and verse. Talent was then a doubtful gift, as it brought a suspicion of want of character. Jealous impotence, after searching for a thousand years, had found its great weapon against the insolence of genius ; it had discovered the antithesis of character and genius. The masses felt almost personally flattered to hear it said that honest people are, as a rule, poor musicians, while good musicians are generally anything but honest people ; but that honesty was the great thing in the world, and not music. The empty head now slapped its full heart with conviction, and character was trumps. I remember one writer of the time who considered it a great merit that he could not write, and he was presented with a silver goblet for his wooden style.

By the eternal gods ! It was time then to defend the inalienable rights of mind, especially in poetry. As this defense was the great object of my life I was far from neglecting it in this poem ; and matter and style were a protest against the plebeian opinions of the tribunes of the day. And, sure enough, the first fragment that was printed of “Atta Troll” roused the gall of my champions of character, my Romans, who charged me with “reaction,” not only literary, but social, and with despising the most sacred ideas of man. As for the æsthetic value of my poem, I gave it up then, and do so to-day. I wrote it for my own pleasure and amusement, in the sportive, dreamy style of the romantic school in which I passed the sweetest days of my youth, and ended by cudgeling the schoolmaster. In this respect my poem may be objectionable. But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou too liest, Asinius, when you say my raillery extends to those ideas which men have won at great cost, for which I have so striven and suffered. But even while these ideas come sweeping by the poet in all their noble brilliancy and grandeur, he is seized with an all the more irresistible desire to laugh when he sees in what a raw, coarse, clumsy shape these ideas are adopted



by his narrow contemporaries. He laughs at their bear's hide, so characteristic of the day. Some mirrors are ground so awry that Apollo himself would look like a caricature in them, and make us laugh. But we laugh at the caricature and not at the god.

One more word. Is it necessary to protest that the imitation of Freiligrath's poetry, which peeps saucily out here and there in "*Atta Troll*," and forms a sort of comic understratum in it, is not meant to undervalue the poet? I still prize him, more now than ever, and count him among the most remarkable poets who have appeared in Germany since the Revolution of July.

CHAPTER XVII.

Travels in his Native Land.

PARIS, December 31, 1842.

I WRITE these lines in the last hours of the bad departing year. The new one stands at the door. May it be less cruel than its predecessor! I send my sad good wishes for the new year across the Rhine. I wish the stupid a little sense, and the clever a little poetry. I wish the women fine clothes, and the men plenty of patience. I wish the rich some heart, and the poor a morsel of bread. Above all, I wish that in this new year we may abuse one another as little as possible.

PARIS, April 12, 1843.

To Maximilian Heine :

If I do not write to you the reason is a simple one : I have so much to say that I do not know where to begin nor how to end. But I think of you constantly, and talk almost every day about you with my wife, who was so glad to see you on one occasion ; and in my saddest troubles I am often encouraged by the knowledge that I have a true brother, devoted to me with his whole soul. And I have had no lack of troubles in the last year ! For the moment I am living quietly enough ; there is a truce between me and my enemies, who are none the less actively at work in secret, and I must be prepared for every kind of outbreak of deadly hatred and vile rascality. But all this would not matter much if I had not my worst enemy within, I mean in my head, the trouble in which has of late entered on a very serious stage. Almost the whole of my left side is paralyzed, so far as feeling goes ; the motion of the muscles still remains. Over my left eyebrow, at the root of the nose, there is a leaden weight that is never lifted, and the pressure has been constant for nearly two years ! I feel it lighter only in moments of great effort in my work, and the reaction is all the greater ; as you may imagine, I cannot work much. What a misfortune ! Besides, my left eye is

very weak and painful, and often does not follow my right one, which causes a blurring in my sight far harder to bear than the darkness of total blindness. I have had a seton in my neck for two months, but it is only a palliative, and I have no faith in any cure. I tell you this, not that I expect any advice from you, but to gratify your medical curiosity. I have little hope of improvement, and look for a sad future. My wife is a good, simple, cheerful child, full of humors as only a French woman can be, and does not let me fall into sad dreams, as I am disposed to do. I have loved her for eight years with a tenderness and passion that borders on the fabulous. In that time I have had a deal of happiness, a dreadful mixture of joy and sorrow, more than my sensitive nature could bear. Must I now drink the bitter dregs? As I say, I shudder at the future. But who knows? It may be better than my sad spirit imagines. Only continue fond of me, dearest brother, and I will lean my heart on your brotherly truth and love.

In Hamburg everything appears to be *in floribus*. That little Marie is to make such a good match is a piece of fortune for which I thank God. What joy for our sister and mother! Mother is much changed, but that is the common fate of man. I hope she may long remain with us—good, excellent mother!

I am on good enough terms with the family and with Uncle Heine, who gives me eight thousand francs a year—about half of what I require. I am glad, now that I am ill in body and cannot count on my work, to have a certain income.

HAMBURG, September 17, 1844.

I wrote the poem "Germany—A Winter's Tale" in January of this year, at Paris; and in some of the verses the free air of the place blew more keenly than I should have wished. I did not fail to tone down and strike out whatever seemed not to agree with the German climate. Nevertheless, when in the month of May I sent my manuscript to my publisher in Hamburg, many points were suggested for my consideration. I had to undertake the horrid work of remodeling once more, and the serious tone of the poem may have been unnecessarily stifled or drowned in the jingle of humor's bells. In my hasty vexation I may have stripped off the fig leaf from a few naked thoughts, and so offended coy, prudish ears. I regret it, but console myself with the knowledge that greater authors have

been guilty of the same fault. I will not cite Aristophanes in palliation, for he was a blind heathen, and his Athenian audience had received a classical education, but had rather faint notions of propriety. I could better appeal to Cervantes and Molière, the first of whom wrote for the aristocracy of both the Castiles, and the second for the great king and great court of Versailles. Ah! I am forgetting that we live in very *bourgeois* times; and I foresee with sorrow that many daughters of high rank on the Spree, if not on the Alster, will turn up their more or less hooked noses at my poor poem! But what I anticipate with still greater sorrow is the shriek of those Pharisees the Nationalists, who adopt all the antipathies of their governments, enjoy the love and respect of the censorship, and can upon occasion give the word to the daily press to attack any adversary who opposes their most high authority. Our hearts are armed against the wrath of these noble-minded lackeys in black, red, and gold livery. I can hear now their beery tones: “You blaspheme even our colors, you traitor to your country and friend of the French, to whom you would give up our free Rhine!” Keep cool. I will respect and honor your colors when they deserve it, and are no longer an idle and knavish show. Plant the black, red, and gold banner in the front rank of German thought, make it the standard of free manhood, and I will shed my heart's best blood for it. Keep cool. I love the fatherland as well as you do. For love of it I have lived in exile thirteen years, and for love of it I am going back into exile, perhaps forever and without sniveling or making wry faces. I am the friend of the French because I am the friend of all good and reasonable men, and because I am not so stupid or wicked as to wish to see my Germans and the French, the two chosen peoples of humanity, fly at each other's throats for the benefit of England and Russia, and to the delight of every lordling and priest on earth. Be easy; I will never give up the Rhine to the French, for the simple reason that it belongs to me. Yes, it belongs to me by inalienable birthright; I am a free son of the free Rhine, on whose bank my cradle stands; and I see no reason why the Rhine should belong to any but the children of the land. True, I cannot so readily look upon Alsace and Lorraine as a corporeal part of the German kingdom, as you do; for the people of that country cling to France by the rights they won in the French political revolution, by that equality of laws and free institutions that are so dear to the souls of

free burghers, but fail to fill the stomachs of the great mass of men. Still, Alsace and Lorraine will join themselves again to Germany if we finish what the French have begun, if we surpass them in deeds as we already have in thought, if we can raise ourselves to the ultimate logical conclusion, if we destroy slavery in its last lurking place—heaven, if we rescue the God who on earth dwells in man from his abasement, if we restore the poor, oppressed people, and despised genius, and dishonored beauty to the place they deserve, as our great master said and sang, and as we are resolved to do—we, the disciples. Yes; not Alsace and Lorraine only, but all France will join us, all Europe, the whole world—the whole world will become German! Often, as I wander under the oak trees, do I dream of this mission, this universal dominion of Germany. This is *my* patriotism. . .

BREMEN, October 28, 1843.

To Mathilde Heine :

Dear love : I have just got here after traveling two days and two nights. It is eight in the morning, and I shall go on farther to-day, so as to be in Hamburg to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow I shall reach the end of my pilgrimage, which has been very tedious and fatiguing. I am quite exhausted. I have had great discomfort and foul weather. Everyone here wears a traveling cloak; and I had but a poor coat that hardly came to my knees, which are stiff with cold. And withal my heart is full of care; I have left my poor lamb in Paris, where there are so many wolves. I am a poor sort of a cock. I have already spent more than a hundred thalers. Adieu; I embrace you. I am writing in a room full of people. The noise about me gives me a terrible headache. A thousand greetings to Mme. Darte and our excellent, fantastic Aurecia.

HAMBURG, October 31, 1843.

Dearest love : I have been in Hamburg for two days, where I found all my relations in good health, except my uncle. Although he has temporarily improved, his condition is alarming, and we fear we may lose him in the next attack of his illness. He received me with great heartiness, and even with cordiality; and as he sees that I did not come to Hamburg to ask for money, but solely to see him and my mother, I stand high in his favor. He asked me particularly about you, and

always speaks most respectfully of you. I am pleased to see that people in general speak well of you here in Hamburg, where they are more slanderous than anywhere ; it is a nest of gossip and slander.

As for my mother, I found her much changed ; she is very weak and debilitated. She has shrunk through age and care. Every little trifle excites her painfully. Her worst complaint is pride. She goes nowhere, as she cannot afford to receive at home. Since the fire she has lived in two small rooms ; it is pitiful ! She lost heavily by the fire, as she was insured in a company that cannot pay.

Karl Heine is always laughing about my jealousy, and wondering I could leave you in Paris ! You are my poor dear wife, and I hope you are good and prudent. I beg you not to show yourself much in public, and not to go to the hospital. I hope you will not receive the biggest of blockheads at your house ; believe me, you have friends, and former friends of your own sex, who ask nothing better than to compromise you in my eyes.

HAMBURG, November 2.

I hope you are doing well ; I am. Only my abominable head suffers from the nervous trouble you know of. I dined yesterday with my uncle, who was in a very bad humor ; the poor man suffers terrible pain. But I contrived to make him laugh. I am always thinking of you, dear Nonotte. It was a bold resolution to leave you alone in Paris, that terrible abyss ! Do not forget that my eye is always on you ; I know all you do, and what I do not know now I shall find out later.

I cannot yet fix the day of my departure ; my stay in Hamburg will probably last till the middle of the month. Believe me, the time will not be lost. My business with my bookseller is complicated, and gives me a deal to do here.

NOVEMBER 5.

Everybody here makes much of me. My mother is happy, my sister beside herself with delight ; and my uncle discovers all earthly good qualities in me. And I am very amiable. What hard work to have to please uninteresting people ! When I get back I shall be as cross as possible, to make up for my efforts at amiability.

I think of you constantly, and cannot feel easy. Vague, sad

thoughts torment me day and night. You are all the joy of my life—do not make me unhappy !

All my relations scold me for not bringing you to Hamburg with me. But I was right to study the ground a little first, before coming with you. We shall probably spend the spring and summer here. I hope you will be well repaid for your present dull life. I will do my best to make it up to you. Good-by, my angel, my darling, my poor child, my good wife !

NOVEMBER 19.

I hope you are well. As for me, my horrid head still plays me tricks, and prevents my finishing my business in Hamburg promptly. I am ill and impatient, for I am always thinking of you ; I am almost crazy when my thoughts take the direction of Chaillot. What is my wife doing now, that craziest of crazy women ! I was crazy not to bring you here with me. For God's sake, do not do anything at which I shall be vexed when I return. Keep as quiet as you can in your nest ; work, study, be thoroughly bored, spin wool, like the chaste Lucretia whom you saw at the Odéon.

NOVEMBER 25.

No news from you for such a long time ! My God ! I assure you it is terrible. But I must stay here till the end of next week (to-day is Saturday). I shall come straight back to Paris without stopping anywhere ; so I shall see you in a fortnight, my treasure. In the meantime be easy, be reasonable, and keep busy. I have well employed my time here. Affairs with my publisher are all settled. Everything is arranged for the future also. I give him the right to publish my works forever, instead of for the term which would have run out in four years. On his side he pays me for life an annuity of twelve hundred marks (about twenty-four hundred francs). If I die before you, the annuity survives to you, and the publisher will pay you the same sum every year. This annuity begins with the year 1848 (in four years), but if I die within these four years my publisher agrees to pay you from that moment twenty-four hundred francs a year ; so you are sure of this sum for your life from now. This is the basis of our contract. It is a great secret which I tell no one ; but as you want to hear the details, I could not help telling you of this new arrangement, which in four years will give me two hundred francs a month more for us to

live on. It is also one step toward fixing your income after my death—which, however, is not coming very soon, for I am feeling very well. It is every man's duty to consider his wife's position in the event of his death, and not leave her exposed to any disputes. This is no merit, but a duty.

My uncle is better. All my family are well. I constantly speak of you to my nieces, who are burning with curiosity to see their aunt Mathilde.

DECEMBER 6.

I start to-morrow. I could not start sooner on account of business and the grippe, from which I am still suffering. Yesterday my publisher signed the agreement I wrote you about; you have no idea of the vexations I have had over this contract. It is magnificent! I am enchanted with it.

BÜCKEBURG, December 10.

I am sure you do not know where Bückeburg is, though it is a celebrated town in our family annals. No matter; the important thing is that I am on my way, am well, love you with all my heart, and shall probably embrace you on Saturday. I am anxious about you. How terrible, O God! to be so long without news of you. I am vexed with you for it; and when I arrive I will give you only five hundred kisses instead of a thousand.

PARIS, December 29, 1843.

To Julius Campe :

I have been for ten days here in my headquarters, where I found everything better than I expected. The absence of all news from Paris made my last ten days in Hamburg so sad that I had no head for anything. A thousand things now occur to me that I ought to have done there. I hardly said good-by to my uncle, who would not let me go. The most important things I wanted to learn, clean forgotten. It is an unspeakable satisfaction to me that everything was most satisfactorily arranged between us, and a sure basis laid for our working together; we have untangled those complications that must necessarily arise in a thirteen years' separation, leaving the present serene, and allowing us to count on a fair future. I send you beforehand good luck and blessings for

the new year ! You cannot think how unwillingly I left Hamburg this time ! An incurable fondness for Germany rages in my heart.

FEBRUARY 20, 1844.

I got your letter a week ago, and am not yet in a condition to answer it properly. For ten days my horrible trouble in the eyes has come back more horrible than ever, and I write you these lines with the greatest difficulty. I can hardly see the letters. I was in the middle of a great job when the mischief came back. I have done a great deal since my return; for instance, an epic voyage, highly humoristic, my trip to Germany, a group of twenty poems, all finished, thank God ; I will write a prose portion, and send you the parts very soon accordingly. You will be pleased with me, and the public will see me in my true shape. My poems, the new ones, are in an entirely new style, versified pictures of travel, and breathe a loftier political spirit than the common political doggerel. But be prepared with some scheme to print a thing under twenty-one sheets probably, without any censorship.

FEBRUARY 17, 1844.

The trouble in my eyes has been cured these four weeks. Before that I was almost blind ; could not write, and, what was even more dreadful, could not read. You have no idea of the melancholy that preyed upon me. Luckily my great poem was almost finished. Only the conclusion was wanting, and I may have done that lamely. I have since been occupied in copying the work, and the clean, fair manuscript lies before me. I will only look through it once more with a magnifying glass, and then send it to you by way of Havre. It is a poem in rhyme, which, reckoning four verses to the page, will make over ten sheets, and describes the present agitations in Germany with great freedom and personality. It is politico-romantic, and I hope it may give a deathblow to the didactic poetry of the prosy-bombastic order. You know I do not boast ; but I am sure this time that I am giving you a little thing that will make more furore than the most popular pamphlet, and will have the lasting value of a classic poem. I at first intended to add ten or twelve sheets of prose, and speak of the most noteworthy changes I have found in Germany. But during my blindness this material worked itself out at

greater length ; and I now see that, if I gather some material I yet need during a second trip to Germany, it will turn out one of my most important works. The portraits alone of deceased friends and political acquaintances would make an interesting large book. . .

MAY 3.

I shall be here for four weeks yet, and then for the sake of my eyes (I am again half blind) I must go straight to the baths. Leuk in Switzerland is recommended by the doctors. I absolutely require this, if I would not become quite blind. During the last fortnight I have written four long articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which, by increasing the disease in my eyes, have cost me more than they brought in. This is one of the trials of an author—to strain his eyes for the price of treating them.

JULY 11.

I might have had an answer four or five days since to my last letter, in which I explained the embarrassment your silence occasions me. This is incomprehensible, and it disturbs me more than I can tell you. What is the matter with you ? Are you ill ? Did you not receive my letter ? Are you possessed ? Or am I mad myself ? Here am I, letting the fine season slip by in which I must go to the baths for my head, and staying here on the burning asphalt of Paris and in the roar of carriages, while I long for green trees and pure air, my nerves in a fever, too impatient to hold a pen in my hand—and all this for want of a line from you ! If I have to wait for your letter till the end of next week I apparently shall not get to the baths at all. Why the devil do you leave a friend in such need ? You know I have no peace till I hear certainly of the fate of my manuscript. I believe in the end I shall not be able to stand it and shall rush heels over head to Hamburg. I walked back and forth yesterday for three hours with Hebbel; and as he too hears nothing from you, we racked our brains in vain.

HAMBURG, August 12, 1844.

To Mathilde Heine :

I am frightened to death about your journey back. When you get this letter I hope you will have recovered from the

fatigue of your journey. You had good weather, no wind, and the passage must have been less unpleasant than the voyage was in coming. All the world here, especially my poor mother, is troubled at your going away. Already three days since I saw you. These days have passed like shadows with me; I do not know what I am doing, and do not think at all. I received a letter from my uncle on Saturday, in which he almost asked my pardon for his growling; he confesses apologetically that his ill health and the business with which he is overwhelmed were the causes of his bad humor on that occasion. I had to dine with him yesterday, Sunday, though I was suffering from my horrid headache; he was very pleasant. But to-day my head is like a baked apple. You know my stupid condition the next day when I have exerted myself in spite of my headache. I can hardly write; I hope you can read my scrawl. Write me soon and at length; you need not be afraid of me. Let me know if you arrived well and in good spirits, without accident, without getting robbed; if the customhouse bothered you, if you are in good quarters, if you are well, and *if I can be easy about you*. Sit still in your nest till I come back. Do not let the Germans find out your hiding place; they may have learned from the gossip of some German papers that you have come back to Paris without me. We know one of them who is not very delicate, and would not hesitate to come to the *pension*; do not forget your prudent rules this time.

AUGUST 16.

Someone is hammering near me. My head is no better; I am as sad as a nightcap; I am three hundred miles from you; in short, I am unhappy. I am impatiently awaiting a letter from you; I beg you to write at least twice a week—as when I do not hear from you I lose my head; and I need that poor head more than ever, for the horizon is clouding, and my affairs are getting entangled. I need two months to straighten out my affairs; and if I do not receive news regularly from you, and get wild as I did last year, it will cause untold loss. Do not forget to write to me particularly how things are going, and if you are well. I need not advise you to be prudent in all you do—you know what good reason I have to fear the perfidy of Germans and sometimes of Frenchmen.

My old uncle is much worse; I had a great deal to say to him, but it looks as if he would have no time to hear it in this

world. O my God, what a misfortune! He will not last through the year. I am going to see him to-day; my heart is heavy at the mere thought of finding him in the same state he was in last week.

My mother is wonderfully well, and is always talking of you with her *dame d'atour*, her factotum, her female Sancho Panza—in short, with Jette. My sister and her children are well, and impatient for news of their aunt.

SEPTEMBER 2.

I know that you are not fond of writing, that it is a tedious affair for you to write a letter, that it provokes you not to be able to let your pen gallop with a free rein—but you know well that you need not be afraid of me, and that I understand your thoughts however badly they may be expressed. I have a great deal to do just now; and as I speak and write nothing but German, I too find it hard to write French. This will explain to you why I write often, and not at such length as I should be glad to; for I think of you continually, and have a thousand things to say to you. The most important information I have to give to you is that *I love you madly, my dear wife*. I hope you have not forgotten German.

SEPTEMBER 11.

I hear nothing from you; and you were to write me once a week, if only once. I beg you earnestly not to leave me without letters, but to write fully and as often as possible. Do not forget I live only for you, and if you are not happy at this moment do not worry; the future belongs to us.

OCTOBER 4.

I was all ready to start this afternoon; but it is dreadful weather and my mother made a great outcry. I have consented to wait a few days and take the next steamer. I have only two minutes to send this letter, as I could not see my uncle Henry until six o'clock, to get a further draft for one hundred francs, which I inclose. I send you this money, though I am not in funds, and do not believe that you have yet run dry; but I am always afraid of your being embarrassed for money. So I beg you not to spend any of it, unless for necessities. Farewell, my lamb!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dispute over the Inheritance.

PARIS, December 19, 1844.

To Julius Campe :

Write to me at once, that I may write to you with an easy mind about a publication of instant importance ; that is, a series of letters on Germany, highly controversial, which I must publish. Write by return post, and don't waste my time with useless explanations. I delayed with "Atta Troll," because I wanted to add several passages, and in the coming new year write those on the scene of the poem, in the Pyrenees. Epic poems need frequent retouching. How often Ariosto made changes, and how often Tasso ! The poet is but a man, to whom the best thoughts often come last. The "Winter's Tale" is unfinished in its present form ; it needs important improvements, and the principal parts are missing. I am very anxious to write them as soon as I can, and get you to prepare a revised and greatly improved edition. You will see how it is perfected by the changes, and what a cry there is over it.

My eyes are in a bad state, and I have had to dictate. God forgive you for troubling me just when I am busy with my letters on Germany, which will appear there and here at the same time. I need to be in a good humor, and you rob me of it. You are so rich, and my things have helped to make you so, and now you want to take away my poor two sous ! I can't believe it—it is incredible—a vile "Winter's Tale."

PARIS, January 8, 1845.

Dearest Campe : In spite of our late difference I know you will stand by me as a friend, and I claim your good offices in a very delicate matter. You will readily understand the matter. I send you two letters ; one is a letter from Karl Heine, which you will be good enough to preserve for me. You see by it what their designs are on me. I believe that, if I will consent to be gagged, my allowance will be paid as hitherto ; they want to have a hold on me, so that I shall keep

silent about the will, and take no steps against the Fould's, that is, Karl Heine's wife and mother-in-law, whose interests I have opposed. I also send you a letter for Karl Heine, which you must read and keep a copy of for me. Send the original *carefully sealed* to Karl Heine. I write in the greatest haste. You must know this much—that I am beginning a fight to the death, and will have a public decision of the courts in my favor, unless Karl Heine gives up. I will have my right, if I have to seal it with my death. Speak to Sieveking to try to influence my cousin through Halle, who has done much harm in the matter. Do you know anyone else who could talk to him? I write in the greatest haste. *Est periculum in mora.*

In a few days I will send you full powers for a lawyer. I will send you the necessary papers to prove my case; in short, I will act without delay, although I am sick and wretched and can hardly hold a pen. What a misfortune it is! I really did nothing to provoke it. . . I am resolved to anything, being embittered by unheard of treatment. My wife has for two days sat by the fire like a statue, not speaking a word; these unheard of things have petrified her. I was never so thoroughly resolved as I am now, and these cunning people have done a very stupid thing in sparing me now. Act for me. . .

PARIS, January 9, 1845.

To J. H. Detmold:

You may always count on getting a letter from me when I am in great trouble. You may have already heard from Hamburg what a misfortune has befallen me. I do not mean my uncle's death, but the way he has treated me. From many circumstances I had long suspected that it had been put into his head that I should squander any considerable sum, or that it would be sequestrated by the government. My allowance was a settled thing. To tell the truth, I did not expect to be largely remembered in his will, but only for an increased allowance. And only a week after his death (on the 30th!) I received a long letter, apparently written on the day of the funeral, from Karl Heine, in which he, who was once my kindest friend, informed me in the harshest words that my uncle left me only eight thousand marks in his will, that there was no mention of an allowance, but that he would give me two thousand francs—on condition that, if I wrote anything about his father, I should first send the manuscript for his inspection.

I wrote him a long and contemptuous letter yesterday, and informed him that I should go to law, for I had proof of the agreement. I have hitherto had forty-eight hundred francs a year, which was to come to my wife after my death. They may have thought I should ask for some favor, and then perhaps I might have had as much as hitherto. But I think threats will do more and accomplish my end more directly. The lawsuit is no threat; I have good grounds for it. But if I seem in earnest, they will be frightened and give in. The press here must do its best to intimidate them, and as soon as the mud begins to fly it will work on Karl Heine, and especially on Adolf Halle.* So I leave to your discretion to insert a quantity of little articles in the papers that reach Hamburg, in which my uncle must be defended, as he meant to provide for me otherwise than by his will, and how they think they have a hold on me, and are threatening to stop my allowance if I dare to publicly express my opinions of the will and the artifices contrived against me. Public opinion is easily won for poets—against millionaires. Campe will write to you. The articles must all be dated from Hamburg. Have you any friends in Hamburg who could directly influence Adolf Halle? You see, it is not a book that is at stake this time, but my existence. Make haste, and seize the advantage of the first move. If possible I shall go myself to Hamburg next week; but I tell this only to you, and not to my mother or sister, who would be uneasy, as I must travel through Germany—so it is a profound secret. My arrival will prove an unexpected bombshell. I have quieted Mathilde a little by telling her I was writing to you, my best help in trouble. As I shall soon start, you need not answer—next week, if possible. The blow was like thunder out of a clear sky. My friends the Foulds here have stirred up Karl Heine against me. . . It is a mysterious affair, and I think you will come to Hamburg as soon as I get there. Mathilde is ill with fear and anger; all sorts of storms at once.

PARIS, January 13, 1845.

To Julius Campe :

I cannot write calmly to you even to-day. I am so ill and can see so little, and many things to worry me. *Lever de boucliers* on the part of my enemies, who think this a favorable moment. M. Straus and his gang haunt all the newspaper offices, calumniating me and paying for the insertion of

* Salomon Heine's son-in-law.

paragraphs. So my wife's condition is more serious and the nights are bad. I am sustained only by my good conscience, my contempt for the bad, and my injured sense of right. I will vindicate this at any cost, and it is not a mere question of money. I could settle all money matters by conciliatory steps and ordinary measures. I forgot to tell you that even the sums are falsely stated by Karl Heine. Since my marriage I have received yearly from my uncle forty-eight hundred francs (he had previously fixed on only four thousand), monthly payments of four hundred francs, for life, and to be continued to my wife after my death. I am rummaging in papers and half buried in them, and I find many encouraging things. E. Arago and Crémieux conferred together at once, so that I shall go into my lawsuit with a free wind, if I undertake it. But what a misfortune to be driven to such an extremity! But they force me to it.

I have just received a very friendly letter from Præses Adolf Halle. He honors the deceased with the highest praises; so the inheritance has warmed his cold blood. He is very solicitous about my health, advises me to take a serious course of treatment, and inquires with interest about my literary work. Others provoke me with their coarse, malicious sympathy, this man by his cunning politeness, carefully avoiding all reference to my material wants, which, if he did not cause (God forbid I should accuse him of that), he quietly allowed to arise; he stood idly by and saw me assassinated. But I think he is the best of them, and I have no right to demand that he shall show more heart than nature gave him.

PARIS, January 13, 1845.

To J. H. Detmold:

I will only say to-day that I am too unwell to travel, shall stay here, and can get an answer if you write at once. I am really quite ill, and have something like a nervous fever. You have no idea what mean plots I see hatching against me here, so that I have not a moment's peace. Thence it comes that my domestic Vesuvius, which had been quiet for three years, is again spitting fire; Mathilde is in a most excitable state in consequence of my doings at Hamburg. I commend these to your most earnest attention. The point is to fix the basis of my finances, my allowance—the forty-eight hundred francs that my uncle so solemnly and formally promised that I was

thunderstruck when my cousin informed me that he should give me only half as much, and promising this for the future—a fine speculation!—if I would send the life of his father, which I am writing, to him for revision! I hope Campe has written you the state of things and that you have already taken measures to help me, both through the press and private influence. But I must have my allowance, undiminished and irrevocable, unhampered by any condition. So act on this information.

“Contemnere mundum,
Contemnere seipsum,
Contemnere, se contemni,”

the old monks taught, and I am driven to the saying through disgust, disgust of life, contempt of man and the press, through ill health, through Mathilde. It is all a marasmus, a weariness of thought and feeling, one great yawn—and the pen falls from my hand.

My friend, think and act for me—I cannot see what I write.

PARIS, February 4, 1845.

To Julius Campe :

I thank you for the sympathy you show in your last letter, and accept with pleasure your offer of mediation ; of course nothing should be neglected that can be gained by peaceful means. I should have written to you sooner, but I have been for two weeks up to my ears in a heap of troubles, principally owing to the Prussian persecution of all who write for the *Vorwärts*,* and to-day Marx must go, and I am in a perfect rage. With this come intrigues of the vilest sort by common Frankfort Jews and their hirelings. My wife ill, and I half blind. You see I could well spare the Hamburg war of inheritance ; if you can take that off my shoulders, so much the better, and I can carry on my other wars the more vigorously. I send my hearty thanks to Dr. Heise for the legal assistance he promises me ; but he is wrong in thinking Karl Heine will not let things come to an *éclat*. I know Karl Heine better ; he is as obstinate as he is reserved. Nothing can be done by appealing to his ambition, and in this respect he is the opposite of his father, who cringed to public opinion like a courtier ; Karl Heine is indifferent what people think. He has only three passions—for women, cigars, and ease. If

* A newspaper edited in Paris by Marx.

I could stir up against him the Hamburg *filles de joie* he would soon give in. I cannot take away his cigars, but his quiet I can. That is the weak place in his armor where I can strike—and the lawsuit will serve well for this; but it will be only a frame for the tribulations I am hatching for him. I can keep up complaints in the papers, write articles, call God and man to witness, require that each point be supported by oath, *more majorum*. No—he will never stand it, and will beg me for God's sake to end it—before I have lost my case. Whether I have enough testimony to win it is a detail, *though I am well provided*. But I know too well the fatal nature of the *place* and of judicial discretion. I have much at heart, both the financial question and my honor, and leave both to you; but I will name two points as my ultimatum:

1. My allowance for life must be *legally secured* to me, unconditionally and undiminished, such as I received it in the later years (namely, forty-eight hundred francs a year), so that, should I survive my poor cousin (which God forbid!), I may have no trouble with his lawful heirs; that half of my allowance, in case I die before my wife, shall inure to her benefit. Karl Heine will no doubt assent to that in his magnanimity, as he cannot let Heinrich Heine's widow die of hunger.

2. On my part I am willing to execute a bond, in which I pledge my *word of honor* never to write a line that can wound my family. This undertaking may be drawn in as binding a form as possible—if it has your approval it shall be signed forthwith. If I can secure my peace I will be as tame and tractable as I will be wild and obstinate if I am driven to fight.

The eight thousand marks left to me in the will must be paid to me as a matter of course; they have nothing to do with the question of my allowance. A week since I got a notary to draw up full powers, authorizing you to receive this sum for me. I shall not be able for about a week to send you this power executed with all legal and diplomatic formalities. In the same I have delegated full power to you in respect to my pension, to prosecute my legal claims, and to give full authority to an advocate in the matter.

Contrive to read the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of January; there is a long article on me in it, and your worship is graciously mentioned.

With regard to my ultimatum observe this:

I cannot allow one sou to be deducted from the amount of the allowance (forty-eight hundred francs). Insist as much as possible on one-half coming to my wife after my decease. If you find insuperable objection, give up this last point. I think I can obtain it later, when Karl Heine has grown calmer. This will give them a chance to be generous, or to seem so. It is indifferent to me if they take the credit of doing everything out of generosity. *In this respect, my dear Campe, you must give them all possible chance.* In any statement that you may agree to print, announcing through the press the end of the matter, you may lay all the blame on *me*, expatiate on the generosity of the family—in short, sacrifice me. I tell you distinctly now, I have no vanity like other people, and care nothing for public opinion; the only thing of any importance to me is to attain my purpose and preserve my self-esteem.

As to the agreement that I am ready to sign, I do not care how binding you make it. Assuredly, whatever I write, *I will not submit it to the approval of my relations*; but I will swallow down my wrath, and write nothing about the pack of knaves, who may enjoy their obscure existence in peace, secure of dull forgetfulness after their death. If I should ever get on a better footing with Karl Heine I can easily come to an understanding with him on the point which I now unconditionally surrender. You can therefore oppose the strongest guarantees to any anxiety they may feel and satisfy all of them. After all, I have better sort of people to write about than my uncle's son-in-law.

So your hands are free, and I beg you to set my mind at rest, which is really worthy of some better occupation. This matter interrupted me in an important work, and odious money disputes kill all poetry in me! And then a lawsuit! If I had no wife and no engagements I would fling the whole of the trash at these people's feet. Unluckily my will is as violent as a madman's—it is my nature. I may end in a madhouse. . .

PARIS, May 24, 1845.

To Heinrich Laube:

I should long ago have thanked you for the interest you have taken in my family troubles; but the state of my eyes does not allow me to write much, and I have since been in poor condition. My disease is paralysis, which is, unfortunately, increasing. I hardly do any work, can barely read

six lines at a time, and try to divert my thoughts ; heart and stomach, and perhaps the brain also, are sound.

My family affairs are now half and half in order, and were it otherwise I should trouble myself but little about them at a moment when I am so seriously ill in body. My mind is cheerful, even gay ; I am in no want of good store, good luck even, and besides, I am in love—with my wife. But physically I am rascally ill.

I wanted to go to the Pyrenees, but the weather is too bad ; later the sun will be too much for my eyes, and I shall go into the country near Paris. My wife, who is also poorly, offers her kind remembrances to you and Mme. Laube ; I promised to send them with mine. When shall we see you again in Paris ? As you are now so much and so fortunately busy with the stage, Paris must surely offer you better chances than formerly.

I am living here quite retired ; I do not know what is going on over there ; Campe hardly ever sends me any news, and I pray you to think of me if anything happens with you that has any direct interest for me.

Write soon to me ; any mark of friendly interest is more to me than of old, and you belong to the 3½ people in Germany that I love.

MONTMORENCY, July 21, 1845.

To Julius Campe :

I would have answered your last at once had I not been confined to my bed for two weeks, and writing with half an eye been therefore doubly painful to me. To-day I am up, weak and exhausted, but the first thing I do shall be to set you at ease as to the state of my health. It is by no means so desperate as people think in Germany, to judge from the letters I receive. On top of the trouble in my eyes came a stiffness of the upper part of my body, which I hope is improving. I could not travel to the baths, so I came into the country to Montmorency, where my wife nurses me tenderly. I keep up my spirits, think a great deal, and if my physical condition permits, will bring forth something this year, with your help as accoucheur. But the restoration of my health is the first thing of all ; everything must be postponed to that—my financial difficulties and disputes with my family, which seem to be getting settled, but are not yet over—as I must on no account excite myself or busy myself with unpleasant expectations—

and so must defer arranging the details with Karl Heine. He has behaved horribly to me, and does not dream of the nature of what he has done.

I must also thank you for your last letter but one; your truly friendly zeal did me good; I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I congratulate you on your marriage; may Heaven have sent you a good number in the lottery! Marriage is a good thing everywhere, but in Germany it is a necessity.

It would certainly be well for me to come to Hamburg, and I cherished the hope of doing so, but it is quite impossible; I must avoid all emotions. If I live long my family differences will heal of themselves; and if I do not live long the healing would not do me any good. Such is my present idea; and I enjoy these moments free from pain in country quiet.

I will soon comply with your wish, and send you "Atta Troll." It shall be taken from my desk next week, and I will busy myself seriously with it; you shall soon have it.

OCTOBER 31, 1845.

I have put off writing for a long time, for the simple reason that every letter gives my poor eyes terrible pain, and also because I am ashamed not to have yet sent the long promised "Atta Troll." This, however, is not my fault. The misfortunes of this year have so disturbed my mind that until to-day I have been waiting for a bright hour, which was indispensable, to enable me to write the bright portions that are wanting in a corresponding tone. Ah, my dear friend, I have been terribly used; my genius has been shamefully outraged. I can no longer hide the wounds from my own eyes, and it will be years before the old humor flows freely again. A settled gravity, a turbulent violence, have seized upon me which might perhaps allow of some characteristically fierce outburst in prose and verse—but that is not what is suitable nor what I want. Once life all sweetness; now gloom and a longing for death.

I pray you to wait for "Atta Troll" awhile, some six weeks or two months. I might spoil it in my present mood. Heaven knows what will become of my poor eyes; the left one has been closed since January, and the right one is painful and weak. I cannot read, though I yet write, and I am going on to total blindness. I go about a great deal, but not to the Bourse, as M. Börnstein insinuates in various German papers. I have not set foot in the great gambling house for fourteen

years ; but the establishment of railroads in which my friends (for instance, all the old Saint Simonists, with Enfantin at their head) show great zeal, interests and employs me both financially and intellectually. I look for great profits from them in the future, but have not yet realized them. I am still in very narrow circumstances, and have but scanty means of subsistence. I tell you this that you may distinctly understand I depend on you.

I am still on a very uncomfortable footing with my cousin Karl Heine. Everybody to whom I have confidentially stated the case beg me to leave the settlement to time and trust to Karl Heine's better nature, which will show itself finally ; that I shall not lose a penny. Good Meyerbeer told me so last evening, made himself personally answerable for the deficit, and long ago gave me a written attestation that Salomon Heine, when settling my allowance through him, fixed it as *for my life*, its purpose being to save my old age from care, and thus secure me freedom of mind. But there was no want of proofs and documents under my uncle's own hand, and it was all of no avail ; for I did not want to bring a suit, and Karl Heine persists in his deliberate injustice with incredible obstinacy. I tell him in every letter that the seed of an angry outbreak remains so long as I am deprived of a single shilling of the allowance that he is bound to pay in his father's name ; while I, not to appear obstinate, am ready to be thankful for the payment as for an act of favor, provided it be *undiminished and unconditional*. I will make no conditions—I will surrender nothing of my dignity as an author or the liberty of my pen ; but as a man I will respect all family considerations.

I hope you are happy in your marriage ; I am moderately so in mine. My wife is a good, noble girl, but unhappily suffers much from a fatal disease. I may perhaps come to Hamburg in March.


PARIS, January 3, 1846.

To Varnhagen von Ense :

This is the first letter I have written in this new year, and I begin it with the heartiest good wishes. May you be blessed this year in body and mind. I am grieved to hear that you are often pulled down by bodily ailments. I should have been glad to say a comforting word to you from time to time, but Hecuba is a poor consoler. I have been wretchedly of late, and writing always reminds me of my bodily miseries ; I can

hardly see my own letters, as I have one eye already closed and one closing, and every letter is a torture to me. I therefore joyfully take the opportunity of sending you news of myself by the mouth of a friend ; and as this friend is initiated into all my troubles, he can tell you in detail how horribly I have been treated by my kith and kin, and what remains to be done for me in the matter. My friend Herr Lasalle, who brings you this letter, is a young man of remarkable intellectual gifts, of profound learning and extensive information, with the keenest intellect I ever met. To the most copious faculty of expression he joins an energy of will and an *habileté* in execution which astound me ; and if his sympathy for me does not fade out, I expect the greatest assistance from him. At any rate, this union of knowledge and power, of talent and character, was a delightful spectacle to me ; and you, with your many-sidedness of perception, will fully appreciate it. Herr Lasalle is distinctly a child of these later times, which care nothing for resignation and modesty, with which we, more or less hypocritically, idled and dreamed away in *our* day. The new generation seeks to enjoy and thrust itself forward ; we of the old school bowed humbly to the invisible, sighed for phantom kisses and the odor of sweet flowers, resigned ourselves with a tear, and were perhaps happier than the brave gladiators who boldly face the deadly struggle. The reign of romance with its thousand years has found its end ; and I was its last, abdicating, king of fable. Had I not flung the crown from my brow and put on a smock frock, they would no doubt have cut off my head. Four years ago, before I had turned disloyal to myself, I still delighted to sport in the moonlight with the companions of my dreams—and I wrote “Atta Troll,” the swan song of the dying period, and dedicated it to you. It belonged to you ; for you had been my nearest affined companion in arms, both in jest and earnest. You helped me to bury the olden time, and aided in the birth of the new. Yes, we brought it to the light of day, and were affrighted. We are like a poor hen who hatches a duck’s egg, and sees with horror her nursling rush into the water and swim away in triumph !

You see, dear friend, how vague and random my thoughts are. My health is responsible for my feeble minded state. Let the cruel force that binds my bosom like an iron hoop but loose its clasp, and the old energy will be set free. But it will be long ere that comes. The treachery done me in the bosom of my family, where I was trusting and defenseless, smote me



like a bolt from the clear sky, and almost wounded me to death. Whoever considers the facts must see the murderous intent ; sneaking mediocrity, furiously jealous of genius, after twenty years' waiting had its hour of triumph. It is an old story ever renewed.

Yes, I am very ill in body, but my mind has suffered little ; a tired flower, it droops a little, but is not withered, and stands firmly rooted in truth and love.

And now farewell, dear Varnhagen. My friend will tell you how much and how constantly I think of you—and of course now more than ever, now that I cannot read, and in the long winter evenings have only memories to cheer me.

PARIS, January 11, 1846.

To Alexander von Humboldt :

The good will with which you have honored me for years emboldens me to-day to ask a service at your hands.

Some painful family matters call me to Hamburg this spring, and I may then, if circumstances are favorable, take an excursion of some days to Berlin, partly to see old friends, partly to consult the Berlin doctors about a serious disease.

On a journey of that kind, whose only purpose is relaxation and health, I ought not to be troubled by any *atra cura* ; and I address myself to you, Herr Baron, begging you to use your powerful interest with the proper magistrates to obtain positive assurance that, during my stay in the royal Prussian territory, I shall not be called to account on any charges referring to the past. I am well aware that such a request is not in accord with administrative usages ; but at a time in itself somewhat exceptional, there may perhaps be a disposition to enrich the code of procedure with an article referring to exceptional contemporaries.*

PARIS, February 5, 1846.

To Julius Campe :

My stay in a place where I ought to have serene tranquillity of mind will not, I hope, be disturbed by painful retrospections or a renewal of family quarrels. When I recently informed Karl Heine why I must visit Hamburg next spring, I begged him, for God's sake, to settle *beforehand* the differences still existing between us. But, unfortunately, the more I mortify my pride, the more submissive and suppliant I show myself,

* Von Humboldt's efforts with the magistrates were ineffectual.

the more snappish, arrogant, and abusive is my poor cousin, who takes gentleness for weakness, and does not understand that, against anyone whom I did not love as I do him, I should have pitilessly used all my full strength.

I will not reproach you for having, like so many others who believe in Karl Heine's magnanimity, moved me to this self-humiliation, and bidden me trust to the healing influence of time. Choosing the path of kindness so strongly urged by my friends and by my own heart, which could not reconcile itself to a fight with Karl Heine, I yielded to my better impulses—though my experience of things continually whispered in my ear that little is obtained in this world by prayers and tears, but everything by the sword, from men of money! My sword is the pen; and it would need this sword at last to prevail against the money-bags and chicanery that my cousin has at his service. This continual contradiction between my feelings and my reason, has kept me in a pitiful state of hesitation for a whole year; but now, when I see that no heart beats in Karl Heine's bosom, after I have gone begging to him instead of demanding my *rights*, and all in order not to be forced to draw my sword against the friend of my youth and brother, now there is nothing left for me but— Yes; I have for some days been busy with a terrible statement, from which it will be seen that Karl Heine's insolence has at last got the better of my patience. I will discontinue the suit, that men may see it is no question of money. I need not fear Dr. Halle's maneuvers here, on my own field, where I am the presiding judge, and shall not be confined to the old ruts of imperial procedure. I look on my allowance as lost, and put it to the venture. My doctors (Dr. Roth and Dr. Sichel), as friends who know I am a man who does not fear death, confess that I have not long to live; and my wife will enter a convent and live on the small annuity you pay her. The money question becomes a secondary one; I am at ease, for I have done all that a man should do out of love, and more; and genius accomplishes the task imposed by fate. You see, my friend, I am much to be pitied; and it is not my fault if I do not write lively bear hunts and winter's tales.

PARIS (I don't exactly know), 1846.

To Ferdinand Lasalle.

Dearest brother in arms: I will write you to-day, although my head is in a terrible state, and every letter costs me a piece

of my life. I say nothing about my eyes ; my lips, tongue, etc., are much more seriously affected, and the brain sympathizes with them. The cold and noise of Paris are very bad for me, and all my hopes are fixed on the South ; the doctors also advise it. I therefore give up the Berlin plan, and gladly ; and if the business with Karl Heine can be first arranged I shall not go to Hamburg, but forthwith to Italy, to attend only to the restoration of my health. This is between ourselves. I am unhappy and wretched as I never was before ; and but for leaving behind me a helpless wife, I would quietly take my hat and bid the world good-by. Everything has gone favorably with me for four weeks ; my finances improve, my wife is sweeter than ever, my vanity is tickled, I can bear my illness in its present state—but the business that I had begun to take calmly now sets my mind in such a turmoil that I sometimes really fear I shall go mad.

FEBRUARY 27, 1846.

My physical condition is dreadful. I give a kiss and feel nothing, my lips are so benumbed. My gums and part of my tongue are also affected, and all I eat tastes like earth. I have been trying royal Russian baths lately, according to the strictest rules. My courage holds out.

I am on pleasant terms with your sister, and we talk by the hour about you. She has a great deal of talent, and is charmingly like you. She gets on very well with my wife. In a few days I am going to give her a great dinner here at home, to which I have invited Roger, Balzac, Gautier, Gozlan, etc. If I could only have you ! I should like to have you here with me for a week (not longer). Directly after your departure I wrote my ballet, in two mornings, and it may be given in London this year. I have also been busy with the Bourse again, but with very bad luck. I must do it, or I shall think all the time of my family troubles and go mad. In spite of my wretched state I try to amuse myself, only not with women, who might give me a finishing stroke. Farewell ; I long to hear how you are. Knowing your disposition I am not without a narrow-minded anxiety for you. I talk business with your brother-in-law ; his affairs are prospering and he is a real genius.

BARÈGES, HAUTES PYRÉNÉES, JUNE 21, 1846.

To Dr. L. Wertheim :

I have been here only since yesterday, as I spent fourteen days at Bagnères de Bigorre, feeling too ill to travel farther,

though Bagnères is only a day's travel from here. . . I can hardly eat, from the increased soreness of my tongue and throat, constant suffering and giddiness—in a word, I am in wretched case. I shall have to stay here longer than I wished.

My good spirits do not fail me, to which my wife's unconquerable gay good-humor greatly contributes, though she is somewhat unwell. The parrot is, thank God, quite well, and sends you his compliments.

Write soon and tell me all the news.

TARBES, September 1, 1846.

To Julius Campe :

I have put off writing a long time, hoping to be better, so that I might have pleasanter news to send you than I have to-day. Unhappily my condition, which has grown decidedly worse since the end of May, has now assumed such a pronounced form that I myself am frightened. During the first weeks I spent at Barèges I gained somewhat, and had hopes ; but I have gone on at a snail's pace. My organs of speech are so stiff that I cannot speak, and I have not been able to eat for four months, from difficulty in chewing and swallowing, and loss of taste. I have also grown terribly thin, my poor belly is sadly shrunk, and I look like a withered, one-eyed Hannibal. Bad symptoms (constant faintings) have now persuaded me to hurry back to Paris, and I left Bagnères yesterday. I am not at all frightened, but quite composed, and, as before, bear with patience what cannot be helped and is the old lot of man.

My own opinion is that I am past saving, but that for a while, one or, at the most, two years, I shall linger on in sad pain. It is no business of mine, but of the eternal gods—who have nothing to reproach me with, and whose bidding I have always done on earth with courage and love. A happy conscience of having lived a good life, and filled my own place in these troubled times, will, I hope, go with me at the last hour to the blank abyss. Between ourselves, that is the least to be dreaded; dying is a fearful thing, but not death, if there be any death. Death is perhaps the last superstition.

What can I say of the chance which, just at this moment, could spread a false report of my death in Germany? In other days I should have laughed over it. Luckily I had, almost at that very moment, an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*,

which must have spoiled my enemies' joy, unless they spread the report themselves.

As soon as I reach Paris I will write you about my complete works, which I cannot longer see delayed. That I have not yet sent you the "Troll" is not my fault. My family affairs have robbed me of my spirits, and my increasing illness prevents my carrying on the poem as I should have been glad to do. But now I will dispatch it, as best may be, and set to it at once on my arrival in Paris. My mind is clear, and even creatively inclined, but not so delightfully gay as in my days of good fortune. God forgive my family the wrong they have done me. It is truly not the money, but the moral indignation I feel that the best friend of my youth, and a blood relation, should not have held his father's word in honor—this is what has broken my heart, and will kill me. I hear the false news of my death greatly shocked my cousin; he had shocking reason to feel it.

PARIS, October 19, 1846.

To Heinrich Laube :

I am enchanted with your proposal to come here. Only carry it out soon. You must hurry a bit; for although my disease is one that progresses quietly, I cannot answer for a *salto mortale*, and you might come too late to talk with me on immortality, literary unions, the fatherland, Campe, and such important human topics; you might find me a very quiet man. I shall stay here this winter in any case, and at present am lodged (very commodiously) Faubourg Poissonnière, No. 41; if you do not find me here, please look for me in the cemetery of Montmartre—not in Père La Chaise, which is too noisy for me.

Pray send me my obituary; dying people seldom have the pleasure of reading their own obituary. The false report of my death has really put me out of tune, and I was sorry that my friends were affected by it; luckily the news of my non-decease came immediately afterward. They wonder so many false stories get afloat about me, and say I am a complete myth. I could easily give the key to these myths, and point out, to you especially, the source from which all the more or less silly, but always malicious, stories of my private life arise. M. Straus here confesses to having spent over four thousand francs on journals and journalists to bring before the public his clumsily invented calumnies on my private life, published by the Spiegelbergs we know so well.* I have never chosen to

* *Spiegelberg* is a character in Schiller's "Robbers" and the name is popularly used to mean "a hypocrite."

protest against them, so as not to give people topics for discussion.

PARIS, November 12, 1846.

To Julius Campe :


As to the complete edition, you are mistaken if you think I have not made any arrangement for the event of my death. By my will I have charged my friends Detmold and Laube with overseeing that edition in my place, and as to the arrangement, I will briefly tell you what I think is the fittest, so that you may say whether you agree with me ; for I have, for twenty years, thought most of *your* business interests, and set aside my own.

I propose to you to publish the complete edition in nineteen volumes. . .

The *premature* notice of my death has brought me many assurances of sympathy—good, consoling letters in heaps. Even Karl Heine wrote me an affectionate, friendly letter. The rubbishy shabby dispute over money is settled, and this is a great comfort to my wounded feelings. But my trust in my family is at an end ; and Karl Heine himself, rich as he is, and affectionate as he may be to me, would be the last person I should turn to in time of need. I insisted, obstinately, that he should pay me the last shilling of what I thought I was entitled to by his father's word ; but I certainly would not take a shilling more from him. We both behaved foolishly ; but I have paid dearest for it with the remains of my health. That is in a bad way, and it may be that my death will be a capital advertisement for you of my collected works ; you will see then how much more popular I am—though I am sure, from some foolish booksellers' letters (of which I will write you in my next), my popularity must be already great. One offers me an astonishing sum for a popular sketch of my life ; (be easy ; I shall not write anything). I want rest, and care nothing for my reputation.

To Heinrich Laube :

Come to-day, for you might find me a still man to-morrow. The paralysis of my body comes on slowly, to be sure, and it may yet be some time before the heart or the seat of life in the brain is affected, and an end put to the farce here below ; but I cannot answer for a *salto mortale*, and want to draw up my will with you.



PARIS, June 20, 1847.

To Julius Campe :

The cold has now attacked my chest also, which had not yet suffered in the autumn. I should like to go South for it, and try to get through the winter there ; but my finances will not permit it, and so I shall stay in Paris. Let us begin the collected edition late in the autumn and early winter, and go on with it ; and to this end give me a distinct answer to my scheme of arrangement ; you have not said a syllable about it. It looks as if you want to wait for my death as a good advertisement for the collected edition ; I cannot explain your long delay in any other way. Be easy ; the advertisement will not fail you—not long.

I should not have written you to-day, dear Campe, if I had not an offer to make you for a new publication, and had not delayed it longer than I ought. It is a ballet that I wrote for my friend Lumley, in London, a poem, with nothing of the ballet but the form, but otherwise one of my greatest and most poetical works. The subject is one of such interest to Germany, and so worth thought, that I wrote at the same time a humorous letter on it ; and this with the text of the dance poem and some notes, which I add, make ten printed sheets, and forms a little book that may stir up some opposition, but will be very profitable to my publisher. What is the title, what is the subject ? The secret may have been already betrayed, but it shall not be spread through you ; and I will not send on the manuscript until I am sure that the ballet has been brought out in London. I want one thousand marks banco from you for this little book.

MONTMORENCY, August 28, 1847.

To Betty Heine :

Dear, good mother : I have received your sweet letter of the 3d of August. Everything here is in the old way, and I shall stay here until it begins to be autumnal. My eyes in the same state, and writing is painful—so I hardly write at all. I write to you to-day principally to send you back the inclosed papers, which have been lying ready to go for six months, since I put my papers in order. After all, why should I keep them ? For, to tell the truth, they are of no value to me, except as a proof of your motherly love, and it never came into my head to use them. Max will agree with me in this

matter. My advice to you is to leave the whole sum to my sister.* My brother Max, with his office and good luck, and no wife or children, is provided for, well provided for ; I have enough to live on for my life ; my wife is provided for, and is happy in your love ; there is no question of any sacrifice.

Be persuaded Gustav has as little need of this money as I or Max. This is my wish and my advice, both of which should have the more weight, because I am the oldest of your children, and my word ought to make you easy in your doubts.

MONTMORENCY, September 25, 1847.

To Dr. L. Wertheim :

Things are going very badly with me, or rather they do not go at all ; for a fortnight my legs and feet have been so paralyzed that I could not leave my room, and could hardly take a few steps. The bowels, too, are paralyzed, and I am very ill. I shall, therefore, go back on Thursday to my old lodgings (Fbg. Poissonnière 41), where you can find me Thursday evening or Friday morning. Montmorency has disagreed with me, as Barèges did last year ; and my fate is drawing near the end. I bear it with calmness and pride. . .

* She had proposed to leave her little property equally to her three children.

BOOK FIFTH.
THE MATTRESS-GRAVE.

1848-1856.

7





CHAPTER I.

Illness.

PARIS, March 12, 1848.

To Alfred Meissner :

You can easily imagine my feelings at the revolution that I see going on under my eyes. You know I was no Republican, and will not be surprised that I have not yet become one. The doings and hopes of the world are now strangers to my heart ; I bow to fate, as I am too weak to make head against it, but I will not kiss the hem of its garment—not to use a balder expression. . . . You will not be surprised that I was for one moment terribly agitated, and I felt cold in my back, and a prickling like needles along my arms. It is over now. It was very wearisome to see nothing but Roman faces round me ; bombast was the order of the day, and Venedey one of its heroes. I would gladly fly from this annoying bustle of public life to the eternal springtime of poesy and eternal things, if I could move better and were not so ill. But my infirmities, which I must drag with me everywhere, almost crush me ; and I think you must make haste, dear friend, if you wish to see me again.

I cannot think without deep emotion of the evenings in March, 1848, when the good, gentle Gérard de Nerval visited me every day at the Barrière de la Santé, to work with me on the translation of my peaceful German fancies, while every political passion was raging round us, and the old world was tumbling to pieces with a frightful crash ! Absorbed as we were in our æsthetic, our idyllic talk, we did not hear the cry of the terrible, deep-bosomed woman, who ran through the Paris streets howling her song of "Des lampions ! des lampions !" —that "Marseillaise" of the February Revolution of unhappy memory. Unluckily my friend Gérard was subject to persistent derangements in his lucid days ; and I discovered,

though too late to remedy it, that he had skipped seven of the poems of the "cycle" of which the "North Sea" is composed. I left these gaps in my poems rather than damage the whole; for the harmonious unity of color and rhythm might well have been destroyed by the introduction of portions from my unpracticed pen. Gérard's style flowed with inimitably sweet clearness, equaled only by the wonderful grace of his soul. I must say he was a soul rather than a human being—the soul of an angel, trite as the phrase sounds. It was a highly sympathetic soul; and without knowing much of the German language, Gérard divined the spirit of a German poem better than one who had passed his life in the study of the language. And he was a great artist; the perfume of his thoughts was enshrined in a wonderfully chiseled casket of gold. Yet I found nothing of an artist's conceit in him; he was childishly frank; he was sensitively delicate; he was kind, and loved the whole world; he envied no man; he never harmed a fly; and if a cur chanced to bite him he shrugged his shoulders. And in spite of this superiority of talent, charm, and sweetness, my friend Gérard, as you know, put an end to his life in the ill-famed lane of the *Vieille Lanterne*.

Poverty was not the principal cause of this sad event, although it contributed to it. At any rate, it is a fact that the unhappy man had in that fatal hour nothing like a decent, well-warmed room at his disposal, in which he could quietly make his preparations to. . .

Poor youth! You deserved the tears that flowed for your memory; and I cannot restrain mine as I write these lines. But your earthly sufferings are ended, while those of your fellow-worker at the *Barrière de la Santé* still endure. Be not too tenderly moved by these words, dear reader; the day may not be far off when you will need all your pity for yourself. Do you know your own end?

PARIS, April 25, 1848.

To Julius Campe:

I have taken untold pains to hide my hopeless condition from my mother, and I commend to you the utmost discretion. Heaven will perhaps spare the old woman the sorrow of knowing my sufferings. My sister must therefore know nothing, and I have always contrived to deceive her.

I will, as I said, write to you next week—the sick are always counting on better days. My head is free, clear-witted, even bright ; my heart, too, is sound, almost greedy for life—and my body is so paralyzed, mere waste paper. I am buried alive, as it were. I see no one, speak to no one.

PASSY, June 7, 1848.

For twelve days I have been living here in the country, wretched and unhappy beyond measure. My disease has made frightful progress. For a week I have been completely paralyzed, so that I am always in my armchair or in bed ; my legs are like cotton wool and I am carried like a child. Terrible cramps. My right hand is beginning to die, and God knows whether I can write to you. Dictating is painful from the paralysis of my jaws. My blindness is the least of my troubles.

I have contrived by great cunning to conceal my illness from my mother and sister. The former must know nothing, for, spite of my state, I may outlive the old woman, and she will be spared the pain. My wife, however, wishes me to tell my sister something of it, so that they may not reproach her when the dark day comes. I therefore authorize you to inform my sister, with all due precaution, of my true state. But she cannot help me, neither should I like to see her here. I beg you to let only my brother Max know of the aggravation of my condition ; I should also like to have his address without delay ; I may write to him myself. . .

PASSY, June 16, 1848.

To Caroline Jaubert :

Citizeness ! when you are in Paris and go to walk some day in the Bois de Boulogne, I pray you stop for a few minutes at Passy, 64 Grande Rue, where a poor German poet lives in a garden, who is now quite paralyzed. My feet have become entirely stiff ; I am carried and fed like a child. Greeting and brotherhood !

[TO HIS SISTER.]

PASSY, June 10, 1848.

Dearest Sister : My wife is anxious that I should no longer leave you in the false ideas of my state that were necessary

for my mother's sake—so that you may not be too much shocked in case of my death. That, however, will not, I hope, occur soon, and I may drag on thus for a dozen years, God help me ! For a fortnight I have been so paralyzed that I am carried about like a child, and my legs are like cotton wool. My eyes terribly bad. But my heart is all right, and my brain and stomach are sound. Am well cared for, and rich enough to stand heavier expenses of illness.

A RECTIFICATION.

PARIS, April 15, 1849.

Some German papers . . . have put in circulation stories about the state of my health and my financial circumstances which need correction. I leave out of the question whether the right name has been given to my disease, whether it is a family disease (a disease derived from the family) or one of those individual diseases from which Germans suffer who live abroad, whether it is the French "*ramolissement de la moëlle épinière*," or a German "*Rückgratschwindtsucht*"; but this I know, it is a horrible disease which tortures me day and night, and has greatly shaken not only my nervous system but my intellectual system. Very often, especially during severe convulsions of the vertebral column, a doubt comes over me whether man is indeed a two-legged god, as the late Professor Hegel assured me in Berlin twenty-five years ago. In May of last year I had to take to my bed, and I have never risen from it since. In the meanwhile I confess that a great revolution has taken place in me. I am no longer a godlike biped ; I am no longer "the freest German since Goethe," as Ruge called me in better days ; I am no longer the Great Pagan No. II., who was likened to the vine-crowned Bacchus, while men called my colleague No. I. the Grand-ducal Jupiter of Weimar ; I am no longer a comfortably stout Hellene, rejoicing in life, gayly looking down with a smile on the serious Nazarenes—I am now only a poor, dying Jew, a wasted figure of woe, a wretched being ! So much for my state of health, from the fountain head of torture. As to my pecuniary affairs, I confess they are not remarkably brilliant ; but the reporters of the newspapers overrate my poverty, and are possessed with a very erroneous notion when they speak as if my condition had been made worse since the death of my uncle Salo-



mon Heine by the withdrawal or diminishing of the allowance that I received from him. I will not enter into the causes of this error, and will avoid a discussion which would be equally painful to me and tedious to others. But I must distinctly contradict the error itself, lest silence should annoy friends at home on the one hand, and, on the other, give a chance for calumny, that would affect the noblest feelings that were ever proudly locked within a human bosom. In spite of my dislike to entering on personal topics, I think it proper to state the following facts. The allowance in question has not, since the death of my uncle Salomon Heine of worthy memory, been withdrawn or cut down, and has been punctually paid, to the last penny. Since my health grew worse the relative who is charged with this payment has sent me quarterly an additional sum, thus nearly doubling the amount of the original allowance. The same relative has banished from my sick bed the bitterest of my cares by a further generous stipulation in favor of the dear wife who devotes herself to my earthly comforts. Many offers and inquiries sent from my native place in kindness, but through error, will find a reply in the above statement. Greetings and tears to the hearts that are bleeding to death in the fatherland !

PARIS, April 30, 1849.

To Julius Campe :

You have no idea of the horrible amount of money my illness devours. And I do not know how long this may last ! Never have the gods, or a good God (as I now say), punished a man more cruelly. But two consolations are left me, and sit by my bed to comfort me : my French housewife, and the German Muse. I string together a great many verses, some of which still my pains like a spell, when I mutter them to myself. A poet is, and always will be, a fool.

JUNE 1, 1850.

At a time when great revolutions were taking place in the outer world, and remarkable changes in my inward world of thought, I should have promptly given to the public whatever I had written, not because it would otherwise become less valuable to the public, but because I cannot now publish it of my own accord without committing a sin against the Holy Ghost and violence to my own convictions—or, at least, taking

an equivocal step. I have not become one of the godly, but I will not play tricks with God ; I will deal fairly with him as well as with men ; and from the writings of my earlier blasphemous days I have resolutely thrown out the brightest poisonous flowers ; and, in the bad state of my eyes, I may very likely have thrown into the fire some harmless door-side plants. I own that I felt very badly as they crackled in the flames. I was not sure whether I was a hero or a fool ; and could hear Mephistopheles whispering ironical consolations : " God will pay you better for them than Campe ; and you will not have to fuss over the printing, or chaffer with Campe about the printing as if over a pair of old breeches." Ah, my dear Campe, I often wish you believed in God, if only for one day ; your conscience would then be troubled at the ingratitude you show me at a time when I am overwhelmed with such terrible and unheard of misfortunes. Send me an answer soon, before it is too late. If your negligence in writing comes from political doubts or mercantile considerations, say so frankly, and I will leave proper directions behind me, in case I should leave all earthly things before the publication of the complete edition of my works begins. Do not be alarmed at the phrase " leave all earthly things " ; I do not mean it piously, nor that I shall exchange earthly things for heavenly ; for, however near I am drawing to God, heaven seems pretty far off. Do not believe the current reports that I am become a lamb of the fold. The religious revolution within me is wholly intellectual, an affair of the mind rather than a blessed experience, and my illness has little to do with it, I am convinced. Great, lofty, terrible thoughts come over me ; but they are thoughts, flashes of light, and not the phosphoric gleams of remorse and faith. I tell you this principally in order that, if I look after the complete edition myself, you may not fancy that I shall feel bound to cancel anything. *Quod scripsi, scripsi.*

PARIS, April 21, 1851.

To Gustav Kolb :

It is an eternity since I have had any news of you ; and I have always had an idea in my head that, thanks to the railroad, you would be standing by my bed early some morning. I am still bedridden, and lie all the time on my lame back, in which horrible cramps run riot ; and all that is said in public of my illness is nothing compared with my real suffering.

And I bear it all with religious patience. I say religious, for I cannot deny what is said of my present belief in God. But on this point I must assure you that there is much exaggeration, and that I do not in the least belong to the so-called pious souls. The fact is that I have long felt a great antipathy to German atheism, have long cherished a firmer conviction of God's existence, and wanted to defer the declaration of it for a while, possibly with the idea of giving God a surprise. Certain unauthorized gobemouches seized upon some cursory expressions of mine to give me a very foolish reputation. I smelt the designs of certain people, who would have been glad to canonize me as a rich morsel for their heaven ; I have taken care that my so-called conversion should not give the consignors an indigestion.

[E.]

[TO HIS MOTHER.]

PARIS, March 15, 1850.

Dearest Mother : The worst of my illness is that one lives so long with it, which you, dearest mother, will not think the worst thing ; but I, who suffer so and have lost all hope of getting well, envy those who are carried off by some acute attack. The only terrible thing about death is that we plunge those we love into grief. How gladly I would leave this world but for the thought of my little spendthrift's helplessness, and of the sorrow of the old woman who lives near the Dammthor, and my sister's tears.

CHAPTER II.

The "Romanzero."

I HAVE called this book the "Romanzero," because a tone of romance prevails in the poems here collected. With few exceptions, I have written them within the last three years, under great bodily difficulty and pain. At the same time with the "Romanzero," and through the same publisher, I give to the world a little book, the title of which is "Doctor Faust," a dance poem, with curious observations on the devil, witches, and the art of poetry. I offer it to the worthy public, who will be glad to learn something about these things without much labor; it is a bit of filigree work, over which many a blacksmith will, no doubt, shake his head. My first intention was to incorporate this book with the "Romanzero"; but I abandoned it in order not to disturb the unity of tone that prevails in this and gives it color. I wrote this dance poem in 1847, at a time when my illness had made some progress, but had not yet cast a shadow over my humor. I had something of the flesh and of paganism in me, and had not dried away to a spiritual skeleton waiting for its dissolution. But do I really still exist? My body is so shrunk away that hardly anything but my voice is left; and my bed reminds me of the sounding grave of the enchanter Merlin, in the Broceliande forest in Brittany, under the tall oaks whose tops rise like green flames into heaven. Ah, friend Merlin, I envy you those trees with their cool breezes; for no green leaf flutters over my mattress-grave in Paris, where I hear nothing, early and late, but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and piano jingling. A grave without rest, death without the advantages of the dead, who do not have to pay money, write letters or books. It is a hard lot. I have long ago been measured for my coffin and my obituary; but I die so slowly that I shall be as tired of waiting for them as my friends will. Patience; everything has an end. Some morning you will find the booth shut up where my humorous puppet show used to disport itself. . .

When a man is lying on his deathbed he gets sentimental and weak-minded, and must make his peace with God and the world. I confess that I have scratched, bitten, and been no lamb, but, believe me, those lambs of mildness would have borne themselves less gently if they had tiger's teeth and claws. I can say for myself that I have only occasionally used the weapons I was born with. Since I have felt the need of God's mercy I have pardoned all my enemies; many fine poems directed against very high and very low people are, therefore, not included in this collection. Poems that were in any way aggressive toward God himself I have hastened to commit to the flames. Better the poems should burn than their author. Yes, I have made peace with the Creator, as well as the created, to the great indignation of my enlightened friends, who reproach me for thus failing back into the old superstition, as they like to call my coming home to God. A homesickness for heaven came over me, and drove me on through forests and gulfs, along the giddy paths of dialectics. On the way I found the God of the pantheists; but I had no use for him; for he is, in truth, no God, and the pantheists are shamefaced atheists—fearing the thing less than the shadow it casts on the wall, the name. Moreover, most of them in Germany in the time of the Restoration played for fifteen years the same farce with God that was played here in France by the constitutional Royalists, who were mostly Republicans at heart. After the July Revolution the mask was dropped on both sides of the Rhine.

The bolder the spirits, the easier was the sacrifice in such a strait. For myself, I cannot boast of any such political progress; I clung to the same democratic principles that I cherished in my youth, and that have glowed within me ever since. But in religion I must confess to a step backward, for I did revert, as I have said, to the old superstition, to a personal God. This is not to be concealed, as many enlightened and well-meaning friends have attempted. But I must distinctly contradict the report that my return has ever led me to the threshold of any Church or into its bosom. No, my religious persuasions and views have remained free from all connection with the Church; no bells allured me, no candles blinded my eyes. I have not toyed with any symbols, nor renounced my right to reason; I have foresworn nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom I have indeed wandered—parting, however, in love and friendship. It was

in May, 1848, on the day when I went out for the last time, that I bade farewell to the sacred idols whom I worshiped in my days of good fortune. I dragged myself painfully as far as the Louvre, and nearly dropped exhausted as I trod the lofty room where the blessed goddess of beauty, the beloved woman of Melos, stands on her pedestal. I lay a long time at her feet, and wept so bitterly that it would have moved a stone. The goddess looked kindly down on me, but hopelessly, as if she would have said, "Dost thou not see I have no arms, and cannot help thee?" . . .

I stop here, for I am falling into a melancholy tone that might get the upper hand of me, when I remember, dear reader, that I must bid thee, too, farewell. A certain emotion comes over me at the thought, and I grieve to part from thee. An author grows familiar with his audience, as though it were a reasoning being. Thou, too, seemest sad that I must leave thee; thou art moved, dearest reader, and precious pearls flow from thy lachrymal glands. Comfort thyself; we shall meet again in a better world, where I mean to write better books.

How our soul rebels at the thought of the extinction of our personality, eternal annihilation! The *horror vacui* that men attributed to nature is rather innate in men's souls. Be comforted, dear reader; there is an existence after death.

And now, farewell; and, if I owe thee anything pray send me the bill.

[Written in PARIS, September 30, 1851.]

The day will surely come; the fire in my veins is quenched; winter dwells in my bosom; its white flakes lie thin upon my head, and its mists dim my eyes. My friends lie in their mouldering graves; I alone am left, like a lonely blade, forgotten by the reaper. A new generation has blossomed, with new desires and new thoughts; I wonder as I hear new names and new songs. The old names have perished, and I, too, have perished—still, it may be, honored by a few, scoffed at by many, beloved by none! But rosy cheeked boys spring up, and place the old lyre in my trembling hand, and, laughing, say: "Thou hast been long silent, thou lazy gray-head—sing us more songs of the dreams of thy youth."

Then I seize the lyre, and the old joys and sorrows awake; the clouds roll away; tears bloom again in my dead eyes; it

is spring once more within my bosom. Sweet, sad tones thrill through the harp strings ; again I see the blue stream, the marble palaces, and the lovely faces of women and maidens—and I sing a song of the flowers of the Brenta.

It shall be my last song ; the stars will look on me as in the nights of my youth ; the beloved moonlight again kisses my cheek ; a spirit chorus of departed nightingales floats from afar ; my eyes close, drunk with sleep ; my soul echoes the tones of my harp ; the scent of the flowers of the Brenta is heavy.

A tree shall overshadow my gravestone. I would it might be a palm ; but they grow not in the North. It may be a linden ; and in the summer evenings lovers will sit there and whisper. The finch listens as he rocks in the branches and is silent ; and my linden murmurs sadly above the heads of the happy ones, who are so happy that they have no time to read what is written on the white gravestone. Later, when the lover has lost his maid, he will come back to the well-known linden, and look long and often on the gravestone, and read the words : “ He loved the flowers of the Brenta.”

TO THE ANGELS.

This is the cruel Thanatos ;
On a pale horse he rides ;
I hear the trampling of his hoofs ;
The shadowy rider seizes me.
He bears me onward. I must leave Mathilde—
Ah ! 'tis a thought my heart cannot endure !

She was at once my wife and child ;
And if I seek the realms of shade
She will a widow and an orphan be !
I leave behind me in the world, alone,
The wife, the child, that trusted in my strength,
And rested true and careless on my heart.

Ye angels in the heights of heaven,
Give ear unto my sighs and groans ;
Protect, when I am in my lonely grave,

The wife that I have loved so well ;
Guard her, defend your image sweet,
Protect and shield my helpless child Mathilde.

By all the tears that ever from your eyes
You have let fall for mortal agony,
By that great word the priest alone doth know
And shudders as he breathes,
By your own beauty, kindness, love,
I charge ye, O ye angels, guard Mathilde.

A FORLORN HOPE.

For thirty years I faithfully held
Desperate posts in the battle for freedom.
I fought without hope of victory ;
I knew I should never come back alive.

I watched day and night ; I could not sleep
Like my band of friends within the tent—
(And the loud snores of the brave fellows
Kept me awake, if I grew somewhat sleepy).

In these nights I often felt *ennui*,
And fear besides (fools only know no fear),
And to drive these away, in satirical vein
My saucy rhymes I boldly used to pipe.

Yes, I stood watchful, gun in hand ;
And if any contemptible fool drew near,
I shot true, and gave him a warm
Bullet for supper in his vile carcase.

Sometimes indeed it well might be
That such a wretched fool right well
Could shoot. Ah, I cannot deny it—
The wounds gape—my blood is streaming.

One post is vacant. The wounds gape—
One falls, the others close up—
But I fall unconquered, and my weapons
Are unbroken—only my heart is broken.

CHAPTER III.

The Will.

PARIS, August 21, 1851.

To Julius Campe :

The condition of my health, or rather the state of my illness, is still the same. I suffer beyond measure, and really endure Promethean tortures through the wrath of the gods, who are angry with me for giving to men a few night lights and penny candles. I say "the gods," for I will not speak of the good God ; I know his vultures now, and have all due respect for them. My doctor gives me hope for this winter. If I could be moved you would soon see me back in Hamburg.

OCTOBER 15.

Literary cares have so filled my brain for the last week that I quite forgot that this was the day for paying the rent ; and when Mlle. Pauline searched in my secretary for the money that was still on hand, I was lucky enough to find it was more than the rent, and that I had thirty-three sous left over. Now let any man tell me I am no poet !

PARIS, November 5, 1851.

To Georg Weerth :

I hope my "Romanzero," but especially my "Faust," will please you. God knows I set no great value on these books and that they would not so soon have seen the light of day had not Campe put on the thumbscrews. I am quite ignorant of the fate of my books, since Campe, now that he has got all he wants, sends me no news. If this letter finds you in Hamburg perhaps I shall learn something from you, if you favor me with answer.

I am so stupefied by the opium I have taken in repeated doses to dull my pain that I hardly know what I am dictating. It arises from the fact that this morning a stupid fellow-countryman came, and in a long and tiresome talk exchanged ideas with me ; by this exchange I may have got his stupid

ideas into my head, and may need several days to clear them out, and get hold of any sensible thoughts.

What a terrible thing exile is! Among its worst annoyances is this: that we fall into bad company which we cannot avoid, unless we want to encourage a conspiracy of all the rascals. . .

Before the undersigned notaries of Paris, MM. —, and in presence of etc., etc.,

And in the bedchamber of the hereinafter named H. Heine, situate on the second story of a house No. 50 Rue Amsterdam; in which chamber, which is lighted by a window giving on the court, the above named notaries and witnesses were assembled at his express desire, appeared

Herr Heinrich Heine, author and doctor of laws, domiciled in Paris, Rue Amsterdam, No. 50; who, sick in body, but of sound mind, understanding, and memory, and in the anticipation of death, dictated to, etc., his last Will, as follows:

1. I appoint as my sole heir Mathilde Crescence Heine, born Mirat, my lawful wife, with whom I have for many years shared good and evil days, and who has nursed me throughout my long and terrible illness. I leave to her all my property whatsoever, present or to be hereafter acquired, free from conditions or restrictions.

2. At a time when I looked for a prosperous future I surrendered all my literary property on very moderate conditions; unfortunate circumstances have since swallowed up the means that I possessed; and my illness does not allow me to make any better provision for my wife. The allowance I received from my late uncle Salomon Heine, and which was always the principal source of my income, is only partially secured to my wife; this was my own wish. I am greatly concerned not to provide better for my wife after my death. The above mentioned allowance represented the interest of a sum, which my fatherly benefactor did not like to place in my unbusinesslike poet hands, that I might thus be more secure of a lasting enjoyment of it. I reckoned on this fixed income when I joined to my fate one whom my uncle loved, and to whom he had shown many proofs of affection. Although he did not in his will make any formal provision for her, it is to be assumed that the omission is to be ascribed rather to an unfor-

tunate accident than to the feelings of the deceased. He whose liberality had benefited many who were strangers to his family and his heart, could not be guilty of mean penuriousness in the case of the wife of a nephew who had made his name famous. The slightest sign or word of a man who was generosity itself should be generously interpreted. My cousin Karl Heine, the worthy son of his father, shared this feeling with me, and with noble alacrity acceded to my request formally to undertake to pay one-half of the allowance, after my death, to my wife during her life. This agreement was made on the 25th of February, 1847 ; and I am still moved by the recollection of the reproach which my cousin made me, in spite of the differences existing between us, for my little trust in his intentions toward my wife ; when he gave me his hand in token of his promise, I put it to my poor failing eyes and bedewed it with my tears. Since then my condition has grown worse, and my illness has drained many resources which I could have left to my wife. These unforeseen events and other weighty reasons induce me to appeal again to the honorable good feeling of my cousin ; I earnestly beg him not to diminish by a half the allowance that he transfers to my wife after my death, but to pay it to her in full, as I received it during my uncle's life. I say distinctly "as I received it during my uncle's life," because my cousin Karl Heine, for nearly five years since my illness has increased, has actually more than doubled my allowance, for which noble attention I owe him great gratitude. It is more than probable that I need not make this appeal to my cousin's liberality ; for I am sure that, when he casts the first spadeful of earth on my coffin as my nearest relation, if he is in Paris at my death, he will forget all my painful reproaches, which I regret and have atoned for on my lingering deathbed ; he will then remember only our former hearty friendship, our relationship and common feelings, which united us from our early youth, and will extend a fatherly protection to his friend's widow. But it is well for the peace of both that the living should know what the dead desire of them.


3. I desire that after my death all my papers and packets of letters be carefully locked up, and held at the disposition of my nephew Ludwig von Embden, to whom I shall send my further instructions as to the use he is to make of them, without prejudice to the right of property in them of my wife as my sole heir.

4. If I die before the publication of my complete works, and have not been able to attend to this publication, or if my death occurs before this publication is completed, I beg my relative Dr. Rudolf Christiani to superintend the publication in my place, strictly following the plan which I shall leave to him for the purpose. If my friend Herr Campe, the publisher of my works, shall desire any change in the form or manner in which I have arranged the various works in said directions, I wish no difficulties placed in his way in the matter, as I have always gladly consulted his business interests. The great point is that no line be inserted in my writings which I have not expressly designed for publication, or which has been published without my full name; no fictitious signature is good ground for attributing to me any article which may have been published in a newspaper, as the designation of authors by a signature is the work of the chief editor, who never hesitates to change an article so signed in matter or form. I distinctly forbid that anything, however trifling, that was written by another should be added to my work—unless it be a biographical notice from the pen of one of my old friends whom I have charged with the task. I presume that my wish in this matter, viz., that my books may not be made to take in tow the writings of others, will be loyally followed to the fullest extent.

5. I forbid any autopsy to be made of my body after my death; but as my disease often assumes a cataleptic form, I think the precaution should be taken to divide one of the arteries.

6. Should I die in Paris, and reside at not too great a distance from Montmartre, I desire to be buried in the cemetery of that name, as I cherish a fondness for that quarter, in which I have dwelt for many years.

7. I request that my funeral ceremonies be as simple as possible, and that the cost of my burial do not exceed that of the most humble citizen. Although I belong by baptism to the Lutheran sect, I do not desire that the clergy of that Church be charged with my burial; I likewise renounce the services of any other priestly order in solemnizing my funeral. This desire springs from no leaning to freethinking. For four years I have laid aside all philosophic pride, and have come back to religious ideas and feelings; I die in the belief in one God, the everlasting creator of the world, whose mercy I implore for my eternal soul. I regret that in my writings I



have sometimes spoken of sacred things without the reverence due to them ; but I was led rather by the spirit of my times than by my own inclination. If I have unknowingly offended against good customs and morals, which are the essence of all monotheistic belief, I ask the forgiveness of God and men. I forbid any address, either in French or German, to be made at my grave. At the same time I express the wish that my countrymen, however happily the circumstances of my native land may be established, will abstain from carrying my ashes to Germany ; I have never liked to take a personal part in any political buffoonery. It has been the great work of my life to labor for a heartfelt understanding between Germany and France, and to oppose those enemies of democracy who turn to their own advantage the prejudices and animosities of the two nations. I think I have deserved well of my countrymen and the French, and my claims to their gratitude are certainly the best legacy I can leave to my sole heir.

8. I appoint M. Maxime Joubert, councilor of the Court of Cassation, as my executor, and thank him for his kind acceptance of the office.

The foregoing testament was dictated by Herr Heinrich Heine, and written by the hand of etc., etc.

And after it had been read to the testator, in the presence of the same persons, he declared that he confirmed it as the exact expression of his will.

Done and completed at Paris, in the bedroom of the said Herr Heine,

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, on Thursday, the 15th of November, about six o'clock in the afternoon.

PARIS, March 1, 1852.

To Alfred Meissner :

It is inconceivable to me that I was able to write the "Romanzero" in the midst of my severest sufferings. You are right in saying that in the memory of booksellers no book, certainly no collection of poems, has had such success on its publication. Two months from its publication the fourth edition (and that a stereotyped one) was out of print ; and Campe tells me he never prints less than from five to six thousand copies of each edition.

PARIS, April 6, 1852.

To Julius Campe :

The most consoling proofs of sympathy come to me every day from Germany ; all would gladly help me, but no one can do that ; I am going, or rather am lying, quietly to my grave. To-day I made a lucky discovery among my papers, of which I will speak in my next.

CHAPTER IV.

The "Confessions."

PARIS, June 7, 1852.

To Julius Campe :

A book is shaping itself in my mind, which will be the flower and fruit of my investigations during a quarter of a century in Paris, and which will keep its place in German literature, if not as history, certainly as a chrestomathy of good publicistic prose. Friends have long been assuring me that people want some prose from me after the "Romanzero," and I hope, with God's help, to supply the want. I am favored in this by some remarkable circumstances. I will very soon write to you positively on the point; for I have given myself up to the work with real delight and perfect ease, and will, henceforth, put aside everything that might in the least disturb my mind. In the sad state of my health I must take all sorts of influences into account, if I am to devote myself to serious work. But enough for to-day. I will only say that I yet hope to turn out this year two volumes, which will form the conclusion of my literary efforts, and worthily complete my existing works.

I call the book "Miscellaneous Writings of Heinrich Heine, in Two Volumes."

The first volume contains :

1. "Confessions"—amounting to eight or ten sheets; a thing that is sure to please you, as it forms an introduction to my "Memoirs," which will, of course, be written in a more popular and far more graphic style.

2. "Poems"—an entirely new note, and among the most original things I have written; about six printed sheets.

3. "The Gods in Exile"—collected, and forming, with a postscript entitled "The Goddess Diana," six sheets at most.

4. About two sheets on the last political revolution and the Empire, which I wanted to put at the end of the second volume, but it would make that too thick.

The second volume of the "Miscellaneous Writings" comprises a variegated collection of the best essays contributed to

the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in the short time of the Thiers and the beginning of the Guizot ministries ; so that I shall give the flourishing period of parliamentary rule as one whole. Notices on the fine arts, the theater, the *salons*, musical seasons, ballrooms, popular life, interspersed with many portraits, all peppered with plenty of wit, will relieve the monotony of the politics ; and a deal of the material, new or unpublished, will delight you. I call the whole "Letters and Notes on the Brilliant Period of Parliamentary Rule." I hope the book will prove a chrestomathy of prose, and conduce to the formation of a style for popular subjects. That will be my merit and you will have the profit.

PARIS, March 22, 1853.

To *Gustav Kolb* :

The occasion of my letter to-day is this : I have undertaken a task for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which one part will appear in print on the 1st of April ; it is called "The Gods in Exile," and is on a favorite theme of mine. I published one number of the first part in Germany, many years ago, in my "Salon"; but two-thirds of this article are quite new ; and I am seized with the fear that some German translator may pounce upon this as soon as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* appears. So I must, perforce, have a German translation of the new portion published at once in Germany.

I say nothing of politics, as things are too gloomy. In spite of my well-known views, I should not dare to express my present ideas in the *Allgemeine*. I am also still in the same suffering state, and beg God every day to grant me my final release.

PARIS, March 18, 1854.

To *Alexandre Dumas* :

Your newspaper announces that I am just publishing a new poem, and even gives its title. The news is false.

I have never written a poem that could have any reference to that title ; and I beg you, my dear friend, to insert this rectification in your paper.

I should not be displeased if you would have the kindness to inform your readers that I shall shortly bring out a complete edition of my works, translated from the German, partly by myself and partly with the help of friends.

A couple of weeks ago you spoke in your paper of your inten-

tion of paying me a visit. It was a good idea. But I must inform you that, if you put it off much longer, it may happen you will not find me in my old rooms at No. 50 Rue d'Amsterdam, as I may have moved to other lodgings, of which I know so little that I shall not be able to leave my address with the porter, in case any dilatory friends happen to come and ask for me. I have no great notion about my future residence; I only know that one goes to it through a dark, foul-smelling passage, and that I dislike the entrance beforehand; my wife, too, weeps when I speak of this change of address.

Madame has a kind recollection of the favor you showed to us twelve or more years ago.

I have been lying in bed six years. In the worst part of my illness, when I was suffering most, my wife read your novels to me; and they were the only thing that could make me forget my pain.

I devoured them all; and during the reading I often cried out, "What a gifted poet this great child named Alexandre Dumas is!" Certainly, after Cervantes and Mme. Schiariar, known by the name of Scheherezade, you are the most amusing story-teller I know.

[E.]

[TO HIS MOTHER.]

MAY 7, 1853.

We are in such perfect harmony that the angels might envy us; and the kind-souled creature, in whose heart there is not a drop of bad blood, and who has taken no taint from the evil of the world, really sweetens my pain.

JUNE 1, 1853.

I lose my head the moment anything ails my wife. Men are great fools! But the greatest fools are those who do not love their wives; for they have to spend just as much for them, and might indulge tender feelings for the same money.

PARIS, April 8, 1854.

To Prince Hermann Pückler-Muskau:

I thank your Highness with all my heart for the noble and kind sympathy and care you have shown for me. The word "departure" in your note pains me to the heart; and it is a sad thought to me that I have been able to see you here so

seldom, and shall certainly never see you again in this life. If it be possible come and see me twice more, instead of once.

AUGUST 3, 1854.

To Julius Campe :

The poems are quite new, and not old strains in the old style—but none but very simple people and very great critics are fit to appreciate them. The "Confessions" also are not for everybody; but they are important, as they explain the unity of my works and life. The "Lutetia" has an inherent interest, and will be criticised as containing caricatures of individuals. Cliquy mediocrities may, however, spare their kindred spirits the trouble of playing godfather; I do not belong to any set of men who uphold and crown each other with laurels, and thus prevent the stoutest fellows in Germany from coming forward and getting their deserts. You need not therefore be surprised that I will have nothing to do with many people who might be of some present help to my book, but would annoy me later with vexatious claims; and you may be still less surprised if from the same quarters my book meets with the same unfair treatment we have encountered before. If a man be but true to himself he will attain his end, though it may be somewhat later.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1854.

I am at this moment more ill than usual, and worried by accidental circumstances, arising partly from my change of abode and partly through a death. My reader's mother, who died of cholera, is to be buried to-day; and for a week I have missed my readings. On the other hand I am having a great triumph; for my article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is making a perfect furor, in spite of its mutilations; and, as the editor of the *Revue* said to me yesterday, nothing is talked of at this moment but this article, and many who understand German are waiting anxiously to read the whole in German. As the editor of the *Revue* tells me, no article ever made such a sensation; it even far surpasses the success of "The Gods in Exile."

PARIS, October 3, 1854.

To J. H. Detmold :

The old master, maimed and worn out, turns to-day to the young master, who must help him with his fresh strength and



vigorous mind. I hope Campe has already sent you the three volumes of my "Miscellaneous Writings" that he is just publishing, and informed you of the favor that I want you to do me in the matter. In the second and third parts, namely, the book "Lutetia," you will have seen what a new trouble I have undertaken. Between ourselves, I did it at a time when I hoped to master it through the great means at my command, and the strength I still felt in myself. But both fail me just now; and by a chapter of accidents I am almost entirely isolated, and in a bodily condition so depressing and horrible as I never before endured. I get terribly entangled with Campe, and only by a great pecuniary sacrifice could I get any rest from his angry grumbling. I have a very uncertain ally in him; and he drags me into quarrels that do not concern me at all, and speculates on sales through scandals which I would avoid. I have no one here to tell me a syllable of what is going on in the paper world, and have no sort of organ at my disposal in it. I could once make occasional use of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; but now it sticks close by the infamous clique in Munich; and, as you have seen from my book, I must break with those fellows. You have no idea how, under the cloak of German honesty and friendliness, these people hide the meanest perfidy toward me. You know how Meyerbeer carries on his fight. There is not a journal in the world in which he has not watchful spies. There is no question, as you see, dear Detmold, of an article in praise of my book—but of opposing the malicious maneuvers of my adversaries by the same means they employ—by means of very short notices in the papers of all kinds, which will, taken together, give the public a hint how the malicious gossip arose that may be already circulating about me, thanks to the plots of people of damaged reputation banded together. I have powerful enemies to fight. I think these hints will be enough for you, and that you will do all you can for me.

PARIS, October 5, 1854.

To Julius Campe:


"The Gods in Exile" was a great book entirely finished in my head; but I did not write it, because my respected publisher disgusted me with writing, and I gave a part of it to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the pressure of necessity; for a long poem that I had promised you could not be finished

so soon. I am very ill, and so overwhelmed with work that I need encouragement from you, rather than opposition.

How hard it is to understand Hegel's writings, how easily one may deceive himself, and think he understands while he only learns to pile up dialectic formulas, I first found out when I undertook to translate these formulas out of the idiom of the schools into the mother tongue of sound reason and common intelligibility—into French. In this case the interpreter must know exactly what he wants to say ; and the most modest idea is forced to drop all mystical drapery, and show itself in its nakedness. I had formed a plan of making a generally intelligible exposition of the whole Hegelian philosophy, in order to add it as a sequel to a new edition of my book "*De l'Allemagne*." I busied myself for two years with this work, and had the greatest difficulty and trouble in mastering the dry stuff, and setting forth the most mystical parts in as popular a form as I could. But when the work was at last ready the manuscript seemed to look at me with strange, ironical, really malicious eyes. I was fallen into a strange dilemma ; the author and his work were no longer agreed. For the aversion to atheism of which I have already spoken had got full possession of my mind ; and as I was forced to acknowledge that the Hegelian philosophy was an ally of all impiety, it was unpleasant and odious to me.

The expense of playing a god, who has nothing mean about him, and spares neither pains nor money, is enormous ; and to play the part decently two things are necessary, plenty of money and plenty of health.

Unluckily it happened that, one day in February, 1848, I found myself without either ; and my godship came to an end. Luckily the worthy public was then busy with such a great, unheard of, fabulous comedy that the change in my little personality passed unnoticed. They were indeed unheard of and fabulous, the doings of those February days, when the wisdom of the wisest was put to shame, and the elect of the foolish were borne aloft on shields. The last were the first, the lowest became the highest, things and ideas were overturned, and the world was fairly turned upside down. Had I been a wise man in those unthinking, head over heels days, I should certainly have lost my reason ; but, afflicted as I was, the oppo-



site was the case ; and, strange to say, precisely in those days of general folly I recovered my senses ! Like many other overturned gods of that topsy-turvy period, I had to painfully abdicate and go back to a private station. It was the wisest thing I could do. I crept back into the fold of God's creatures, bowing again to the might of a great being who directs the events of this world, and who must rule my affairs in future. They had got greatly entangled during the time while I had been my own Providence ; and I was glad to hand them over to a heavenly steward, whose omniscience could manage them far better. The existence of a God was henceforward not only a fountain of health to me, but relieved me of all the problems that had been so odious to me, and proved a great economy.

I need not now think about myself or others ; and since I have become one of the pious I hardly give anything for the support of the needy ; I am too modest to meddle, as I used, with God's providence ; I am no longer a parish relieving officer, no *aper* of God ; and I have informed my former pensioners with pious humility that I am a poor creature passing my days in sighing, having no longer any concern with governing the world, and that for the future they must turn to the Lord God in want and affliction.

From the above confession the gracious reader will easily understand why my work on the Hegelian philosophy no longer pleased me. I saw that to print it would be wholesome for neither author nor public ; I saw that the thinnest gruel of Christian charity would be more refreshing to starving mankind than the boiled cobwebs of Hegelian dialectics. I will confess all ; I grew all of a sudden terribly afraid of the eternal fires—it is, to be sure, a superstition, but I was frightened—and one quiet winter evening, when a bright fire was burning on my hearth, I seized on the good chance, and threw my manuscript on the Hegelian philosophy into the blaze ; the burning leaves whirled up the chimney with a queer, derisive crackle.

Thank God, I had got rid of it ! Ah, if I could destroy in the same way all I have ever printed on German philosophy ! I owed the revival of my religious feeling to the Bible, that holy book ; and it was to me both a spring of health and an object of pious wonder. Curious ! After dragging my life round through all the dance halls of philosophy, giving myself up to all the orgies of the mind, courting all possible systems, without finding peace, I now find myself at the same point where

Uncle Tom stood, on the Bible, and kneel in the same communion with the black devotee. . .

I had not hitherto especially loved Moses, probably because the Hellenic spirit was strong in me ; and I did not forgive the Jewish lawgiver his hatred of everything pictorial and plastic. I did not see that Moses, in spite of his enmity to art, was himself a great artist, and had the true artistic spirit. Only, this artistic spirit in him, as in his Egyptian countrymen, was directed solely to the colossal and indestructible. But unlike the Egyptians, he did not shape his works of art out of brick and granite, but built human pyramids and carved human obelisks ; he took a poor race of hinds, and made them a people that could defy the ages—a great, eternal, holy people, a people of God, that should serve as a pattern to all other peoples, a prototype of all mankind—he made Israel ! With more reason than the Roman, could this artist, the son of Amram and Jochebed the midwife, boast of raising a monument that should outlast all works of brass !

I have never spoken with proper respect of the workmaster, nor of his work, the Jews—owing again to my Hellenic nature, to which Jewish asceticism is antipathetic. My prejudice for Greece has since declined. I now see that the Greeks were only beautiful boys, while the Jews were always men, strong, unbending men, not only in old times but to-day, in spite of eighteen hundred years of persecution and poverty ; I have learned to appreciate them better ; and, if all pride of birth were not in foolish contradiction with the revolutionary struggle and its democratic principles, the writer of these lines might be proud that his ancestors came of the noble house of Israel, that he is a descendant of the martyrs who gave a God and a moral code to the world, and have fought and suffered on every battlefield of thought.

The annals of the Middle Ages, or even of modern times, rarely set down in their daily records the names of such champions of the Holy Ghost, for they generally fought with closed visors. The exploits of the Jews are as little known to the world as their private circumstances. People think they know them because they see their beards ; that is all of them that is to be seen, and they are in these days the same wandering mystery that they were in the Middle Ages. It may be revealed in the day foretold by the prophet that they will give something more than a shepherd and his flock, and the just

one who suffered to save mankind will receive his glorious recompense.

You see I, who used to quote Homer, now quote the Bible, like *Uncle Tom*. Truly I owe much to it. It revived in me, as I have said, the sentiment of religion; and this second birth of religious sentiment helped the poet, who can, far more easily than other mortals, do without positive dogmas of faith. He feels the grace, and his soul opens itself to the symbols of heaven and earth without the need of any church key. The most foolish and contradictory reports have been circulated about me on this subject. Very pious but not very wise men of Protestant Germany have anxiously asked me whether, now that I am ill and a believer, I am more in sympathy with the evangelical Lutheran belief, which I have hitherto professed only in a lukewarm, formal way. No, my dear friends, I have not changed in this respect; if I still keep my connection with the evangelical faith it is because I do not now feel at all fettered by it, and, indeed, never did feel much so. To be sure, and I confess it openly, if I were in Prussia and, above all, in Berlin, I would, like many of my friends, have gladly cast off the ties of any Church, if the government did not forbid anyone to reside in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, who does not belong to some one of the positive religions patronized by the state.

Now that many changes have come over me, through a new awakening of religious feeling and through bodily suffering, does the uniform of the Lutheran faith correspond with my inmost feelings? How far does official recognition represent the truth? I will not give any direct answer to these questions; but they afford me the occasion of inquiring into the good service that Protestantism has done the world, according to my present belief, from which it can be judged how far it has won my sympathy.


In my early days, when philosophy had an overpowering interest for me, I appreciated the value of Protestantism only for its conquest of the right of free thought, which was the ground that Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel were later able to take, Luther, that strong ax-man, having preceded these warriors and cleared the way for them. In this light I prized the Reformation as the origin of German philosophy, and justified my combative championship of Protestantism. Now, in my later and riper days, when my religious feeling has been roused

in overwhelming force, and the shipwrecked metaphysician clings fast to the Bible, I prize Protestantism most especially for its services in discovering and spreading the holy book.

I abandon the sea of general religious-moral-historical speculation, and once more steer the vessel of my thoughts peacefully on the still inland waters that so truly reflect the image of the Creator.

I have already mentioned how Protestant voices from home have made indiscreet inquiries as to the change in me, as if, with renewed religious feelings, my taste for the Church had grown stronger. I do not know how far I have made it clear that I have no particular fondness for any particular dogma or form of worship; and in this respect I remain as I have always been. I make this confession also in order to point out to certain friends, who are zealous Roman Catholics, the mistake into which they have fallen as to my present way of thinking. Curious! At the same time that in Germany Protestantism pays me the undeserved honor of an evangelical revelation, the report is spread that I have gone over to the Catholic faith, and many good souls declare that the conversion took place years ago, and fortify their story with exact details, give the time and place, the very day, name the church in which I foreswore the heresies of Protestantism and declared my belief in the one holy Roman Catholic Church; the only information wanting is the number of times the sacristan rang the bells for the solemnity.

I see from the papers and letters I receive what consistency the report has gained, and I am almost painfully embarrassed at the truly affectionate joy expressed in many of these writings. Travelers inform me that the rescue of my soul affords material for pulpit eloquence. . . . Young Catholic ecclesiastics desire to place their first homiletic fruits under my patronage. I am looked upon as a future light of the Church. I cannot laugh at this, for the pious error is honestly entertained, and whatever may be said against Catholic zealots, one thing is certain, they are no egotists; they look after their neighbors, often a little too much, unfortunately. I cannot attribute the report to any ill will, but simply to a mistake. Innocent circumstances have been accidentally misrepresented. The statement of time and place is certainly correct. I was, in truth, on the said day in the said church, which was once a Jesuit church, namely, Saint Sulpice, and there I did go through a religious ceremony. But it was no hateful abjura-



tion, but a very harmless conjunction, for after a civil ceremony I had my marriage with my wife blessed by the Church, as my wife, coming of a strong Catholic family, would not have thought herself married in the sight of God without such a celebration. And I would not have given the dear creature any distress or uneasiness in the religious views in which she was born.

Unbelief is always perilous in marriage ; and, however free-thinking I may be, no light word was ever permitted in my house. I was living like a worthy citizen in Paris, and when I married I choose to be united by the Church, although in this country a legal civil marriage is well enough recognized. My liberal friends found fault with me, and overwhelmed me with reproaches, as having conceded too much to clericalism. Their vexation at my weakness would have been much greater had they known how much greater concessions I was making to the detested priestcraft. As a Protestant marrying a Catholic, in order to be blessed by a Catholic priest in church, I had to get a special dispensation from the archbishop, who gives it only on condition that the bridegroom binds himself in writing to allow any children he may have to be brought up in their mother's religion. There is another side to the question ; and however much the Protestant world may exclaim against such a restriction, I think the Catholic priesthood quite in the right ; for whoever asks for the guarantee of their blessing must accept their conditions. I accepted them quite *de bonne foi*, and should certainly have kept my agreement.

I will complete my confession by acknowledging that, to obtain the archbishop's license, I would have joined not only my children but even myself to the Catholic Church. But the Ogre de Rome, who, like the monster in the fairy tale, claims the future children in return for his service, was satisfied with the poor children, who were never born, and I remain a Protestant as before—a protesting Protestant, and I protest against stories which, although not slanderous, might be used to the injury of my good name.

There can be no suspicion in my case of a fanatical hatred of the Romish Church, as I was never narrow enough for such animosity. I know my mental caliber too well not to know that I could do little harm to such a colossus as the Church of Peter by the most violent attack ; I could never be more than a modest laborer in carrying off its stones, which might well

be a work of several centuries. I am too well read in history not to recognize the gigantic size of the granite structure ; it may be the Bastille of thought, and be now defended only by Invalids ; but it is none the less true that this Bastille also will be no easy thing to take, and many a youth of the storming party will break his neck on its walls. As a thinker, as a metaphysician, I must admire the consistency of the Roman Catholic dogma ; and I can boast of having attacked neither its dogma nor its rites with wit or raillery ; and men do me too much and too little honor by saying that in mind I am related to Voltaire. I have ever been a poet, and as such have been more struck than others by the poetry that blossoms and shines in the symbolism of the Catholic dogma ; in my youth I was overwhelmed by the immeasurable sweetness, the secret and holy exuberance, and the terrible deadly joy of that poetry ; I, too, have adored the blessed Queen of Heaven, and have celebrated in elegant verses her grace and goodness ; and my first collection of poems bears traces of that fair Madonna period, which I expunged from later collections with ludicrous care.

The time for vanity has passed, and I give everyone leave to smile at this confession.

I have done nothing in this fair world, I have amounted to nothing, as people say—nothing but a poet.

But I would not undervalue that name from hypocritical humility. A man is a great deal if he is a poet—especially if he is a great lyric poet in Germany, among a people who have surpassed all other nations in two things, philosophy and song. I will not belittle my fame as a poet with the false modesty invented by scamps. Not one of my countrymen has won his laurels so young as I ; and if my fellow-poet Wolfgang Goethe complacently sings "that the Chinese paint *Werther* and *Charlotte* on glass with trembling hands," so can I, if boasting is in order, point to something more fabulous than a Chinese reputation, and that is a Japanese one. Some twelve years ago I was visiting my friend H. Wöhrman of Riga at the Hotel des Princes here, and he presented me to a Dutchman who had just come from Japan, had passed thirty years at Nagasaki, and was very curious to make my acquaintance. This was Dr. Bürger, who is now publishing at Ley-


den, with the learned Seybold, the great work of Japan. The Dutchman told me that he had taught German to a young Japanese, who afterward printed a Japanese translation of my songs, and that this was the first European book that appeared in the Japanese language, and that I should find a long article on this translation in the English *Calcutta Review*. I applied at several circulating libraries, but none of the learned ladies who presided over them could give me the *Review*; and I sought it in vain from Julien and Panthier.

Since that I have made no more inquiries about my Japanese reputation. I care for it now as little as for fame in Finland. Ah! fame in general, that toy once so sweet, sweet as pineapples or flattery, has long grown distasteful to me; it is now bitter as wormwood. Like *Romeo*, I may say, "I am fortune's fool." I have a big plate of pudding before me, but no spoon. What good does it do me that my health is drunk at feasts out of golden cups of the choicest wine, while I, cut off from all joy of the world, must wet my lips with a cup of herb tea! What good does it do me that bright youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurels, if an old nurse with withered hands is putting on my real head, behind the ears, a blister of Spanish flies! What good does it do me that all the roses of Shiraz bloom and smell so sweetly for me—alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where I smell nothing in the terrible solitude of my sick chamber but the odor of warm towels. Ah! the mocking of God is heavy upon me. The great Creator of the universe, the Aristophanes of heaven, wanted to show clearly to the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes that his sharpest sarcasms are poor fooleries compared with his, and how sadly I fall behind him in humor and colossal jest.

Yes, the sarcasm of the derision that the Master pours upon me is terrific, and his jokes are terribly cruel. I humbly acknowledge his superiority, and bow myself in the dust before him. But if I have no such supreme creative power, the light of eternal reason illumines my mind, and I may bring God's jests into its forum and reverently criticise them. So I venture to submit the respectful remark, that it seems to me this terrible jest with which he visits the poor scholar is drawn out somewhat too long; it has lasted over six years, which is a little tedious. And I may observe with all deference that the jest is not a new one, and that the great Aristophanes of heaven has already used it on other occasions,

and so has plagiarized from himself. I will cite a portion of the Limburg chronicle in support of this remark. This chronicle is interesting to those who would inform themselves of the usages and customs of the Middle Ages. It describes like a fashion journal the forms of dress, both for men and women, that prevailed at the time. It also gives information about the songs that were sung and whistled in each year, with the opening lines of many favorite songs of the time. So we learn that in 1480, throughout all Germany, songs were sung and whistled that were sweeter and lovelier than any ever heard before in the German land. But, says the chronicle, a young priest had written these songs who had a leprosy, and had withdrawn himself from all the world into the desert. You know, dear reader, what a terrible malady this leprosy was in the Middle Ages, and how those who were afflicted with the disease were thrust out from all intercourse with their fellow-burghers, and dared not approach any living man. As long as they lived they wandered about, wrapped from head to foot, a hood over their faces, and carrying in their hands a rattle, called a Lazarus rattle, with which they gave warning of their approach, so that all might draw aside from the way. The poor priest, of whose fame as a song writer the aforesaid Limburg chronicle speaks, was such a leper; and he sat sadly in the solitude of his misery, while all Germany sang and whistled his songs with shouts and glee! Ah, his fame was the mockery so well known to me—that jest of God which is still the same, though it was then clothed in the costume of the Middle Ages. The *blasé* king of Judæa said truly, "There is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps the sun itself is an old joke warmed over, and now shining so imposingly tricked out with new beams!

Often in my sad visions of the night I think I see before me the poor priest of the Limburg chronicle, my brother in Apollo, and his suffering eyes glare strangely from beneath his hood; but in a moment he glides away—and, like the echo of a dream, I hear the sharp tones of the Lazarus rattle.



CHAPTER V.

From the ~~Mattress~~-Grave.

THE children of fortune I envy not
The joyous life they spend ;
I envy them only the death they die,
Their painless and sudden end.

In garments gay, with crowns on their brows,
And smiles on the lips of all,
Joyous they sit at the banquet of life—
Then like standing grain they fall.

No weary sickness fades their charms,
In good condition they die,
And Czarina Proserpine welcomes them
To her palace right joyously.

How must I envy them their fate,
Who for seven years have been lying
And rolling in torture on the ground,
And cannot succeed in dying !

O God ! cut short my torment here ;
To the grave I fain would go ;
For playing the martyr I never had
Any talent, as well you know.

At your inconsistency, O Lord,
I wonder—forgive me, pray—
You made me a jolly poet, and now
You take my spirits away.

Pain has damped my merry mood,
And made me sad and glum ;
If the sorry joke does not come to an end
A Catholic I shall become.

I howl till your ears are deaf with the noise,
 As any good Christian may—
O miserere! It is all up
 With the drollest man of his day!

THE LOTUS.

*To La Mouche.**

Truly, we make together
 A comical pair, my love ;
 A girl who can hardly stand on her legs,
 A lover who cannot move.

She is a poor little kitten,
 And he is sick as a hound :
 I really believe the brains of both
 Are far from thoroughly sound.

A blooming lotus flower
 She fancies she may be ;
 And he, the pale faced fellow,
 Vows that the moon is he.

Though the lotus flower its blossom
 Spread to the moonbeam's ray,
 It will get, instead of a lover's kiss,
 Only this poor little lay.

* "La Mouche" was the nickname given by Heine to a young woman named Camille Selden, from the seal she used on her letters—a fly. Her early history, and even her nationality, are unknown. She first visited Heine on some literary pretext in October, 1855. He was delighted with her brightness, and glad to speak once more to a woman in his native language. They began a flirtation of little consequence, except that it greatly distressed Heine's faithful wife ; and to the day of his death she visited him constantly, and he wrote her many notes. Count Alton-Shee, who had chances of intimate observation, declares that Heine's one passionate love was for his wife. "La Mouche" was only a diversion from the tedium and pain of his long disease.



WHERE ?

Where shall he of travel weary
Find his resting place in fine ?
In the South, beneath the palm trees ?
Under lindens, by the Rhine ?

Shall I in some barren desert
Find a grave at strangers' hands ?
Or sink to rest upon the border
Of the ocean, in the sands ?

So be it ! There will hang above me
God's own heaven, there as here ;
And by night the stars will flicker,
Corpse-lights dancing o'er my bier.

CHAPTER VI.

The Last Years.

PARIS, October 5, 1854.

To Joseph Lehmann :

My works in French are to be issued by Michel Lévy Frères, who are recommended to me as publishers. I had the choice between them and another publisher, who was formerly a bonnetier, *i. e.*, a maker of woolen nightcaps; and I gave them the preference, perhaps because they were of the tribe of Levi. I think Herr Lévy is none the less an honorable man, and worthy of my confidence; and I of all others, even if I err to my cost, ought not to be led by the old prejudice against Jews. I believe that, if you let them make money, they are at least grateful, and cheat you less than their Christian colleagues. The Jews have had highly civilized hearts in an unbroken tradition for two thousand years. I believe they acquire the culture of Europe so quickly because they have nothing to learn in the matter of feeling, and need to gain only the knowledge. But you know all this better than I; and it may serve you only as a hint toward understanding what I have said in my "Confessions."

PARIS, October 12, 1854.

To Julius Campe :

You are quite right that a lodging on the ground floor is not good for me; and that I may not go all to pieces with cold and damp, I am now having a warmer apartment furnished in the Champs Elysées, which I shall get into before the end of the month. I cannot speak from an inflammation of the throat. Thank God, that with all my suffering I am cheerful, and bright thoughts are running through my brain. My fancy plays me delightful tricks and comedies in my sleepless nights; and my wife is luckily in a very cheerful mood.

NOVEMBER 8.

I can send you the good news that, day before yesterday afternoon, I got into my new quarters, with which I am so far

contented. The journey was long and tiresome, as I had undergone an operation a few days before ; and I am for the moment exhausted and weak in body.

PARIS, May 30, 1855.

Though sick as a dog, and blinder than ever (for my right eye does not see now), I write, just to mention that I am still alive and fonder of you than ever.

The "Lutetia" has done extraordinarily well ; all Paris talked of the book for a month. But what work I had ! Sick unto death, and in spite of convulsions, for two months I worked five or six hours daily at this French "Lutetia," and yet could not give her the literary polish that the original has.

NOVEMBER 1, 1855.

I have delayed writing, because I have expected my sister every day for months, accompanied by my brother, who meant to come with her from Vienna by Hamburg for the exhibition. If she has not started she will certainly send to you for any message for me.

I will talk seriously with Gustav, and that is better than any letters ; and I shall tell him he must make more account than he has of your friendship for me, and the price I set upon it. I am glad to see him on several grounds ; I am still critically ill, and need loving consolation. Unfortunately, the trouble is that, at this moment I can work cursed little ; and this year there will be a deficit of some fifteen thousand francs, through unsuccessful attempts at a cure.

PARIS, August 2, 1855.

To Alexandre Dumas :

I am still in the same state ; the pain in my chest is the same as ever, and prevents my dictating much at a time. The word "dictate" reminds me of my stupid Bavarian servant in Munich. He had noticed that I often dictated for a whole day ; and when one of his worthy countrymen asked him what my business was, he answered, "My master is a dictator !"

Adieu ; I must now lay down my dictatorship, and hasten to send you a thousand friendly greetings.

To "*La Mouche*":

I am heartily sorry to have seen so little of you lately. You left a very pleasant impression on me, and I feel a great desire to see you again. Come any time after to-day if you can; come as soon as possible at any rate. I am ready to receive you at any hour; but it would suit me best from four o'clock to—as late as you please.

I write to you myself, in spite of my bad eyes, and in fact because I have no secretary for the moment whom I can trust. My ears are deafened with all sorts of horrid noises, and I have been all the time in great pain.

I do not know why your kind sympathy does me so much good. Superstitious creature that I am, I fancy that a good fairy has come to me in my hour of trouble. No—if it had been a good fairy, the hour would have been one of happiness. Or are you a bad fairy? I must know this soon.

My good, charming, sweet Mouche, come and buzz round my nose with your little wings! I know a song of Mendelssohn's with the refrain, "Come soon!" The tune is continually running through my head: "Come soon!"

I kiss both your dear little hands—not at once, but one after the other.

I have a great longing to see you again, last flower of my sad autumn—my mad darling.

I thank you for the times so sweet to my heart—am glad you are well—unhappily I am very ill, weak, and cross, often moved to tears at the most trifling trick of fortune. A sick man is always a *ganache*. I do not like to be seen in such a state; but I must hear my dear Mouche hum.

Come soon—as soon as your Excellency pleases—as soon as possible—come, my dear, sweet Swabia-face. I have scribbled down the poem—real crazy poetry—a mad man to a mad girl.

JANUARY 1, 1856.

I am suffering a great deal, and deadly cross. My right eyelid droops, and I can hardly write now. But I love you dearly, and think of you, sweetest! The novel did not bore

me, and gives good hopes for the future ; you are not so stupid as you look ! You are nice beyond all measure, and my heart rejoices at it. Shall I see you to-morrow ? A terrible depression has come over me. My heart yawns spasmodically. These bâillements are unbearable. I wish I were dead.

Deepest woe, thy name is

H. HEINE.

Middle of JANUARY, 1856.

I have my headache still, which will probably last till to-morrow ; so I cannot see my dearest till the day after. What a vexation ! I am so ill ! " My brain is full of madness and my heart is full of sorrow." Never was a poet more wretched, in the fullness of fortune, which seems to mock him ! Farewell.

[Heine died on the 16th of February, 1856.]

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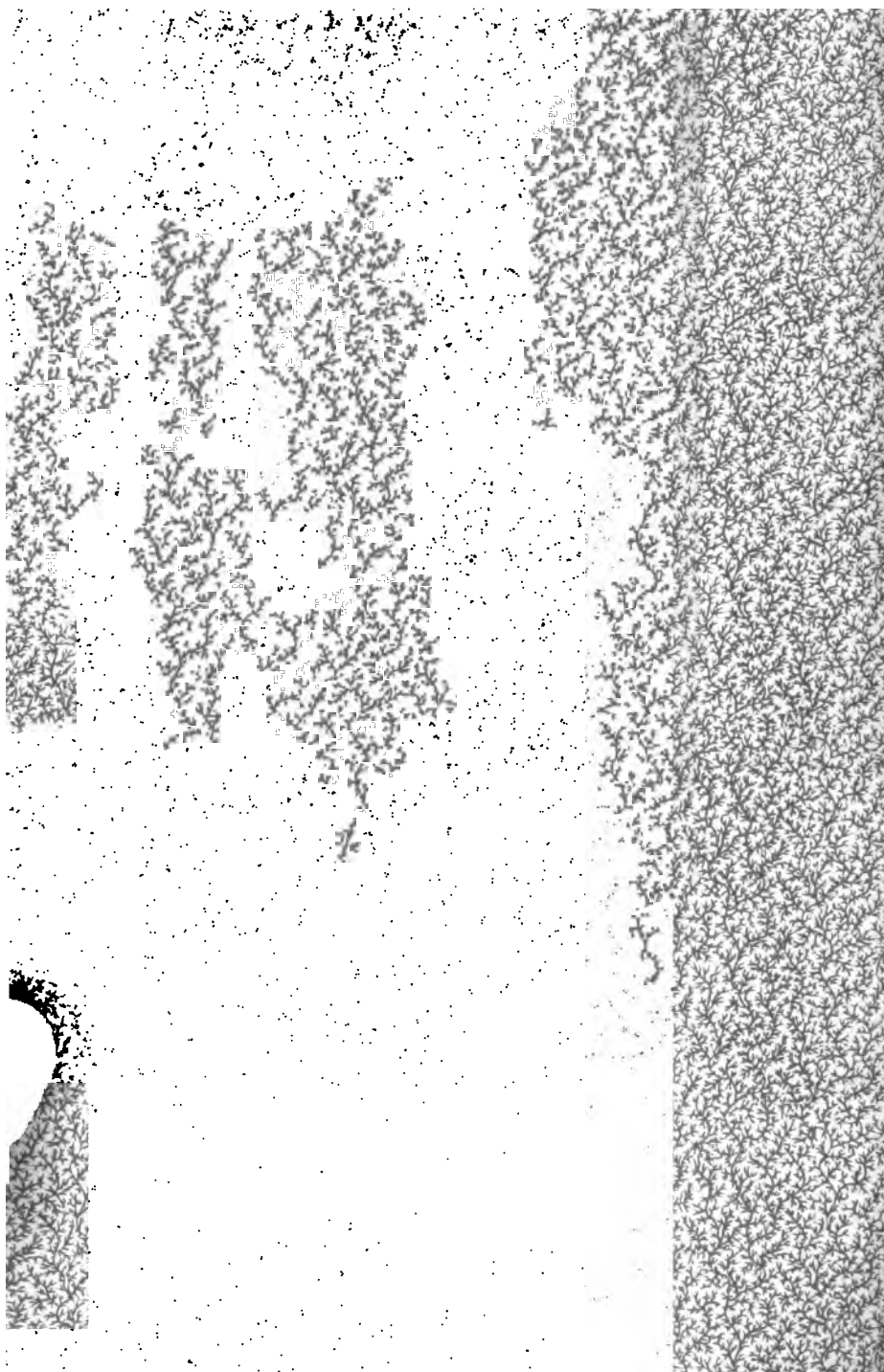
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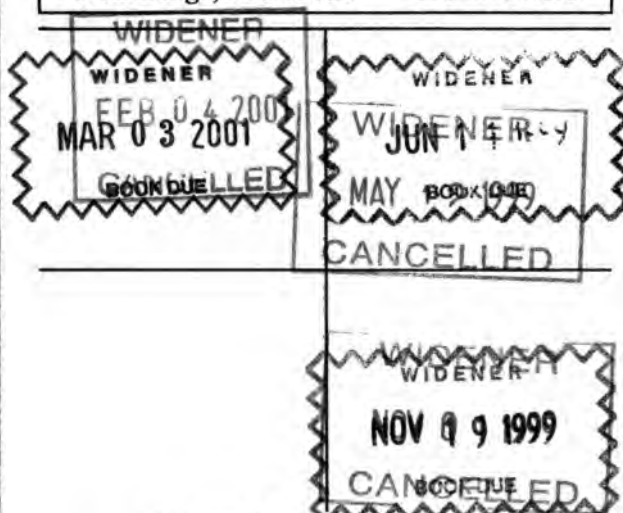


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